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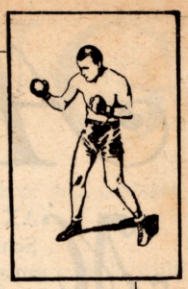

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The Heavyweight Championship Number

This is the time of the year when every fight fan engages in heavyweight championship talk. The air is full of it. The fight scribes are at the Schmeling, Baer, Sharkey and Carnera camps and from now on, those two fights will hold the center of interest.

"The Ring" ever-eager to give its readers stories and pictures of interest, will, as usual, when a heavyweight titular bout is staged, devote considerable space in the July issue to the great struggles of the past.

Every fight fan will want to preserve this issue. Pictures long out of print, reproductions of famous old English fight prints, will be featured.

In addition, we will carry short sketches of all champions of the past. A number well worth keeping for reference.

And that is not all. The July issue will have an especially timely article by "The Story Teller", on Corbett, Jackson and other former great heavyweights.

"How Freak Punches originated", will be another interesting story by an author who knows his boxing.

These, in addition to special articles by Wilbur Wood, Daniel M. Daniel, Charles F. Mathison and A. D. Phillips.

Eight pages of wrestling pictures and stories and "Tex" Austin's news will furnish interesting reading for the mat fans.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, "Tex" Austin R. Gramlich, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys and Eddie Borden.

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A NEW Slant

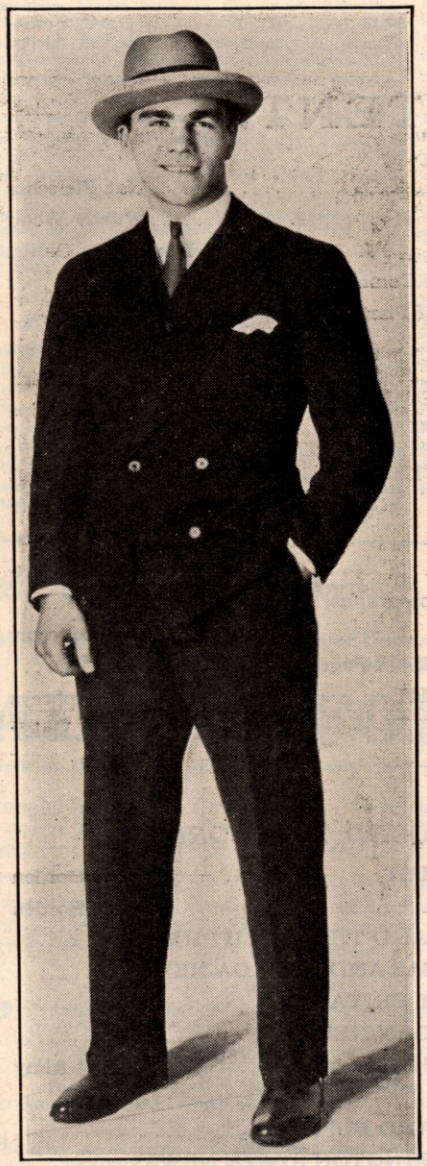
By NAT FLEISCHER

MAX SCHMELING, the Teuton Schlager who accomplished the amazing feat of winning the world's heavyweight championship after only half a dozen starts as a heavy, is the first pugilist since the time Jim Corbett whipped John L. Sullivan, who has more than a mere fighting chance to regain that crown if ever he gets the opportunity to face Sharkey again. Should the Hamburg Hammerer whip Max Baer decisively and should Sharkey triumph over Carnera this summer, it is dollars to doughnuts that Max will win back the title he lost last summer to Sharkey, if the Boston Gob will consent to a third meeting. That seems to be the consensus among sportsmen who know their boxing.

Of course, the fistic dope may be upset by Baer and Carnera, in which case a battle between them would be the logical fistic dish, but that seems improbable at this writing. Regardless of the victors, however, boxing is fortunate in having four ranking heavyweights from whom to select the men who are to furnish the pugilistic treats this year and no matter how the contests result, there still will remain one big match with the winners as the contestants. There will be no necessity to ballyhoo an opponent for the champion, be he who he may—Schmeling, Baer or Carnera will fully answer the requirements. In that respect, therefore, the promoters—the Garden, Jack Dempsey or the Chicago Stadium—will find the situation made to order. It is most unusual so far as heavyweight fighting is concerned.

Although Sharkey's manager has publicly announced that he will not accept the winner of the Schmeling-Baer fight as Sharkey's opponent for a September match should the Bostonian emerge the victor over Carnera, it seems most likely that Sharkey will force a reconsideration and accept such a bout. While it is true that the contest will not leave much in the way of financial return to the champion because of the heavy government sur-tax, I can see no reason for waiting another year, for conditions won't be any better then than now.

This is especially true if Sharkey and Schmeling gain the decisions in their coming battles, for then, a return engagement between Jack and Max would be "natural" and would be good for at least $500,000, where a year from now, that same bout won't be worth half that because of the loss of prestige that Sharkey will suffer. Even now the impression is that Schmeling will take Sharkey, and possibly by the knockout route if they meet this year, and as Sharkey is old so far as his fighting years are concerned, while Max is still coming, it is safe to predict that the interest next year will be lessened considerably. That's why the fight should be staged in September.



The transformation! Once in poverty, Schmeling is now rated a millionaire in Germany.

* * *

IN these times of government distress, the matter of financial returns should not be the reason for refusing to engage in a second defense of a championship, provided the first obstacle, Primo Carnera, is hurdled. If Jack is the victor, and I feel confident he will win from Carnera, he should not permit the government sur-tax to stand in the way of a third meeting with Schmeling or a bout with Baer, if the Californian should turn the tables on Herr Max. Sharkey is a 100 per cent American, and I feel confident that patriotism will be uppermost in his mind when the question of a championship fight next September is discussed with him, should he beat Carnera.

This year will be Sharkey's only chance to beat Schmeling. He certainly won't be physically fit to do so next year. And the only opportunity Sharkey will have for a big gate should he retain the crown after his June battle, will be against Schmeling. That is why he should disregard talk about fighting only once this year. In that way he not only will prove to the world that he is a fighting champion, but will gain a handsome profit even after Uncle Sam steps in for a major share of the receipts. Even if Jack goes into vaudeville or engages in exhibitions, he will have to give up most of his earnings to the government, hence why put off a second championship bout this year? His advisors should realize the situation and urge favorable action.

* * *

AS for Schmeling, the eyes of the boxing world are focused on him. Like Jack Dempsey, the man who is promoting his bout with Baer, the Teuton has become a popular idol. His gentlemanly behavior, his fighting skill and his colorful personality have made him the outstanding fighter of the day. At this writing, he appears to be the only opponent with whom Sharkey can make real money, government tax notwithstanding.

Like Dempsey, whom he closely resembles in action, the German is a lover of outdoor sports. In fact he is a great fisherman, a sure-shot hunter, a wizard at handball, a fine tennis player, a good golfer and an excellent swimmer. In that respect, he has had only one master in the boxing game—Jim Corbett.

To Jack Dempsey Schmeling gives the credit for the decision to become a professional fighter. That is mighty interesting because it is that same Dempsey who is now engaged in helping Joe Jacobs, Herr Max's manager, to pilot the German back into the heavyweight championship. In speaking of Schmeling, Dempsey said to me:

"It perhaps is not known generally that I was Schmeling's first booster. In fact, I met him back in 1927 when I went to Europe to put on some exhibitions, and I then predicted that he would some day be the world's heavyweight champion. He sparred with me and even in those days, when he was only a light-heavyweight, I saw enough of the finished fighter in Max to predict a great future for him.

"Max even then was a handsomely built fellow. He impressed me as the typical athlete—fast in his movements and quick to see an opening. Although he had just entered the professional field, he struck me as one of those 'naturals.' I liked him from the start and when I got back to the states, I broadcasted the

on SCHMELING

fact that the next champion would probably be a German, named Schmeling. I called him a genuine prospect and I'm glad that my judgment hit the mark, 100 per cent."

* * *

WITHOUT taking any credit from Dempsey, I might here give to RING readers the inside story of the discovery of Schmeling and how he came to America to be given the chance that enabled him to win fame and fortune in his chosen profession. Few persons are aware of the facts, although every now and then mention is made of Tex Rickard's part in the proceedings and a hint has been given that I played a prominent part in the affair. I have now decided to give an accurate detailed account of the negotiations so that when the history of the heavyweight division is compiled, the story won't be a gobbled affair. So here goes:

A broken hand and a desire to see America while the hand was mending, were big factors in Herr Max's decision to come here. He had just fought Franz Diener and had won the heavyweight championship of Germany in a fifteen-round mill, but had paid dearly for his victory with a fractured bone. Max was told that it would take probably three months for the break to mend, and his manager, Arthur Buelow, figuring that a long sea trip would aid in keeping his charge from a mental strain, was dickering with an Argentine promoter for a series of three fights.

The South American had seen Schmeling, and wanted to match him with Firpo, who then was contemplating a comeback. He had agreed to give Buelow a guarantee and transportation, and throughout the negotiations, I was constantly being advised, as a friend of Buelow. I urged against the trip and upon my advice, Buelow decided to hold off until I could have a conference with Tex Rickard with an aim to bringing Schmeling to this country, instead.

* * *

ON my many trips to various parts of the world, I had acted as a scout for Rickard for foreign fighters, and on my journey to Germany, I had seen Max Schmeling in action, first as an amateur in 1923 and the next time as a professional in 1925 and again in 1927 and on each occasion, the fighting style of this German had appealed to me. When I returned from my first trip, I urged Rickard to bring Max to America but Tex laughed that off because Schmeling was still a Simon pure.

But after seeing him knock out Alf Baker in three rounds at Koln in the early part of 1925, I cabled to Rickard:

"Saw Max Schmeling score K. O. here. Looks like great fighter with wonderful prospect. Advise you send for him. Can arrange it if given transportation for three and contract with guarantee for three fights."

To which Rickard replied:

"If so good, have him come own expense or you gamble with him. Will repay in full if makes good in first fight."

But that was not the kind of inducement Schmeling's manager wanted nor was I interested in managing fighters and the plans for bringing Herr Max to America temporarily fell through.

* * *

BUT I persisted in urging Rickard to bring the boy over again in 1927, without success and then, when on April 4, 1928, Schmeling won the German heavyweight title from Diener in fifteen rounds, and Max, with a broken hand, was contemplating a trip to South America, I flashed a cable from Arthur Buelow on Rickard which read:

"Last chance for you. Am about to close for Max to take trip to Argentine. Will Rickard accept my proposition."

I saw Rickard and following the interview, I cabled to Buelow to bring Schmeling to this country and that satisfactory arrangements would be made when he arrived. I told him I would guarantee good faith on Rickard's part. Schmeling was eager for the trip, more for sightseeing than for fighting, and a few weeks later, Buelow and Schmeling reached these shores and were ushered into Rickard's office by me. Rickard had arranged for Schmeling's initial appearance, but the German's hand was still in bad shape and his début was postponed. Max was keenly disappointed, but not more so than was his manager and Rickard.

First taste of Ring royalty! A proud moment in Max's life was when he posed with Jack Dempsey at Cologne, Germany, in 1927. Max is the second figure to the right of Dempsey. Note the close resemblance in faces.

* * *

DURING that period, Schmeling kept urging his mentor to get an American advisor and as I refused to thrust myself into the rôle of a manager, I brought Buelow and Max to the Garden and begged —yes, I pleaded with my friend Ike Dorgan to accept a managerial interest in the German who wanted a U. S. representative, but urge as I did, all the response I could get from Ike was:

"Haven't we had enough German palookas here? Why bring another to these shores?"

Nothing that I could say in Max's favor, could influence Ike to accept a ten per cent interest in Schmeling and how Ike regrets it now!

Then I brought Max and his manager to Jess McMahon to whom I tried to turn over the share that Schmeling and Buelow insisted belonged to me, but again without avail.

"If I take that offer, Nat, I'll probably lose my matchmaker's job in the Garden," said Jess. "Rick- (*Continued on page* 34)

"What's in

James J. Corbett, "Gentleman Jim"

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

NO doubt it seems a far cry from those two lines, in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, to the prize ring. Fight managers, fight writers and fight fans apparently are not in agreement with the Bard of Avon's argument that "that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

With all due respect to Shakespeare, there must be something in a name. When a fight manager digs up a promising prospect he usually hangs a new name on him. That's why there are so many boxers named Dempsey, Gans, Sharkey, Corbett and so on. One fighter makes a name famous and others who come after him appropriate it, seeking reflected glory and hoping to intrigue the interest of the customers.

Some years ago the New York Boxing Commission "went Shakespeare" to the extent of forbidding boxers to appropriate names, ordering them to box under their own monikers. That edict caused Joe Humphreys, the famous announcer, no end of trouble for a time. Joe had to wrestle with all sorts of tongue twisters. Of late the commission has not been so strict, allowing boxers to shorten or twist their own names into a fighting cognomen more easily pronounceable.

But it was primarily of nicknames that I meant to write. There is no law by which a fighter can be prevented from appropriating a sonorous nickname. And it must be agreed that a nickname that fits the style and personality of the fighter is a distinct commercial asset.

* * *

WHO will deny that "Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express" is not more intriguing to the imagination, whether it be set down in print or bellowed from the ring by Joe Humphreys, than merely "Billy Petrolle of Fargo."

Petrolle's case is just one of many, cited because it was the first to pop into the writer's mind. There is drama and imagination in the words "The Fargo Express." One pictures an express train thundering through the night, all other traffic sidetracked, so that the express may roll into the station on time, in spite of any and all obstacles.

That nickname invested Petrolle with an added measure of glamour that otherwise would not have been his. To be sure, Billy had to make it stand up. He did. His spectacular knockout victories have made the sobriquet highly appropriate.

How do fighters acquire such picturesque nicknames? In Petrolle's case the name was appropriated by Jack Hurley, his manager, from the advertising campaign of a Western railroad which featured the Fargo Express. Hurley figured, and rightly, that there was much in a name. Petrolle was a Fargo fighter. Hurley sent out advertising of his own, with Petrolle's fighting face pictured in the huge headlight of the Fargo Express, hoping to give the impression that here was a fighter who was as certain to get there as the famous express train.

It is not always that the fighter or his manager picks the nickname by which the boxer comes to be known. More often, some boxing writer tags the fighter with an appropriate nickname that is taken up by others until it comes into use. Sometimes fans fasten nicknames onto fighters.

Probably the most common nickname for fighters is "Kid." You scarcely can turn to any page in the record book without stumbling upon "Kid So-and-So." "Knockout" or "K.O." is another common one.

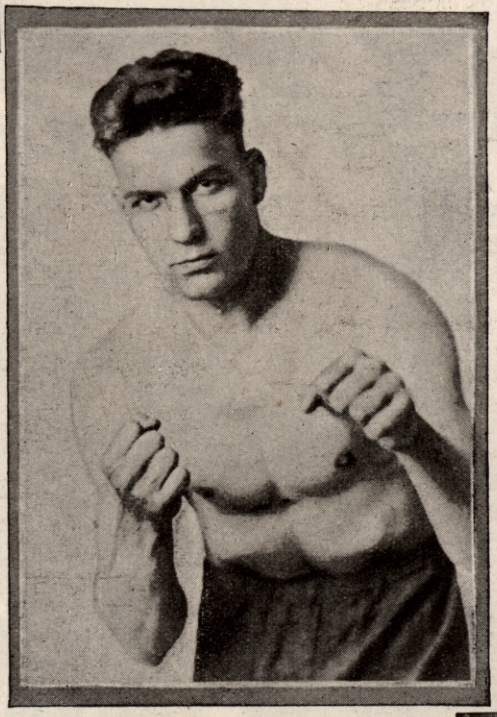
But there are others that roll off the tongue with much more gusto, such as "Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler"; "Luis Angel Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas," and Jimmy Wilde, "the Mighty Atom."

* * *

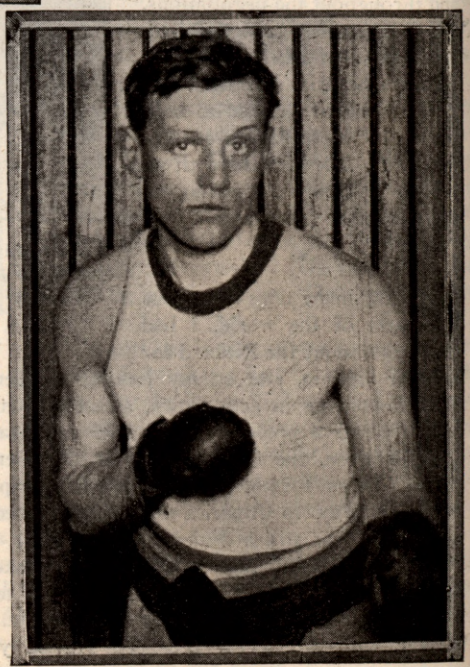
SOMETIMES the nickname is assigned because of an outstanding physical characteristic. Sometimes it springs from a characteristic feature of the fighter's attack or defense. Sometimes the fighter is dubbed with the name of a fierce animal whose style of fighting is suggested by the fighter's style. Sometimes the nickname is based on one of the phenomena of nature suggested by the boxer's style. Alliteration often is responsible. Behavior in and out of the ring also is the reason.

To stick, the nickname must be appropriate and also must have a satisfying, mouth-filling, sonorous ring.

John L. Sullivan was known



Jack Delaney, "Bridgeport Sharpshooter"



Jimmy Wilde, "The Mighty Atom"

a Name?"

By WILBUR WOOD

(New York's Foremost Boxing Critic)

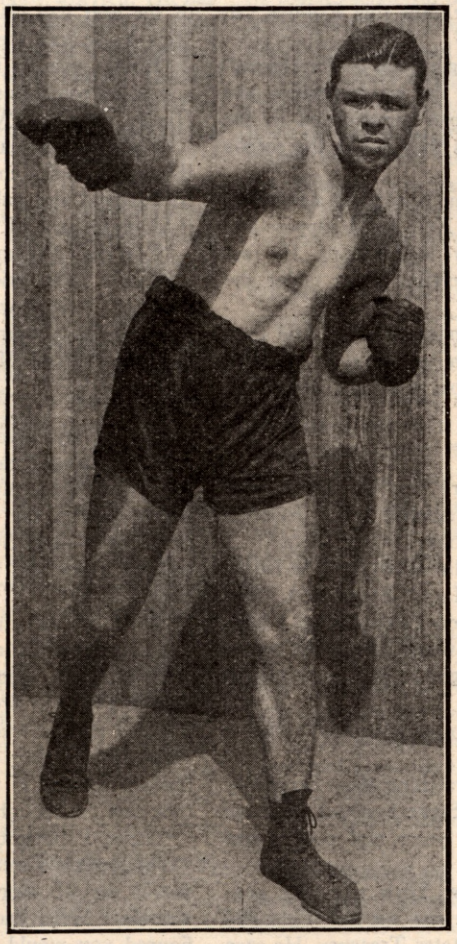
as the Boston Strong Boy, because of his prodigious strength. Usually, the mere sight of him glowering in his corner before a fight was enough to frighten his opponent. John L. had many of them licked before a blow was struck.

Sam Langford was called the Boston Tar Baby because of the color of his skin. Jack Johnson, huge and menacing, was nicknamed "L'l A'thah." Harry Wills was the Black Panther and also the Black Menace, this last because he was Jack Dempsey's nemesis.

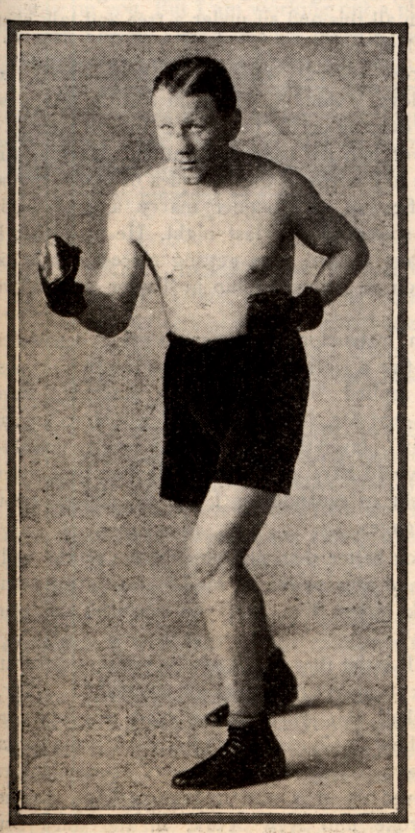
Georges Carpentier of France was an apt subject for those who delighted in coining ring sobriquets. Perhaps the most appropriate of his nicknames was "The Orchid Man," based on his appearance and behavior. He also was called "Gorgeous Georges" because of his fancy wardrobe.

Tom Heeney of New Zealand was christened the "Hard Rock from Down Under," which was often shortened to simply "The Hard Rock." Tom seemed to be hard as a rock, almost impervious to punishment, until the night he met Gene Tunney. Heeney also was known as "Honest Tom" because he always gave everything he had, without any phoney frills.

Primo Carnera, the huge Italian, has been given all sorts of appellations, the most common of which probably is "The Vast Venetian," a sobriquet in which alliteration is combined with his physical characteristics and the city from which he hails. Carnera also often is referred to as "Satchel Feet," due to the enormous size of his feet.



Mickey Walker, "The Toy Bulldog"

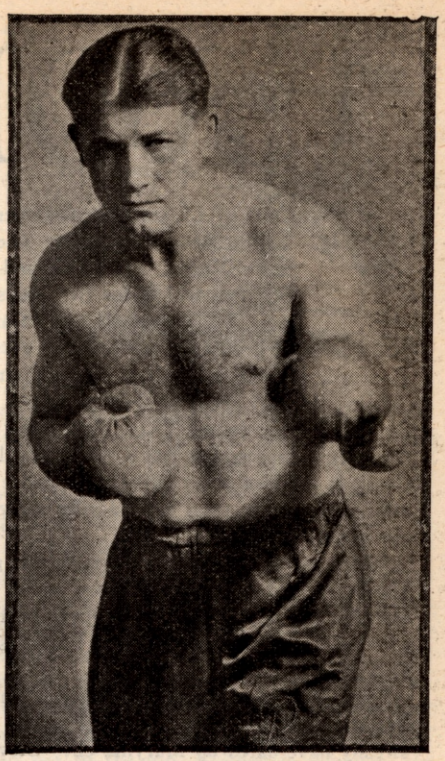


Ace Hudkins, "The Nebraska Wildcat."

* * *

BATTLING NELSON earned his sobriquet as the "Durable Dane" through his apparent imperviousness to punishment and his ability to fight all night. George Dixon's color led writers to refer to him as "Little Chocolate."

One of the most appropriate nicknames ever attached to a fighter, in the writer's opinion, was the appellation of "the Mighty Atom," as applied to Jimmy Wilde. The former flyweight champion of the world was just a tiny fellow, but he could outpunch boys of much greater weight.



Johnny Risko, "The Cleveland Rubber Man"

Jimmy McLarnin's nickname of "Baby Face" has suited him perfectly. Jimmy, though poison in the ring, has the expression and face of an innocent babe outside the ring. He still has that expression, but it is not as pronounced as it was a few years ago.

The title of "Rubber Man" fits Johnny Risko like a glove. That name originated from the remark of one of Johnny's opponents that he might as well have been punching a hunk of rubber as trying to dent Risko.

Whoever dubbed Maxie Rosenbloom "Slapsy Maxie" called the turn neatly, as the light-heavyweight champion is strictly a slapper. Rosenbloom also has several other nicknames, based on his activities outside the ring, such as "the Gay Caballero" and "the Cabaret King." Rosenbloom, you know, fancies himself a ladies' man extraordinary, and it is said about the only road work he ever does is on the dance floor.

Luis Angel Firpo is a perfect example of a fighter who gets his nickname through his style of attack. He was labelled the Wild Bull of the Pampas because of his ferocious attack, with his eyes blazing and his famous right hand reaching out to crush his opponent much as a bull lashes out with his horns. There was a peculiar gleam in Firpo's eyes when he was in action, but outside the ring his face was expressionless, which led him to be called in some instances "Dead Pan Louie." Victorio Campolo, another Argentinian, was humorously dubbed "the Sitting Bull of the Pampas."

* * *

DEMPSEY, of course, is known as "the Manassa Mauler." That is strictly an alliterative concoction, ringing in Jack's birthplace, Manassa, Colo. Dempsey was anything but a mauler. Mauling means the sort of clawing, ineffective punching that is resorted to by a fighter who lacks either (*Continued on page* 32)

"PROFESSIONAL

FOOTBALL practice was over for the day at Taylor College. Standing under one of the showers was Steve Harlin, left tackle and captain of the Scarlet Scourge, which, for two years, had battered down all opposition in its own section and was regarded as one phenomena of gridiron history—like Centre College when it beat Harvard, or Georgia Tech of the old jump-shift days.

"Say, Hank," Harlin shouted across the shower room to Stalker, the big center. "Say, Hank, how about going downtown this evening and seeing Jim Kolidos wrestle Tommy Drenk? That Greek is my idea of an athlete. I suppose a lot of that grappling stuff is the bunk—just a vaudeville show. But this Kolidos can put it on."

"Sure, we'll ask coach if it's okeh, and get back before eleven," Hank hollered back, as he stood under the warm needles and kneaded out a few new sore spots he had accumulated in the afternoon's scrimmage with the Pests, as they called the scrubs at Taylor.

"Say, Hank, any objection to a third? And how about a fourth?" Stalker began to laugh. "Sure, I'll call up Nell, and I suppose you already have dated up Marylin, eh?" Steve said nothing. He just chuckled, gave his buttocks a few resounding slaps under the shower, and emerged to dress.

Steve had his dinner with Marylin Jonquer's folks. And then off they went to the city, some eighteen miles away, to join five thousand others in watching Jim Kolidos, wrestling champion, pin Tommy Drenk in thirty-two minutes.

* * *

SOME two weeks later, just before the big game with Western, Harlin sat in the cozy, homelike living room in the Jonquer residence. Steve was moody, rather silent.

"Big game getting you, Steve?" Marylin asked, with a laugh.

"No, I take those things in stride, Mary," Steve said. "But there is something on my mind. And, in view of the regard I have for you—in view of certain plans which I would like to put before you when I am graduated in June—I ought to discuss this with you."

"Gosh, Steve, this certainly sounds very serious. Committed a murder?" the girl smiled.

"Well, Mary, you know I have been watching those wrestling matches in town at every opportunity," Steve resumed. "I have been grappling on the varsity for three years and nobody has thrown me yet.

"It seems that Harry Harley, the New York wrestling promoter, is looking for fellows like me. He saw me last night and promised me everything but the United States Treasury. He says that if I go at this thing seriously—why, Harley says I can be the champion—that I can beat even Kolidos!"

"In short, Steve, you think you should become a professional wrestler and drop all those notions of a career in engineering, eh?" Mary asked, now becoming very serious, even downcast.

"Well, something like that, Mary. Engineers aren't earning very much these days. Fact is, Professor Stevens, who promised to get me that job over at the Shoals, says he is doubtful now. Mary, I have no right to ask you at this time. But I want you to marry me in June and, if wrestling would give me the financial means for achieving that goal, well, I'd wrestle!"

"Sorry, Steve. I like you. Fact is, Steve, I like you an awful lot. Maybe I like you well enough to marry you," she said, looking him straight in the eye. "But dad and mother wouldn't approve of this idea. And, personally, I do not intend to become a circus acrobat's wife. I wish you would go now, Steve. This has upset me just a trifle."

Taylor had beaten Western, 13 to 0. Steve Harlin had blocked two punts and in many other ways had done more than his share in accomplishing a feat which the football experts had regarded as improbable. The sports pages all over the country carried pictures of Harlin, stories of his career—Steve Harlin, all-America tackle, and one of the gridiron greats of the decade!

At the alumni reunion which had followed the triumph over Western, Steve had got two offers of jobs in June. A promoter of doubtful stock propositions in New York offered vague terms for doing some sort of vague duties. A small manufacturer of tractors had asked Steve to join his sales force "on a commission basis."

Now Steve sat in his quarters with Harry Harley, the man who, more than anybody else, had put over professional wrestling in the United States. It was Harley who had lifted wrestling out of the beer hall class, with all-foreign casts, into the Garden in New York, into the big baseball parks.

'Harlin, you are twenty-one and white, and I don't have to tell you about conditions in business and engineering in this country," Harley went on. "Wrestling needs men like you.

"I say to you, in all seriousness and sincerity, that you have the makings of a champion. With your build, your strength, your background and publicity—why, you would be a sucker to pass it all up because of the temporary opposition of a girl.

"You can't live on a college degree. You cannot cash in pride—especially false pride—at a single grocery or meat market in America. I don't want to rush you. Take your time. Since you want to finish your course anyway, suppose we talk about this in June. Perhaps Mary will see it in a different light then."

* * *

JUNE and rose time. Commencement at Taylor College. A tree-fringed campus. Friends, alumni, relatives all over the place. Fraternity collations and dances, the customary number of drunks, the usual dull commencement addresses and orations. June—and Steve Harlin found himself standing under a tree, in his gown, with cap in one hand and his degree in the other.

"Well, Mr. Engineer, how about a little drive in the country this afternoon?" Marylin asked.

"Well, Miss Jonquer, nothing would suit Mr. Engineer better than to get away from all this and sit under a tree and talk about this and that," Steve laughed.

On and on they drove—seventy miles from home—until they reached the top of Clove Mountain, where, in a little tea house, they saw the twilight descend on the peaceful Southern scene.

"Steve, I thought you had got over that notion," Marylin said. "Why, even if I were to consent to this fool idea of yours, mother would die of mortification. A Jonquer marry a professional wrestler! Why, dad spoke of you last night. He said that he figured you would have a hard time getting placed and he believed he could get you an instructorship in Taylor to tide over the bad times."

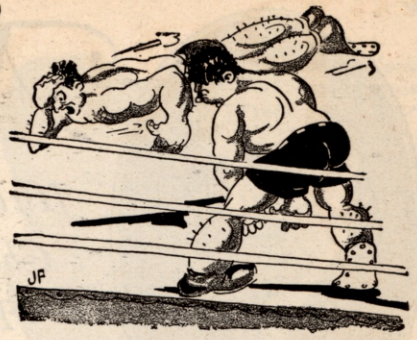
"Marylin, being an instructor in the engineering department at Taylor for twenty-five a week is not a very attractive proposition for me," Steve replied. "Once I had got started, I never would be able to quit that life. In forty years I would accumulate a full professorship—if I played the right kind of faculty politics—and a beard. And I would have a pleasant little family with five thousand dollars a year to squander as I saw fit, and a campus house with two mortgages.

"Marylin, I love you better than anything in the world, and I am asking you here and now to marry me—to marry me today, tomorrow, next week if you like. But you must let me work out my own destinies."

"Sorry, Steve, I still insist that I will not be a circus acrobat's wife, so let's get back to town and forget all about it."

Steve Harlin, football star of the year, made his wrestling debut in an outdoor show in Chicago. He took part in the second preliminary, and threw a palooka by the name of Hevon Hansen. A week later, he moved up in a card in Kansas City. Another fortnight, and he broke into New York, in the third bout

ACROBAT"



Steve Harlin, College Football Star, Disproves a Theory About Wrestlers

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

from the top billing, which sent Kolidos against Drenk again.

The weeks rolled along, and Harley kept sending Steve on the victory trail.

"What did I tell you? This game was made to order for you," Harley chuckled. "Why, you even have Kolidos worried. He has been watching you from the rear of the house in your last three bouts. I tell you, Steve, you have the makings of a champion."

And so they went along for months, with Harley feeding Harlin nothing but set-ups, and Steve winning one match after another. The newspaper experts were skeptical. But they were interested.

* * *

AND thus matters progressed for fifteen months. From time to time, Steve made efforts to have Marylin change her mind, but she informed him that he had crossed the Rubicon and that it was goodbye and good luck.

However, Steve was not to be swerved from his course. He had mapped it not without the most serious deliberation and, having determined that he was on the right track, he was not going to let sentiment defy his logic. "After a while, Marylin will see that I am right and everything will be patched up," he told himself.

There was a fly in the ointment, though. Steve resented the continual flow of third-rate opponents. "Listen, Harry," he told Harley, "when am I going to get somewhere in this game. True, you are holding to your end of the contract in so far as my guarantees go. But I can't see that you are making any money on me, and I am impatient to know if I am a wrestler, or if I had better quit."

"Steve, you are quite correct," Harley assented. "I am losing money on you. But I am working out a plan. Your next bout will be with Tommy Drenk. He has given Kolidos a few good matches and, if you can pin Tommy, you will begin to get into real dough."

"I am going to beat Tommy, and beat him quickly," Steve said. Harry was about to say something. "Now, Steve, about this Drenk bout," he began. But he stopped short. Harlin gave Harry a searching look. The inscrutable Harley was gazing out of a window, innocent as a babe.

* * *

HARLIN tossed Drenk in fourteen minutes and seven seconds. Drenk left the ring with a look of amazement. The writers scoffed. Harlin became resentful.

Three weeks later, in Chicago, Steve threw Whale Holland, who had held the championship for something like two months a couple of years before.

After the match, Holland tore into Harlin's dressing room. "Why, you lousy, double-crossing no-account," Whale shouted. "What was the big idea? Didn't Harley tell you what to do? Too dumb to know even when told, eh? Pulled one of them fast ones. Well, we'll have to see Harry about this and throw you out of the union."

When Harley came into the room, Steve backed him into a corner. "What's this squawk by Holland? Did you have any arrangement with him for me to take a fall?"

"My dear Steve," said the bland Harley. "You do the wrestling. You're on the level, aren't you? Have I ever asked you to lose on purpose? Have you seen anything reprehensible in my dealings with you? Just let me be the manager. You keep on tossing these tramps, and in another year—why, perhaps in six months—you will be the champion."

The inscrutable Harley looked Harlin straight in the eye.

HARLIN kept on "tossing those tramps." Only they weren't exactly "tramps." He took them all on, until only Kolidos remained between him and the top. But, with all his success, Steve found the bitter of aloes. For, as he progressed, he found skepticism over his abilities, over the genuineness of his achievements, growing. This was a tragic sport, indeed, for him who fought the good and true fight.

It was sweet enough to throw a man like Sulo Svensen, once champion of Europe and one of the greatest mat technicians, when he was in his prime. It was sweet enough to have the gentlemanly Sulo come into his dressing room after the match and say, "Harlin, you have the makings of a true wrestling champion. You are a wrestler after my own heart. Keep on wrestling that way. Don't surrender to that football stuff—butting and tackling—and you will get to the top. Kolidos is slipping. He has been at it for twenty years. Has been champion for five, wrestling almost every night, and worried with the business affairs of a chain of restaurants in the West. You will be champion, Harlin, and I salute you."

Yes, that was all saccharine. But it was bitter indeed to get the papers the next day and read skepticism, derision, comedy in the accounts of the Harlin victory over Svensen. "So Sulo has joined the 'Now I Lay Me Down' Boys, eh?" one of the sports columnists chuckled in his daily stint. Sulo called him up and threatened a suit for libel. But wrestlers never win suits for libel. Sulo was told that.

* * *

AFTER he had been wrestling for exactly two years and one month, Harlin got that match with Kolidos. The wily Greek tried to avoid meeting Steve, but the situation became very awkward for the title holder, and besides, he had exhausted his supply of opponents. He really was the greatest grappler the game had seen since the Gotch, Hackenschmidt and Stanislaus Zbyszko heydays.

"Now, follow me closely, Steve," Harley said after they had signed the papers.

"Kolidos asked me if we could make some sort of arrangement. Now, that is flattering, indeed. He must be losing his confidence. Anyway, he is worried. Has been having business troubles. He'd like to get the match off his mind until it comes off. Well, I didn't say yes and I didn't say no. And, don't get so red in the face. I am not asking you to flatten for the Greek. I am telling you to work hard and throw Kolidos. You can do it now. You will find it easier six weeks from today. Kolidos will take things for granted, I am afraid. Now, Steve, go to it."

Harlin took on a couple of lesser lights to keep his hand in the game, and finally the big night arrived. Kolidos was five to one, with few takers. The big Coliseum was jammed to the rafters. Late comers, in their chagrin over locked doors, tore them down and the reserves had to be called into action.

Steve had sent Marylin two tickets in the first row. He felt certain that she would be there to see him rise to glory—or fall in defeat. If beaten, what then? Harlin did not know. He felt that, if beaten, he would need a guide to show him the way, and he missed Marylin.

* * *

KOLIDOS got a tremendous ovation when he entered the ring. He was an Adonis—a perfect physical specimen. But the Greek was forty-one. Harlin was twenty-four. And Steve was powerfully put together—not as well proportioned as Kolidos, but made for hard work. *(Continued on page 36)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Hitlerism Strikes Jewish Fighters and Managers
Championships Held by Hebrews are Declared Void
Phoney Middleweight "Champs" Merit Suspensions

FOR the first time in the history of boxing, a national organization controlling the sport has deprived a man of his title because of his religion. Until the atrocious Hitler regime had come into being, it always was a recognized fact in boxing that a title could be won and lost only in the ring. Of course at times an American boxing commission has relieved a title holder of his crown because he has failed to live up to the requirements of a champion within that territory, but in such cases, the action was approved by popular acclaim.

But no such acclaim will be rendered the German Boxing Federation for its bigoted, depraved ruling against the Jewish fighters of Germany. The Federation shocked the boxing world a few weeks ago when it banned Seelig, holder of the national lightweight and middleweight championships and declared his titles vacant because he is a Jew. Seelig was born in Germany and has brought ring honors to his Fatherland, yet because he is of Hebrew faith, he has been shorn of his titles.

And at the same time the Federation issued an ultimatum to all German fighters that they must not be controlled by Jewish managers under penalty of being ostracized. What about Max Schmeling?

Will he permit the Federation to dictate to him when he has not fought in Germany for almost four years?

Will he throw aside the man who made him a world champion, Joe Jacobs, American Hebrew, to abide by the German edict?

Will he accede to that ruling when he has an opportunity to regain the world crown by continuing under the guidance of this American Jew?

I venture to predict that he will tell the Federation officials to take a trip to Hades, where they belong. The Federation ruling particularly is directed against Schmeling and Neusel, another great heavyweight fighter who is managed by a Jew.

* * *

NOW that the Schmeling-Baer bout, which will be fully described in our next issue, has been decided, the fistic world has turned its attention to the international championship match between Jack Sharkey, holder of the heavyweight crown, and Primo Carnera, Italian contender. Despite the opinion of the fistic fraternity that the bout will be just an ordinary affair, I predict a match of thrills.

Jack Sharkey is a most patriotic young man. He is well fixed financially, and is prepared to retire if whipped. But before he retires, he is eager to do several things—he personally told me so.

First—he wants to prove to the skeptics who keep calling Schmeling the uncrowned champion, that he is the German's master. Instead of beating about the bush in an attempt to elude Herr Max, he offered Schmeling first chance at the championship, but the former title holder declined.

Second—he is a fighter who possesses considerable pride. The worst blow he could possibly suffer, would be that of loss of the crown to a foreigner, hence he will leave nothing undone to be at his best physical condition to meet the invader.

Third—he feels that he has been underrated and therefore will make an effort to stop the Venetian Giant.

Knowing Sharkey as I do, and having been one of his staunchest supporters since he gained the verdict over Harry Wills, it is my prediction that Sharkey will again beat Carnera, though not by as wide a margin as in their first encounter. I do not look for a knockout to end the bout but I do think Sharkey will win by a close margin. I look for a contest of thrills with both sides giving a good exhibition. It will be a bout worth seeing and as the cause is a most worthy one with Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund sharing in the receipts, I expect the Garden Bowl to be filled to capacity.

* * *

THE defeat of Tony Canzoneri, world's lightweight king, by Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids contender, in a ten-round bout recently, was not a surprise to Wesley's horde of followers, although it was somewhat of a shock to Canzoneri's supporters. Wesley's friends for months have been predicting just what has happened. Their contention is that Ramey is by far the best lightweight in the world, and if his recent showing against the title holder in an overweight match is taken as a criterion, they may see their idol crowned king when Tony and Wesley meet in a return engagement in Chicago.

There are those among Tony's friends who openly declare that Canzoneri purposely permitted himself to be outpointed in order to get Ramey an outdoor titular shot, but that in my opinion is hokum. Tony simply doesn't do those things. He wouldn't know how, if he had wanted to. And as for Tony's manager, Sammy Goldman, there is no squarer shooter in pugilism than he. I wish there were a few more such honorable managers in the fight game as Sammy.

The fact remains that Ramey is a budding youngster who has been coming along in rapid stages and who, with Barney Ross of Chicago, takes his place among the three best boys in the lightweight division. From all appearances, the successor to Canzoneri will be Ross or Ramey, hence there can be no reason for regarding the one-sided victory of Ramey over Tony in an overweight match either as a surprise or with suspicion.

It is my conviction, however, that when Canzoneri and Ramey clash again in a championship mill, Tony will emerge the victor, for when his crown is at stake, the lightweight king is a terror with his fists.

* * *

IN contrast to the honorable managerial career of Sammy Goldman, who did a noble job in piloting Pete Herman, former bantam king prior to Sammy's acquisition of Canzoneri, we have the case of Suey Welsh of Akron, among several others. When one reads of a shady bout in which one of Welsh's group of battlers has been a participant, I wouldn't hasten to come to the rescue of either.

Why? Because Suey's fighters have been involved in too many contests that have been detrimental to the welfare of boxing. He is a fistic conniver who should be shelved for the best interests of the sport.

Those who have followed the career of several of his fighters know what I mean. Managerial agreements to aid an opponent to win a fight either by throwing the contest, pulling one's punches or other equally brazen schemes, have no place in boxing and those who are found guilty, should be banned. The sport is

better off without such schemers. Suey Welsh's clever handling of such situations is too well known to require further elucidation here.

On behalf of boxing, THE RING, emblematic of world boxing, thanks the Mayor of Cleveland and his efficient commission for banning Welsh and Gorilla Jones, Benny Jeby and his manager, Hymie Caplin, for the "phoney" put over on the unsuspecting Cleveland fans when the New York State middleweight king and Jones, the N. B. A. champion, engaged in an overweight match a few weeks ago. Such brazen affairs, when nipped, should be dealt with by strict disciplinary measures and the year's suspension which Jeby and Jones have had meted out to them, should be an object lesson to the fistic fraternity. Other states should accept Cleveland's verdict and do likewise.

The New York State Boxing Commission which, under the able supervision of General Phelan, always has the interests of boxing at heart, is certain to delve deeply into the Jeby-Jones affair regardless of any lack of affiliation with the Cleveland commission. General Phelan and his colleagues may be depended upon to protest the repetition of such a fiasco and fraud here. That's the only way to place the sport back where it belongs—take it right out of the hands of the manipulating, conniving managers who think only of themselves and ignore those whose patronage makes it possible for the managers and their fighters to get rich. Boxing commissioners throughout the country should teach such conniving managers their place.

* * *

AKRON newspapers made no bones about pinning the blame for the Cleveland mess, which is strongly condemned by both patrons and officials, upon the shoulders of Welsh, nor did Gorilla Jones mince words when he said to the newspapermen:

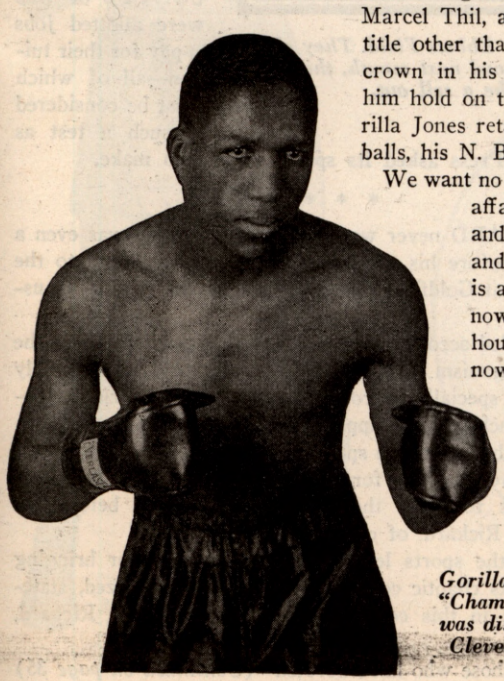
"I know that I will be blamed for this affair. I expect to be punished. I know that my many friends don't want to see me, nor do I want to see them right now. But while I have to stand the blame, I'm sure some people will understand that I am only a boxer and under contract to a manager, and that I must fight just as I am told."

That little statement tells the tale!

And from other channels it was learned that Jeby's manager and Welsh had been in conference the night before at the Hollenden Hotel of Cleveland, where matters were apparently satisfactorily arranged for Jeby to be well taken care of so that a return outdoor championship affair could be staged next summer. On behalf of the millions of fight fans who pay good money to keep the sport alive, it behooves those in control of legalized boxing to start a house cleaning.

The world championship in the middleweight class belongs to Marcel Thil, and Jeby has no title other than a New York crown in his possession. Let him hold on to that. Let Gorilla Jones retain, under moth balls, his N. B. A. title.

We want no "championship" affair between Jeby and Jones or Jeby and Thil. Boxing is at its lowest ebb now. Let's clean house. Let's start now with Jeby and Jones, and managers who are involved in shady, smelly affairs.

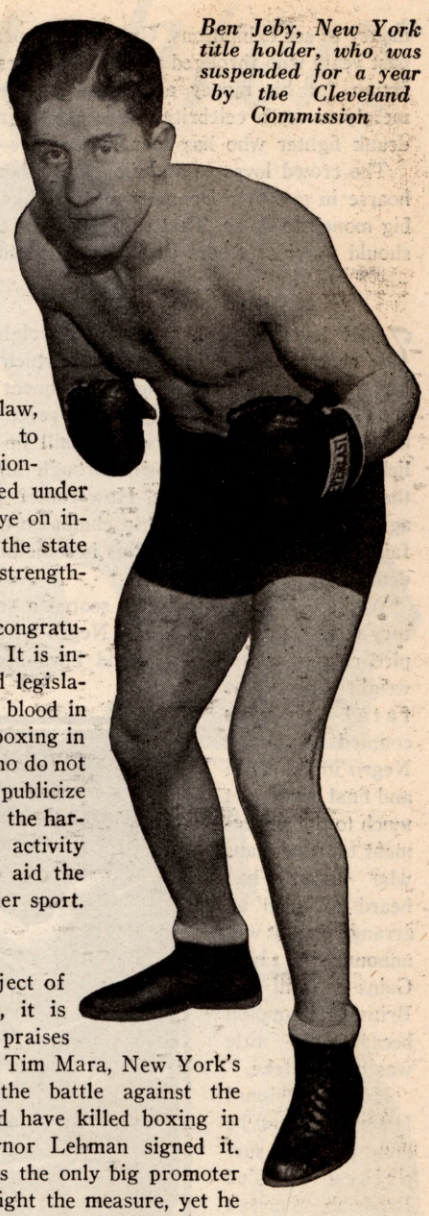


Gorilla Jones, N.B.A. "Champ" who also was discredited by the Cleveland Commission.

DELAWARE, a state which hitherto has figured little in big boxing news, may soon find itself a leader in fistic affairs, now that Governor C. Douglass Buck has signed a bill permitting bouts of ten rounds each and two championship matches of twenty rounds in one year.

Under the previous law, contests were limited to eight rounds and championship affairs were placed under the ban, but with an eye on increased state revenue, the state fistic laws have been strengthened.

Delaware is to be congratulated for its foresight. It is indeed a pleasure to find legislators with sufficient red blood in their veins to think of boxing in terms of sport—men who do not continuously seek to publicize themselves by throwing the harpoon into an athletic activity that has done more to aid the distressed than any other sport.



Ben Jeby, New York title holder, who was suspended for a year by the Cleveland Commission

* * *

WHILE on the subject of boxing legislation, it is our pleasure to sing the praises of General Phelan and Tim Mara, New York's sportsman, who led the battle against the O'Brien bill that would have killed boxing in New York had Governor Lehman signed it. Mara, sorry to say, was the only big promoter in New York City to fight the measure, yet he had less to lose than any of the other boxing and wrestling promoters.

That's the trouble in the Empire State, the greatest center of boxing in the world. Petty jealousies and politics rule the sport. Instead of organizing to combat such legislation as Mr. O'Brien tried to slip through, those in control of boxing and wrestling, fearing they might offend some "big shot" in politics, let things take their course. One of these days they will awaken to find their "bread and butter" taken from them, and they then will have none but themselves to blame for the situation.

As for the Boxing Commission, General Phelan and his board asked the Governor to kill the measure even before Tim Mara had gone to Albany to plead for a veto. That shows that the New York Commission is most faithful to the sport over which its members have control.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the reports broadcast by Max Schmeling's agents, told of tremendous overflow gatherings attending his exhibition bouts in which Jack Dempsey appeared with him as the referee, the fact remains that the tour was a complete flop. Up in Boston, when Eddie Mack, the state's leading promoter, threw a dinner for 100 guests the night before the appearance of Dempsey and Herr Max, there were not sufficient persons in the arena to pay for Dempsey's guarantee. The promoter lost several thousand dollars on the venture. In Pittsburgh, Motor Square Gardens was filled, yet the promoter dropped money. Up in Montreal, there were not enough in the house to pay for the guarantee. And so down the line.

All of which points to one thing—the fans won't pay good

money to see exhibitions. Unlike the appearances of fistic stars in past years who thronged the sports houses, the modern fan wants action for his money and when he knows that he is paying merely to see a celebrity batter a sparring mate—often a punch drunk fighter who has seen better days—he stays at home.

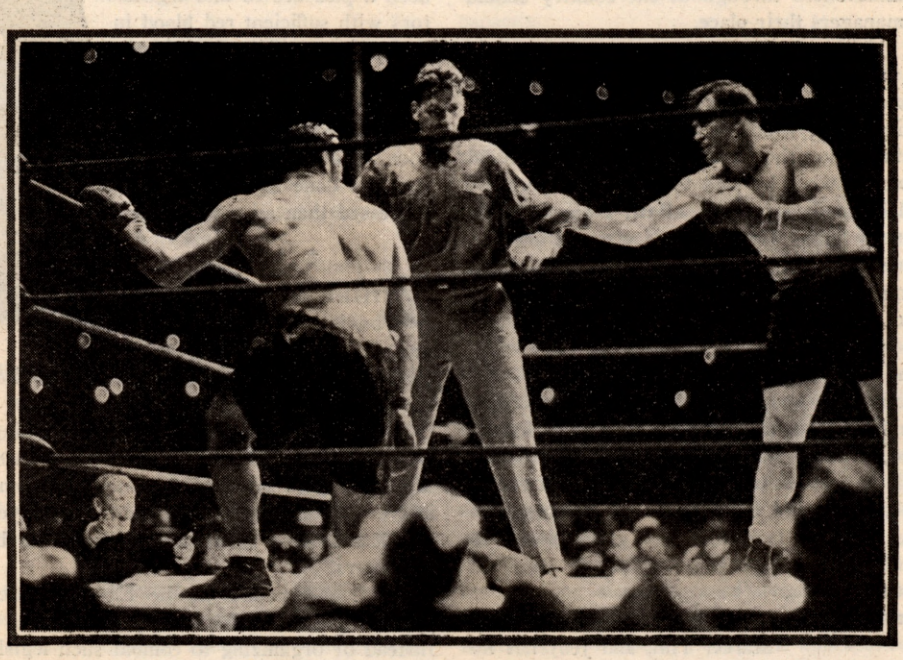
The crowd loves to acclaim a fistic hero. It likes to yell itself hoarse in greeting Dempsey and his like, but not when it costs big money to do so. That recent tour of Dempsey and Schmeling should convince others of the folly of such barn-storming trips.

* * *

WE have often heard of overweight matches in which a champion participates, and in which he is protected against loss of his crown by forcing his opponent to weigh in beyond the class limit, but never in my twenty-seven years of sports writing have I heard of a heavyweight mill in which a champion was licked, yet saved his crown through an arrangement whereby the title was not at stake. How come? Under what kind of an agreement can a heavyweight champion hold on to his title when fairly defeated in a ring? This is something new in fisticuffs and demands elucidation.

When Don McCorkingdale scored a sensational knockout victory over Gains, the Toronto Negro who holds the British Empire championship, Don should have been declared the heavyweight king. The fatal ten was counted over the Negro in the tenth and final round, yet much to the amazement of Americans who never had heard of such an arrangement, it was announced that Gains is still the British champion because the title was not at stake.

How ridiculous! It simply cannot be done and I'm surprised at Ted Brodribb, smart manager of the winner, at his failure to protect McCorkingdale, his son-in-law. Don won that crown regardless of written or unwritten documents unless boxing rules and law are to be thrown into the discard.



When Jack Sharkey dropped Primo Carnera in their bout at Ebbets Field. They clash again in Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund bout at the New Garden Bowl next month, this time in a championship mill. The bout promises to be a sell out.

It is a recognized axiom in boxing that in any class lower than the heavyweight, a champion may save his title by making his opponent come in overweight, but not so among heavyweights. Even a light-heavyweight, or a Mickey Walker weighing 160 pounds, and a Canzoneri scaling 135 pounds, would win the heavyweight championship if he stopped or beat the heavyweight king on points.

What a ridiculous statement to make—a heavyweight king saved his crown by engaging in a non-titular fight!

The only way he could do that would be through an exhibition. But when he engages in a legitimate bout, no matter of what duration, with official referees and judges to act according to the rules, his title is at stake every time he enters the ring.

* * *

IN a recent poll taken by the Associated Press, fifty of the leading American sports writers were asked to select America's greatest leader of sports in the past ten years, and, according to the poll, Knute Rockne, famous Notre Dame football clash, was awarded first place, with Tex Rickard second and Connie Mack, owner and manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, third. The margin of the victor was almost 2 to 1.

I do not know by what line of reasoning or on what basis of comparison the choice was made, yet I venture to say that thousands of those who are close followers of sport will disagree with the selection of Rickard as second, with Rockne gaining almost double Tex's votes for first place. Based solely upon his ability as a teacher of football, undoubtedly Knute Rockne stands above all. But the test here is, "who was the greatest leader during the ten years from 1923 to 1933," and in my opinion, Tex Rickard stands alone.

If we are to consider only the influence that the leader had upon the youth of America, Rockne undoubtedly would get first place. If we are to weigh, however, the influence that the leader had on sports in general, Rickard should get the palm.

While Rockne advanced football to the million-dollar stage as a revenue getter, it was Rickard who enabled those gates to be obtained by his foresight in the conception of the modern stadium. Rockne was a great football player before he became a coach. He knew the intricacies of the sport and it was that knowledge of football that enabled him to rise to the heights, as a teacher. But how many crude, raw novices did Rockne develop on his all-star teams? I venture to say less than one per cent!

Most of the students who played football at Notre Dame under Rockne already were developed by other coaches in high schools and other minor institutions and only a handful were plucked from the general student rank and taught the game as it was played at Notre Dame. And among the stars were many whose way was paid through college or who were allotted jobs to pay for their tuition—all of which must be considered in such a test as the Associated Press asked its sports editors to make.

* * *

TEX RICKARD never was a fighter. He never was even a promoter before his gambling instinct forced him into the promotion field at Goldfield, where he staged the famous Gans-Nelson battle.

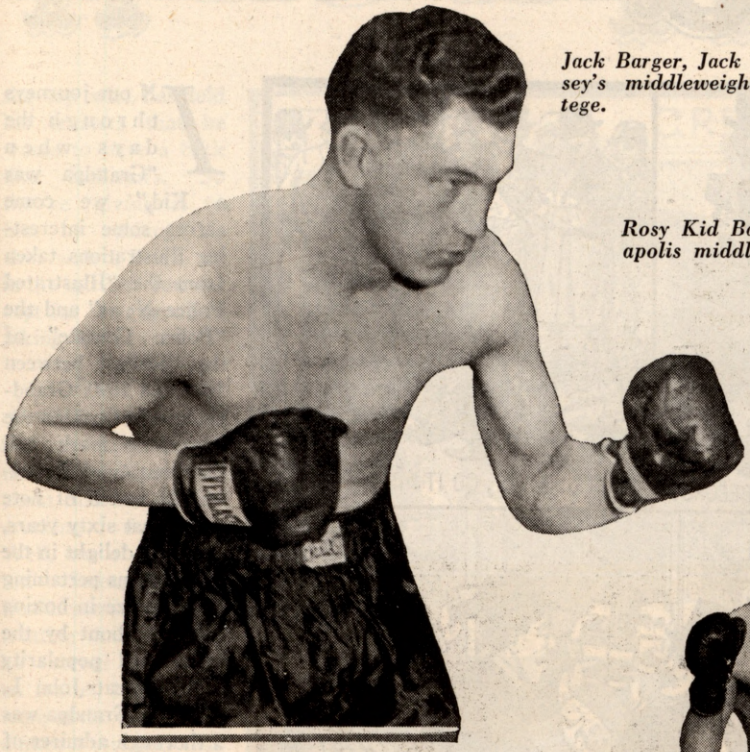
His unparalleled accomplishments in raising pugilism from the depths of Hooliganism to rank as the highest paid, most widely recognized and specially patronized sport in the world, is beyond doubt an achievement approaching the miraculous.

Who among the leaders in sports built the first modern sports stadium and paved the way for the numerous stadiums that have enabled colleges to stage their football spectacles before the multitude? Tex Rickard, of course.

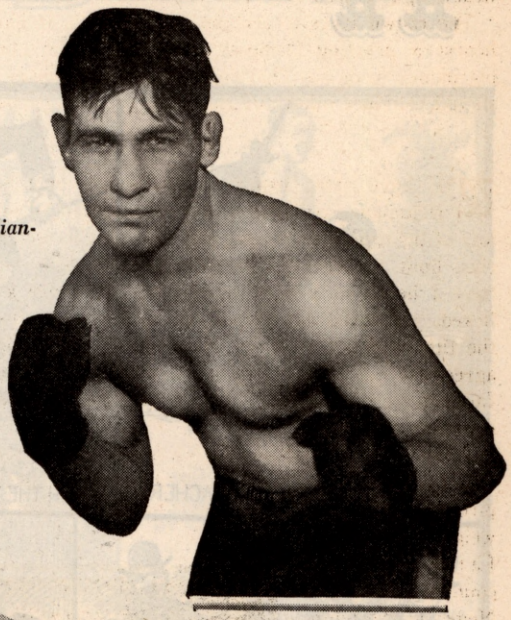
Who among the sports leaders was responsible for bringing boxing out of its chaotic condition into a well-organized, state-controlled sport in this country and elsewhere? Tex Rickard, again.

Who among those who have devoted (*Continued on page* 35)

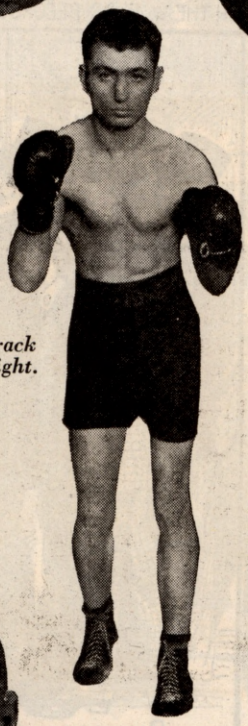
Good Club Fighters



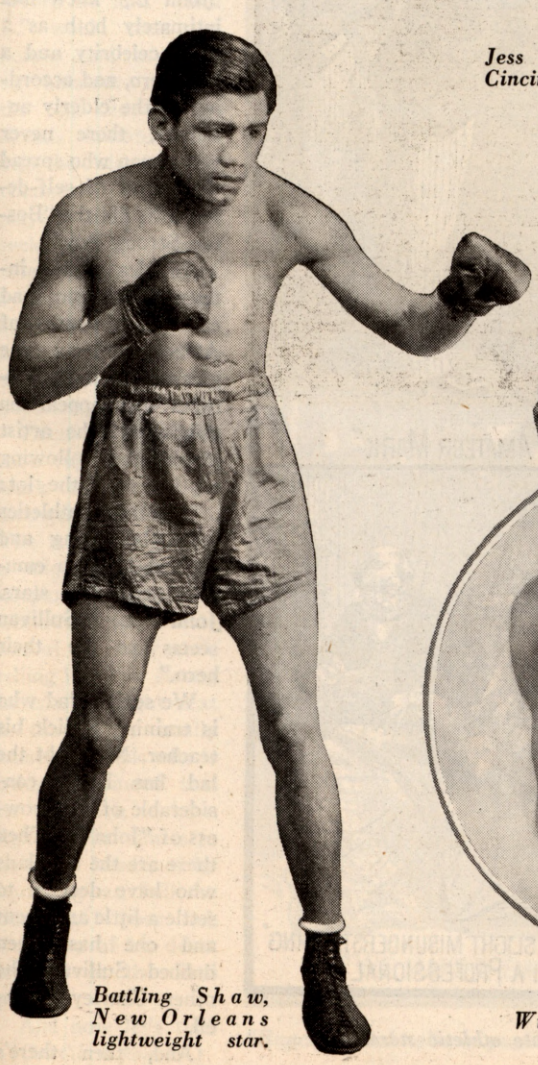
Jack Barger, Jack Dempsey's middleweight protege.



Rosy Kid Baker, Indianapolis middleweight.



Jess Freeman, crack Cincinnati lightweight.



Battling Shaw, New Orleans lightweight star.

Willie Lewis, Stamford, Conn., welterweight ace.

Patsy Rubinetti, Brooklyn's lightweight prospect.

WHEN GRANDPA

"Cranks on athletics—People, young and old, who try to emulate athletic stars. John L. Sullivan seems to be their hero."

IN our journeys through the days when "Grandpa was a Kid," we come across some interesting illustrations taken from the "Illustrated Police News" and the "Police Gazette" of the period between 1880 and 1890. Grandpa, who has passed the fourscore mark and has seen every heavyweight match of note in the last sixty years, finds his delight in the illustrations pertaining to the craze in boxing brought about by the unmatched popularity of the great John L. Sullivan. Grandpa was a thorough admirer of "John L.," knew him intimately both as a stage celebrity and a ring hero, and according to the elderly authority, there never was a man who spread the gospel of self-defense, as did the "Boston Strong Boy."

An idea of the influence Sullivan had over the youth of America, may be gleaned from the pictures that appear on this page. The artist placed the following caption over the lot:

"Cranks on athletics—People, young and old, who try to emulate athletic stars. **John L. Sullivan** seems to be their hero."

We see the lad who is training to lick his teacher. No doubt the lad has heard considerable of the prowess of "John L." Then there are the two lads who have decided to settle a little argument and one has been dubbed Sullivan, the other, Charley Mitchell.

And, then there's

When I Was a Kid

By Olin Davis

the sap who has told his trainers that he wants to have a back like Sullivan's. So they're giving it to him by rubbing his skin with a brick, all in the spirit of fun except for the guy who's taking it.

* * *

YOU all remember the many stories that have been told about Sullivan and his drinking escapades. Well, one of the Boston Strong Boy's weaknesses, was his treating habit. When he entered a saloon, no matter how many were at the bar, it was almost a certainty that before he left, "John L." would treat the house. And so when an amateur reached the top, the professionals initiated him into the "ways of the champion." They played him for a sucker with round after round of lager by convincing him that he must follow in Sullivan's footsteps if he expected to retain his popularity.

Even the emaciated took up gymnasium work to attain the strength of Sullivan. The trainer is having a mighty hard time keeping his composure while feeling the muscles of his pupil while telling him how strong he is. And right next to that is an equally emaciated gink who is being convinced that he was born to be a fighter. His aim is to gain the headlines by knocking out Sullivan but, alas! poor lad, the story of his debut is told in the final picture.

And now let's turn (*Cont'd on page* 34)

"Buncomb and noise in pugilism. Barking and the Big Blowers who try to belittle the 'Boston Strong Boy.' It can't be done. There's only one John L."

THE SPORTING

SPRING is here and with it, the rush to outdoor sports. The horses are in training on every track around the country; the ball players have gotten into action on every diamond in the major and minor circuits; the fighters are tuning up for the outdoor contests which will get under way within a few weeks, and tennis and golf are attracting their horde of followers. It is so different now than it was in the "good old days," except that in this era, we find the sports activities carried out on a much larger scale than then.

Yes, the old gent recalls with vividness the opening national league game of '76, the colorful scenes at the spring opening of the racing season and the thrilling bouts he used to see at Harry Hills' place on Houston and Crosby Streets in New York City during the winter session and at Hill's Long Island ring when the warm weather set in. He still insists that those were the days and who can blame him?

Take a peep at the illustrations accompanying this story and if you've got any sports blood in your system, you'll heave a sigh, just as grandpa so often does. Since we are in another era, however, and the past can only be pictured to us, let's take a stroll around the sporting circuit with grandpa and see through the artist's pen what grandpa saw with his eyes.

"Spring opening at the turf." Episodes of the preparations for the inaugural of the racing season at Jerome Park. 1—Mrs. Langtry visits stable. 2—The Jockey's mash. 3—Their first race.

Take the first scene on this page. Familiar to you race goers—eh? Rather different costumes than you now find on view at the local tracks, but still the same old scenes. Yes, there's the paddock scene, but in our illustration it's more than mere "beauty and the beast." It's the famous Mrs. Langtry admiring a favorite in his stall. You'll recall the stories of this famed beauty who thrilled a nation. Mrs. Langtry was as shrewd a ballyhoo artist as was Tex Rickard of recent times, and the racetrack and training camps of celebrated fighters were frequently visited by her with resultant front-page headlines.

* * *

THE illustration, which appeared in the *Police News* of 1884, had as its caption, "Spring openings on the New York tracks. Episodes of the preparations for the opening of the spring season at Jerome Park and Sheepshead Bay."

"The famous Mrs. Langtry and her escort pay a visit to the day's hot favorite. In the scene

GAZETTE

Edited By

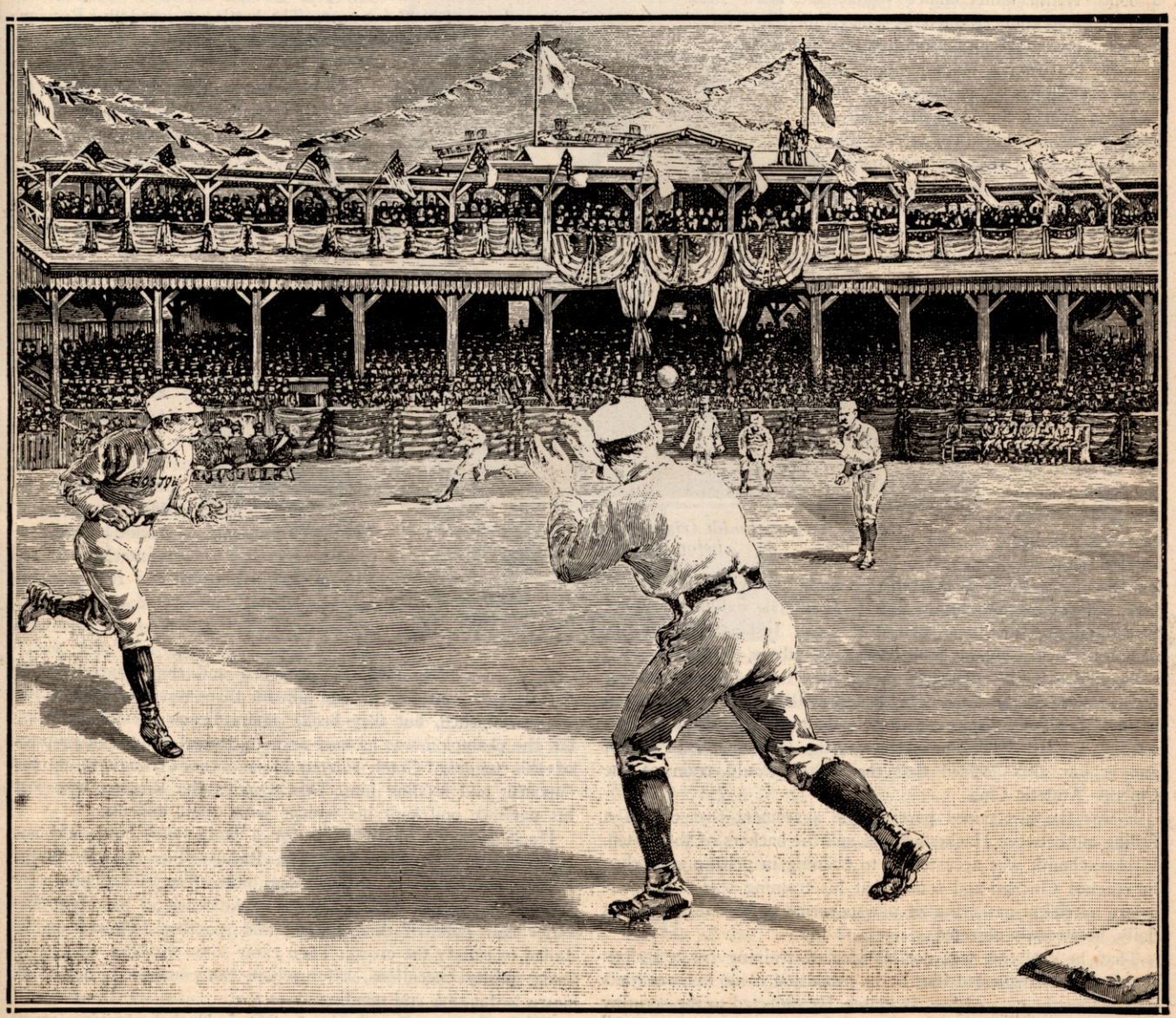
FINLEY PARK

to the right of that is Jockey McCoy's mash, and below that, our artist's conception of how the horses behave for their first race."

No different then, than now, you say! Perhaps not, but we'll wager our last copper that the turf followers in Mrs. Langtry's time got a greater kick out of the sport than we do today.

Racing is about the only sport that has not undergone any material change since the good old days. The tracks are prettier, no doubt, but the same tricks that were pulled on the unsuspecting patrons half a century ago are still in vogue. In baseball, however, there have been monumental changes, principally in costume and paraphernalia. Such accoutrements as masks, shin guards, catching gloves, fielders' mitts, umpires' masks, were unknown in the era of which Grandpa is speaking.

Take a peep at the illustration that the old gent has chosen from his collection. We see the opening game of the baseball season between the Boston Braves and the New York Giants at the old Polo Grounds, down in 110th Street. Note the lack of any of the modern implements of protection. Not a glove, to take away the sting of a hot liner. *(Continued on page 34)*



"A Double Play." First league game, New York Giants against the Boston Braves at the Polo Grounds. Note the lack of protective equipment. No masks, gloves or shin guards.

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER VIII

By A. D. PHILLIPS

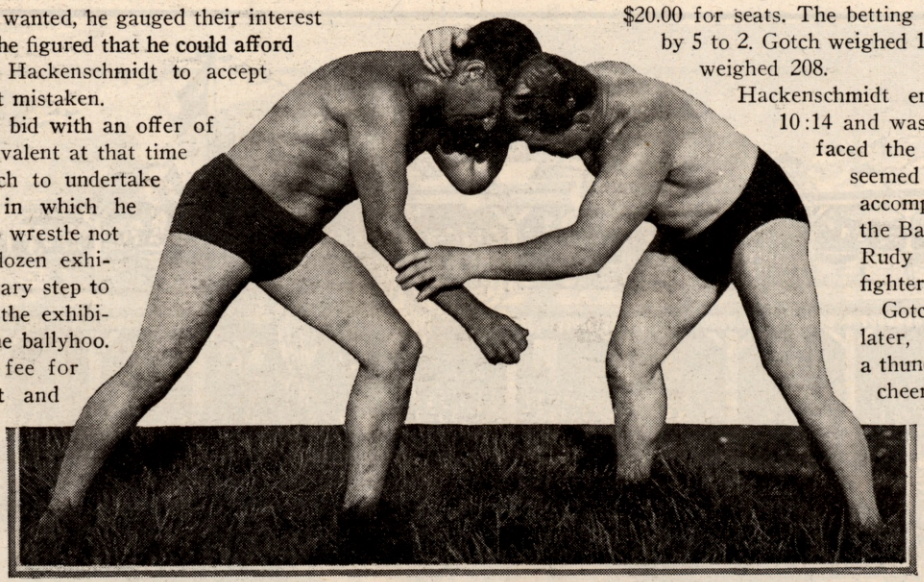
(World's oldest, active sports writer)

WHEN Gotch regained the American championship from Fred Beell, sixteen days after he had lost it to the Marshfield, Wisconsin, woodchopper, he had accomplished all that could be asked of a man seeking a match for a world crown. Gotch had his heart set on winning the crown and he knew that there was only one way to acquire it—to beat Hackenschmidt. And that he set out to do.

How to get the match with the Russian Lion was the problem. Gotch undoubtedly had proved himself the leading challenger and the American wrestling public backed his claim for first chance at the title holder. Gotch was by no means the only one to realize that such a bout would prove a natural. Hackenschmidt's victories over the great Tom Jenkins, both at catch-as-catch-can and in the Graeco-Roman style, had left only one good American as an opponent and the Russian, always a keen business man, knew that such a bout would prove a tremendous drawing card.

Hackenschmidt therefore was not in the least surprised when he received a visit in London from William W. Wittig, of Minneapolis, an American promoter, with negotiations for such a bout. Wittig didn't mince words. He knew what the American public wanted, he gauged their interest in such a match and he figured that he could afford to offer $10,000 to Hackenschmidt to accept terms. And he wasn't mistaken.

Wittig opened the bid with an offer of 2000 pounds, an equivalent at that time of $10,000, for Gotch to undertake an American tour in which he would be required to wrestle not more than half a dozen exhibitions, as a preliminary step to a bout with Gotch, the exhibition to be part of the ballyhoo. That was a record fee for a wrestling contest and Hackenschmidt quickly accepted. In the preliminary matches he had to meet Gus Schonlein (Americus), a splendid wrestler who had tackled Stanislaus Zybszko for an hour in a terrific struggle and whom Gotch had taken almost an hour and a half to beat. The exhibition lasted fifteen minutes and was termed a draw. Instead of only six matches, Hackenschmidt took on several others, despite the fact, as he said after his defeat by Gotch, that he had been suffering from water on the knee. The match with Gotch was clinched before Hackenschmidt reached this country and the date was set for April 3, 1908. The place was the Dexter Park Pavilion and it was also decided that the visitor would train at the Chicago Athletic Club.



George Hackenschmidt (right) in training with the late Dr. Roller just before the match with Gotch.

It was the last-named part of the agreement that caused a falling out between Hackenschmidt and the backers of the match. Hackenschmidt was accustomed to training in private and when he reached Chicago and found that his training was to be done before a critical gathering of newspapermen and wrestling fans daily, he strongly objected.

That, he declared, was not his idea of training for a serious match and he requested that he be permitted to do his workouts only before the eyes of his associates. He objected to the scrutiny of curious strangers who criticized his movements, especially, as he declared to the promoter, because of the state of his knee —an ailment which he didn't want the public nor Gotch to know. When the club insisted on public training and the Russian persisted in his refusal, the club shut its door on him and from that time to the day of the match, he did little training other than walks and light exercises in the hotel.

In that Chicago match, Gotch was magnificently trained and seconded by two great veterans, Farmer Burns, who was responsible for Gotch's early development, and Jack Carkeek, who had toured England as a champion at the time that Hackenschmidt was at the height of his glory, and whose intimate knowledge of the Russian's methods and character made him an invaluable aid to Gotch.

In that bout, Gotch gained a victory that was the crowning triumph to a remarkable athletic career. Never before in American wrestling history, nor ever since, was there a match to equal in thrills that Chicago affair in which most of those who were present openly charged Hackenschmidt with quitting but which he, to this day, emphatically denies. They struggled for more than two hours before the Russian Lion "gave in."

A crowd of ten thousand, many of whom had come from great distances, paid prices ranging from $2.00 to $20.00 for seats. The betting favored the Russian by 5 to 2. Gotch weighed 196, and his opponent weighed 208.

Hackenschmidt entered the ring at 10:14 and was loudly cheered. He faced the crowd smiling and seemed confident. He was accompanied by Americus, the Baltimore wrestler, and Rudy Unholz, the Boer fighter.

Gotch appeared a minute later, being received with a thundering and prolonged cheer. The audience rose to its feet in deference to the marvelous Gotch. He was accompanied by Farmer Burns, who was his trainer, and Jack Carkeek. The contestants received their instructions from Referee Ed Smith, famous Chicago sports writer, shook hands and started the bout.

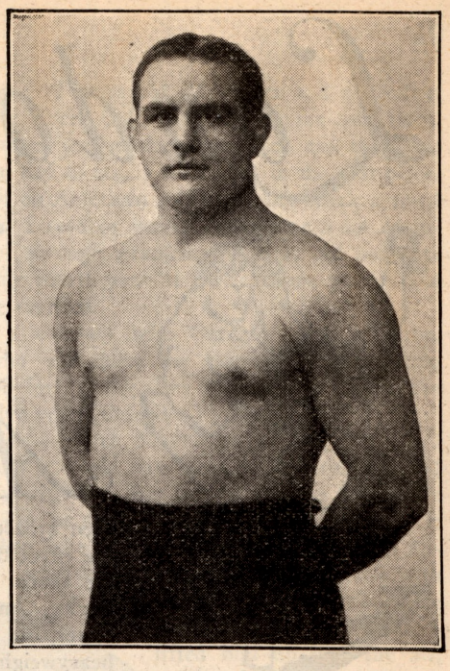
* * *

HACKENSCHMIDT crouched and they sparred, with Gotch circling around him for three minutes. Then Hack clinched, but they broke again. Frank seemed nervous, but the champion was as cool as a cucumber. After ten minutes of this tugging, Gotch started his tactics of roughing up his opponent and kidding him. This worried the Russian who lost his patience and kept his temper with great difficulty.

Hackenschmidt finally tried for a body hold, but could not reach his elusive adversary. The Russian then turned to the referee, complaining that Gotch had butted him. It was generally known that Frank was no parlor snake when in the ring. Another half hour of this mauling and sparring followed and it failed to satisfy the crowd. Then came some thrilling work with many pretty executions, after which the contestants again set down to tugging and mauling.

Fifty minutes after the bout started, Hackenschmidt slapped Gotch to the mat. The latter bounded to his feet, and the pulling

How Frank Gotch won World's Heavyweight Wrestling Title from George Hackenschmidt — Russian Lion, in Recent Scathing Statement, Denounces Tactics of American and Brands Referee for Aiding Iowan



Gus Schoenlein, great Baltimore grappler, who wrestled under the name of "Americus."

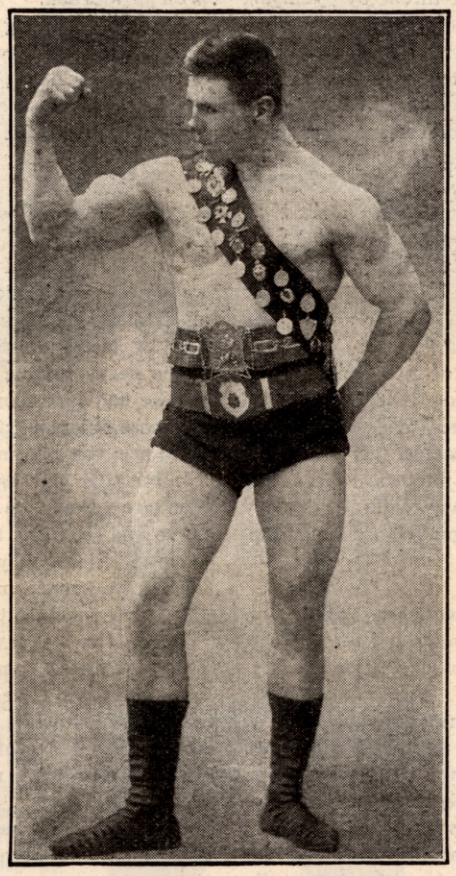
Below — An early pose of the powerfully-built Hackenschmidt, showing some of his medals and belts.

and hauling continued. An old cut under Hack's left eye was opened and it bled profusely. The bout at this stage was full of excitement and the throng cheered lustily. Then when the tugging began again, hisses rent the air. The gathering wanted no more of that. The fans howled for action and they soon got it.

Both missed leg and body holds, Gotch taking the offensive for the first time. One hour after the start nothing approaching a hold had been gained by either man, but both were full of fight. Fifteen minutes more of the tiresome work followed. Then the Russian suddenly attacked with fury, but Gotch wiggled away and the shoulder-to-shoulder tactics began again.

Frank's defense puzzled George, his smile was the most aggravating thing he had dealt with in many a day, and finally, raging with fury, the Russian straightened up and looked at Gotch.

"Come on and wrestle," said Gotch. The crowd cheered. They wrestled all over the ring and then went down together with Gotch on top. He tried the famous toe hold which he had originated, and which he had used to defeat the greater part of his opponents, but the champion slipped away from it.



Hackenschmidt repeatedly protested to the referee of foul tactics. He accused Gotch of gouging his eyes and also insisted that the referee compel Gotch to take a hot shower to rid his body of an abundance of oil. At one time Hackenschmidt offered to take a shower also, just to show his sportsmanship, but Referee Smith refused to heed the complaints. He remarked that Hackenschmidt should have noted that before the match got under way.

Two hours of the battle had passed when Gotch sidestepped an advance of the Russian and roughed him with his knuckles, butted him under the chin and, generally speaking, got him in an irate state of mind. They came to a clinch.

Gotch slammed his opponent to the mat and came within an ace again of securing the toe hold. He followed this up by lifting Hackenschmidt clear off the mat and throwing him on his shoulders with terrific force. The European spirit was broken.

The lines deepened on his face, the hoots of the crowd hurt his feelings, and after considering the matter for a few seconds he decided it was time to quit. There were few of the spectators who were not willing to give the verdict to the Iowa giant. He was in a better condition, he was quick and clever and showed a vastly superior knowledge of the game.

* * *

THE end came so quickly that the crowd could scarcely comprehend what had happened. Not until the referee had announced that Hackenschmidt had surrendered the championship of the world to Gotch did the full significance of the event strike home.

Then the excited men swarmed into the ring, surging about Gotch until the police came to his rescue and drove the crowd back through the ropes. The match showed principally that Gotch had a defensive system that was hard to break.

Hackenschmidt refused to explain his action to W. W. Wittig, promoter of the bout, simply shaking his head and refusing to reply when asked why he had not surrendered merely the first fall and taken another chance with Gotch.

After the match, Hackenschmidt, interviewed by the newspapermen, said:

"When I saw myself weakening, due to my knee injury, I decided there was no use going any further. Gotch is a great wrestler, the best man I've yet met, but he uses unfair tactics."

George was a sorry sight when the match was over. He looked like an old bare-knuckle warrior after a fight of several hundred rounds. The left side of his head was swollen, his left eye was inflamed and his eyelids were large and lacerated. This, Hackenschmidt claimed, was due to Gotch's thumbs.

The Russian, in spite of the satisfied report which he gave to the press in an official way, was not pleased with the way the match went, particularly the rough tactics of the American. He laid great stress for many days on the oily condition of Gotch's body. He gave out interviews in which he said that this oil had been rubbed in so that it could not be seen, but when Gotch perspired it came out on his skin and did not allow him to get a hold.

The statement by Gotch, made after the match, was as follows: "It is very likely that I may never be as good a man at the game again. The strain of such a contest is not appreciated by the audience. During the first hour of the match the two of us perspired freely and the last hour neither of us sweat a bit. We had worked all the moisture out of our systems. I lost just nine pounds during those two hours on the mat. Think of working nine pounds of moisture out of a man's system. You can see that it is a shock in itself.

* * *

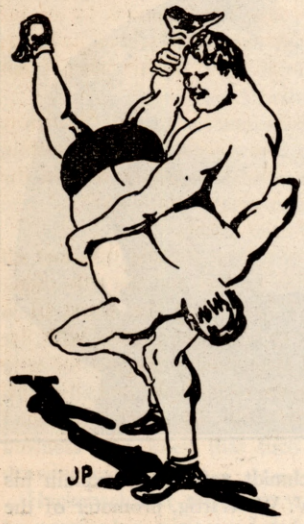
"MY tongue became dry, swollen and as black as a piece of coal. So did Hackenschmidt's. My skin became absolutely crisp to the cracking point and I burned like an oven. Such a contest is devastating to a man's system, no matter how strong and well-trained he may be. The game is a constant strain and is sure to undermine his system more or less if he keeps at it.

"Last fall and winter I went around *(Continued on page 33)*

Londos' Conqueror

"Jumping Joe" Savoldi's Victory Will Help Clear the Heavyweight Championship Mess

By EDWARD MERRILL



A FEW weeks ago the wrestling world was astounded by the report that had been broadcast from Chicago to the effect that Jim Londos, long the thorn in the side of Jack Curley, America's premier promoter, had been toppled from his heavyweight throne by "Jumping Joe" Savoldi, former football star of Notre Dame. Savoldi, a comparative novice at best, wasn't conceded a chance against the Greek. Those who had packed the arena had come to see Londos go through his usual winning performance, but when Savoldi's hand was raised in token of victory, he left not only a stunned audience but a bewildered Londos.

"I was double-crossed by the referee," shouted Londos. "I was not downed. My shoulders were off the mat and I was partly outside the ring when the referee tapped my shoulder," said Jim.

But to no avail. Savoldi was declared the winner and despite Londos' claim of trickery, he lost his heavyweight "title," to "Jumping Joe." Regardless of the merits of the decision—and there seems to be ample reason for feeling that Londos was double-crossed by those whom he had trusted to do his bidding—Jim lost the match and the title or whatever part of it he held, and now, at least, with him out of the way, there will be a chance to settle the matter of heavyweight supremacy among those who still have a part hold on the championship.

* * *

FROM "Who's Who in Wrestling," we learn that "Jumping Joe" was christened Guiseppi Savoldi and that he was born in Milano, Italy, 1909. His mother's name is Marguerita and that of his father, Pasquale.

He attended Notre Dame where he gained national fame as the star of Knute Rockne's 1928, 1929 and 1930 football teams. After his graduation he took to coaching for a time and then, at the suggestion of Strangler Lewis, he became a professional wrestler. It is said that Lewis is part manager of Joe, and that it was at Lewis' suggestion that Savoldi threw his lot with the Londos group in order to set the trap that eventually caught Londos and eliminated him from further consideration in the championship ranks.

That there is more than mere rumor to this report, is evident from the actions of Savoldi in quitting the Londos troupe immediately after winning the "crown" and joining Londos' rivals, the camp of Curley and Browser under whom he is now appearing and will "defend his crown" sometime next summer.

It is apparent that Savoldi will be ballyhooed into a match with Browning under the Curley-Browser plan. They will be the survivors of an "elimination tourney" in which Don George and Strangler Lewis, and possibly Ed De Glane will participate; and then Savoldi and Browning will clash for the world title in an outdoor attraction.

Unless, of course, someone "double-crosses" Savoldi as "Jumping Joe" is accused of doing to Londos, in which case, poor Savoldi will be left out in the cold as he has less knowledge of wrestling than any of the stars now appearing before the public. If Joe should survive, as it is predicted he will, he and Browning will undoubtedly play before a big crowd. Whichever way one takes it, his victory over Londos should help the sport to regain much of its lost prestige, just as Browning's defeat of Lewis, has helped the game considerably in New York and its environs.

* * *

WE encountered Savoldi in Jack Curley's office a few days after his victory over Londos and queried him on his present vocation.

"I get a real, big kick out of wrestling," he replied. "It's a pleasure for me to wrestle anybody. I've always liked the sport and even at college, I found it fascinating. I think it is one of the best body builders of all athletics and I always encourage a football candidate who wants to take it up as a builder of muscles."

* * *

DID Knute Rockne ever encourage the sport among the football men? I asked him.

"Did he! Well I should say he did! He used to have us wrestle every afternoon down at South Bend when I was there and that's where I got my first instructions in the sport. It was part of our football training. Of course, he never let us go in too heavy for the sport because of the strain on one's system, but we had just enough to make us like it. I think wrestling is far more strenuous an athletic activity than is football.

"When you are in the ring with another wrestler, you can't ask for time out or for a substitution when you are injured. You are always on your own and you must have plenty of nerve and iron grit to carry through. You play the whole game alone and that's why I like it."

Have you made much money in it? he was asked.

"Yes, I made plenty. I've gotten a good living out of wrestling in the last two years. I may be an exception, of course, because my name means something in sports as an attraction, and perhaps that's why I've always gotten good guarantees.

"It's worth while being a wrestler for that, isn't it? I get plenty of fun out of wrestling, but the best part of it is that while I'm enjoying myself, I'm getting paid for it. That's not bad, at all, is it?

"I came here when I was only twelve and ever since I can remember, I've been on my own."

* * *

SAVOLDI worked his way through college. When he wasn't on the football field, he was doing odd jobs to make both ends meet. At least, so he says. He joined the professional wrestling ranks two and a half years ago and has been a big drawing card since. His reputation on the football field has aided him as an attraction.

His specialty is the flying tackle, the same kind of manoeuvre that made Gus Sonnenberg and Sammy Stein famous. He executes it with the speed and power of a battering ram and when he gets his rivals weak, he pins the shoulders to the mat with a head scissors.

Savoldi declares that he beat Londos through the conversion of a Japanese scissors into a fall. He was just able to turn Londos over on his back by sheer strength.

"I don't know why Londos disputes my right to the title. He knows, as does every person who saw our contest, that we were

advertised to appear in a championship bout and he is well aware of the fact that the referee held my hand up in token of victory. That's all that counts in a ring affair—the final decision and that was in my favor.

"I know that Londos steadfastly refused to give the other claimants to the heavyweight title a chance to settle the argument in the ring but I'm different. I won't hesitate to meet any contender.

"I fully realize that Jim Browning is the recognized champion in New York and Don George holds the heavyweight honors so far as New England is concerned. And now that I am the heavyweight king in states where Londos was recognized, I'm willing to meet Browning and George in a round robin tourney to decide the world champion. The winner of such a match will get the undivided support of the American wrestling public, and that is my aim."

Joe weighs 202 pounds, is a husky boy, stands five feet 11 inches, is twenty-four and looks much like Dempsey. He is an affable, intelligent person and his whole life seems to be absorbed in wrestling and football.

Asked to tell about his early life, Savoldi said:

* * *

"MY being born in Italy was fantastic in itself. It was purely an accident. My father and mother, natives of Italy, were residing in Three Oaks, Michigan, when they got word to come home. My mother's father, keeper of a little 'albergo,' a restaurant and wine shop, had been attacked by bandits and fatally cut with knives. He had driven his team from Castano Primo to replenish his supplies in a distant town, and was on the way back when the robbers closed in on him. He was left for dead in the bottom of his wagon and the horses continued the trip without being guided.

"The stabbing had left my grandfather close to death and my mother was advised to hurry back to Italy if she again was to see her dad alive. She sailed with my father, a few weeks before I was born. She traveled with all haste to the deathbed of her father. I was born at one o'clock the next morning and grandfather succumbed to his wounds three hours later.

"When my folks returned to Three Oaks they left me behind, feeling that I never would live to make the trip. I began to feel my strength when I was five years old, following the plow and the harvesters having filled me out until I was a husky young farmer.

"When I was seven years old, just before the outbreak of the big war, my parents returned to Italy to take me to the United States. Passage had been secured and we were ready for the trip when I developed whooping cough and port officials refused to pass me.

"Father and mother left me behind a second time and there I remained until I was 12 years old. My sister and a brother, Clement, were born in Three Oaks and I had never seen them.

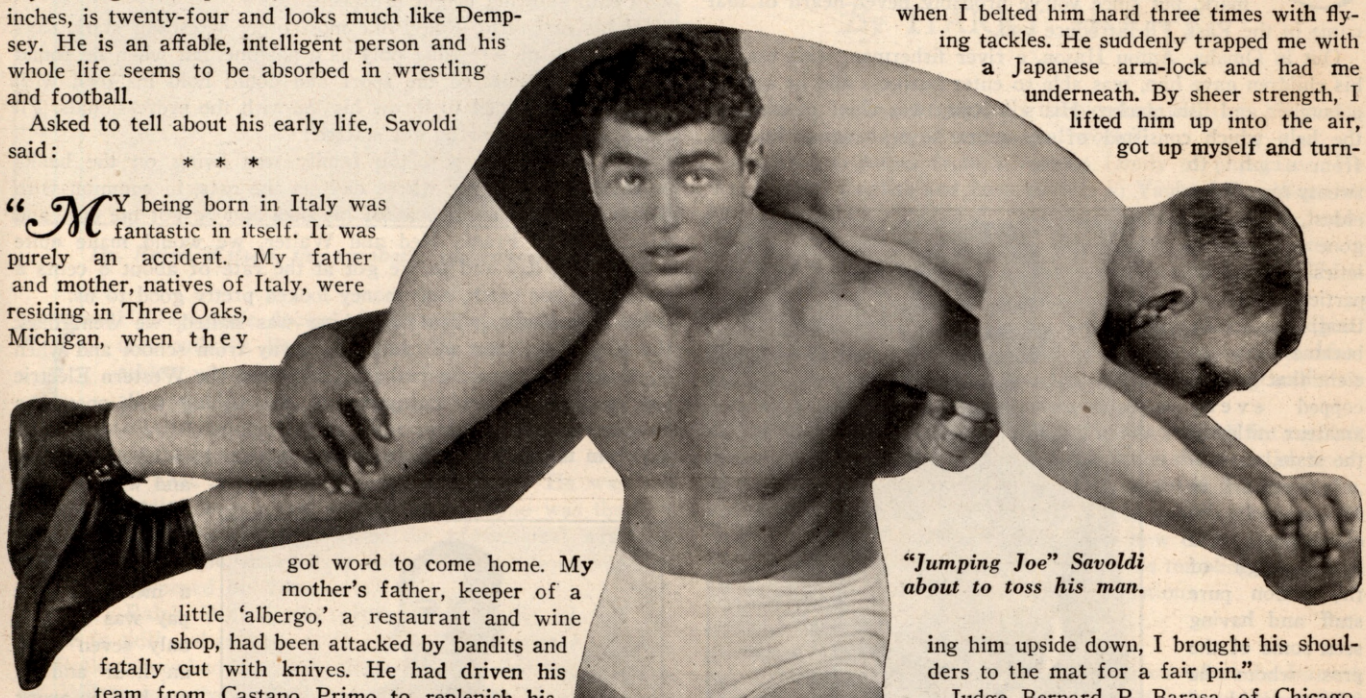
"I was 12, when father and mother came back and this time I saw the country that had so nearly been mine in the first place.

"The day I set foot on American soil I couldn't speak a word of English, nor could I read or write. Then came a lot of intensive study. I went through grammar, high school and was practically through my fourth year at Notre Dame when I got the 'gate' for getting married.

"I've just signed a contract with Gardnier and Wardrop, Toronto brokers, who will pilot me through my wrestling career. I got $100,000 for signing. I've done pretty well in the United States in twelve years' time, don't you think so?"

Speaking of the Londos match Savoldi said:

"If Londos had won, it would have been for the title and all would have been okay with him. But he lost and the title didn't go with my victory—so he says. I had taken the worst of it when I belted him hard three times with flying tackles. He suddenly trapped me with a Japanese arm-lock and had me underneath. By sheer strength, I lifted him up into the air, got up myself and turning him upside down, I brought his shoulders to the mat for a fair pin."



"Jumping Joe" Savoldi about to toss his man.

Judge Bernard P. Barasa, of Chicago, who is Savoldi's legal adviser, and a sort of godfather to the boy, stated that there never has been such wild enthusiasm as that which followed Joe's defeat of Jim. Savoldi said finally:

"I want to have this championship thing ironed out. I want to meet Don George and Browning so that we can settle on one, undisputed champion. If they can beat me, that's their business. I'm not afraid of being beaten. I want them to meet me and prove that I'm not a real champion. Nothing could be fairer than that.

"They say that the bout wasn't for the world's title. These say it was," said Savoldi as he showed a program and a display card setting forth that the bout was:

"For the World's Heavyweight Championship.

"One Hour and a Half Time Limit. One Fall to Count."

"That proves Londos lost his crown."

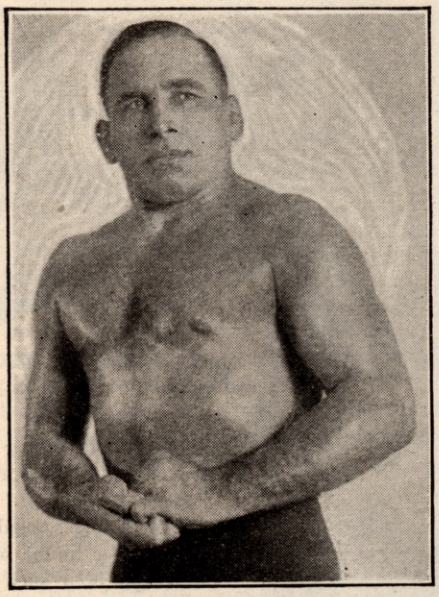
Since beating Londos, Savoldi has been campaigning throughout Canada and New York under the guidance of Jack Corcoran and Jack Curley, respectively.

Seven Brothers— All Wrestlers

By JACKIE FARRELL

SEVEN brothers and all wrestlers! That's a record that no other family in this country can match. It's the Hason family that boasts of that mark, but since you've probably never heard of that name in the East, I'll introduce you.

Out in Omaha, Anton Hason, a river fisherman, with the aid his children gave him, was able to enter business and he opened a butcher and fish market. His son Rudy was chief of staff of the help which consisted of six other boys, ranging in ages from eight to twenty-one. The eldest, Rudy, had gone in for athletics quite early, particularly wrestling, in which he became so proficient that he had copped every amateur title in the state.



Rudy Dusek, the best known of the seven brothers.

It was back in 1921 when he decided that he had had enough of the Simon pure stuff and having seen some of the pros whom he felt he could beat, draw good money, he made up his mind that he, too, would become a money chaser and off he went to see "Snake" Gustavius, the Jack Curley of Omaha, for a job. Rudy had a good record and the promoter was anxious to enlist his services but insisted that he would have to adopt a good wrestling name before he would give him a try-out.

"What's wrong with my name. It's a good Bohemian name," said Ernie, "and I've been pretty successful with it up to now."

"No good. Sound's too Russian," declared the promoter.

"But Hason's Bohemian," insisted Rudy, "and it's a good wrestling name."

"Won't do," came back the promoter.

And so Rudy found it necessary to assume a wrestling name and he chose that of a neighbor, Dusek, which proved satisfactory to the promoter, and Rudy Dusek it has been since. And as Rudy Dusek it has gained the headline all over the sports pages of America, for Rudy is a top-notch grappler, and because of his extraordinary strength and rough-and-tumble tactics, he has been dubbed "Rowdy Rudy," a name that is almost as famous in the mat sport as is that of Jim Londos, in whose stable Rudy works. His brother, Ernie, is also a roughneck on the mat, having knocked Ray Steele unconscious several weeks ago.

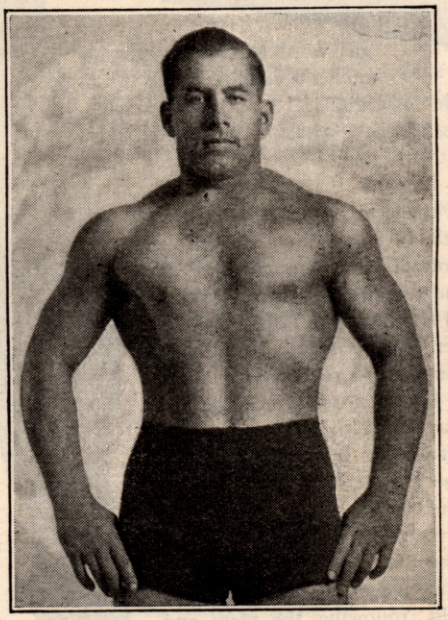
There are eight children in the "Dusek" family, seven boys and one girl, and even the girl is adept in the sport. She knows as much about wrestling holds as do the leading wrestling critics, for she has seen the brothers at it ever since she was a baby. Of the others, Joe and Emil have appeared in pro matches with both showing bright prospects.

Of his early life, Rudy, like most other wrestling stars, says that he took up wrestling only as a pastime, but when he found that he had mastered the sport and could hold his own with the best, he decided to throw his lot with the professionals. I'll let him tell you how he got started:

"When I was a boy, the family was living on the banks of the Missouri River where dad set the nets, in common with others. Dad had a rowboat of his own and he got me one, and with brothers Frank, Ned and Walter, we would make quite a haul each day and as we got at the rate of about 8 cents a pound for our catch, that money looked pretty good to us.

"In the winter, when the fishing was halted, we went duck shooting every time we could skip away from school and when I graduated, I hunted a real job and joined the Western Electric Co., and with that, dad gave up the fishing and opened a butcher and fish shop.

"From the Western Electric shops I went to a biscuit factory and when I tired of that, I joined the Union Pacific shops to become a mechanic. The pay was meagre, only seven cents an hour and as we had to work ten hours a day, there wasn't much in that but hard labor. I worked there for ten months and then got my pay doubled and during the second year I began to take an interest in athletics and joined Farmer Burns' wrestling class at the Y. M. C. A. The farmer, you'll remember, was the one who taught Frank Gotch how to wrestle and I pictured to myself a career such as Frank had.



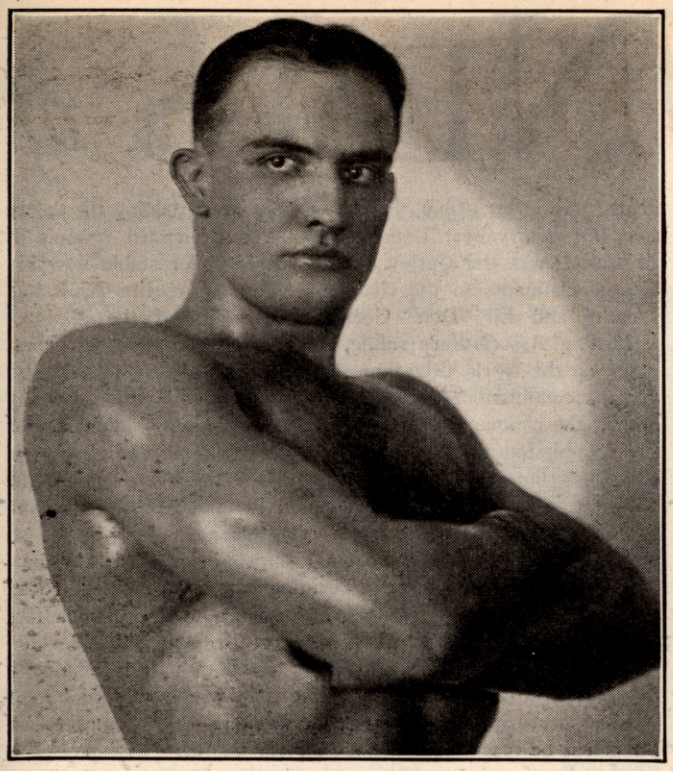
Ernie Dusek, who is forging ahead at a rapid pace.

"In 1921 I was good enough to enter the amateur championships and I beat Paul Jones for the title. That, at the time, made me so happy that I felt I could conquer the world and immediately set out to do so. It was that victory that set me on the professional wrestling road."

In his first professional bout at Preston, Iowa, he was downed without much difficulty by Pat McGill with a scissors hold. Then he lost three more matches in (*Continued on page* 32)

The Surgeon Wrestler

By HARRY HOOPER



Dr. Ralph Wilson, the acrobatic surgeon-wrestler

THE acrobatic doctor of the mat sport—that is what they call Dr. Ralph Wilson, the twenty-nine-year-old athlete whose wrestling feats have earned him acclaim all over America. Years ago, when Frank Gotch and George Hackenschmidt were in their prime, the University of Pennsylvania had a young giant who was destined to bring fame to his alma mater and fortune to himself. He was Dr. Roller, who died only a few weeks ago and who was the first of the medical profession to enter the professional wrestling field. Since his time, many have followed in his footsteps, but none have achieved his fame.

In Dr. Ralph Wilson, the profession has the nearest approach in skill and courage to Dr. Roller. As a master of holds, Dr. Roller never had anything on Dr. Wilson; and in cleverness, Dr. Wilson is probably the equal of his famous U. of P. predecessor. It was only in strength that Dr. Roller held an advantage, but what Ralph may lack in that, he makes up in his speed, and skill in wriggling out of holds.

Dr. Wilson is not only a Master of Surgery, a degree which he obtained at Penn, but he is one of the world's outstanding heavyweight wrestlers. He divides his time between the hospital and the mat—and that division is about a fifty-fifty affair. During the past year, the young medico performed many major operations and engaged in 268 wrestling matches. Most of the latter were staged far from the scene of the hospital where he is stationed, the Penn Graduate in Philadelphia, and to get to the scene of his nightly mat activities, he has used the plane with regularity. Hops to Maine, South Carolina, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other points have been made by him with the aid of the plane.

* * *

RECENTLY, I sat in Ralph's dressing room before one of his matches and while he was waiting to be called to the front, he spoke freely about himself. I asked him whether he thought more of wrestling than he did of his surgical work, and he replied:

"No, I like both—that's why I'm following them. I owe all I have to wrestling, for if it hadn't been for that sport, I probably wouldn't be a surgeon now, and since wrestling has been the means for enabling me to continue my studies after graduation from college, I see no reason for giving it up now. I love the sport and I am intrigued with the medical profession and to choose between them, is rather tough on me. That's why I shall continue to wrestle until I have a sufficiently large sum put aside to make me financially independent, and then I'll devote the rest of my days to my medical work."

Dr. Wilson comes from a famous family of physicians. He was born of English and Irish parents in Yankeetown, Warwick County, Pa., on October 2, 1904, and is married. He is handsomely built—tall, stately, with shining eyes, stands six feet in his stockings and weighs 210 pounds, but doesn't look it. He is trim, and looks every inch the athlete.

His father was one of the best known physicians in Indiana. Three years ago, in an explosion at the Evansville, Indiana, Hospital, he was among those killed. Dr. Wilson's great-grandfather and his grandfather were prominent surgeons.

During his school days, Ralph went in for football but couldn't make the team, though he did obtain a place on the wrestling team, of which he was captain. He was also captain of his gym team, of which he was the star tumbler. There wasn't a college boy in his day who could beat Ralph. He is now called the acrobat of the wrestling sport, because he utilizes his tumbling knowledge in getting out of all kinds of difficult situations.

* * *

IT was at the University of Indiana where he learned his wrestling from Jack Reynolds, then welterweight champion, who was wrestling instructor. That was back in 1922. He won three letters on the team, and in 1924 was elected captain. He held the Big Ten Conference light-heavyweight title until he lost it to Dr. Karl Sarpolis of Chicago University.

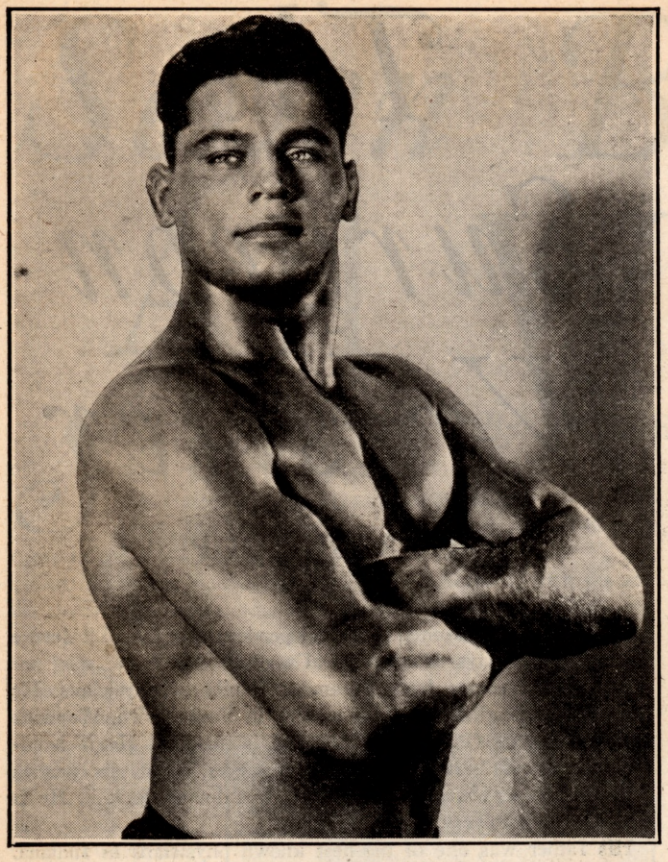
Twice Ralph tried for the Olympic team but failed in 1924 and again in 1928, and it was after his second failure that he decided to turn pro. In his first match he was billed as the Masked Marvel and threw his man. Then he competed under his own name and with the money he earned as a grappler, he was enabled to continue his medical course until he graduated in 1929.

After a short period at the Methodist Hospital, where he was an interne, he matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania and graduated with a Master of Surgery degree. Throughout his post-graduate work, he continued to wrestle in Eastern states, and despite the difficult requirements, he succeeded in graduating with high honors and was made the house surgeon of the Graduate Hospital.

Ralph Wilson is one of the most likable fellows in the mat sport. He is amiable, highly sociable and a sport in all senses of the word. He has wrestled every top-notcher in the game, both in the Curley group and in the Londos group, including Jim Londos to whom he lost a close match.

Those who have wrestled him say that his knowledge of anatomy gives him a big advantage over his rivals. He applies pressure to nerves the average man knows nothing about and thereby gains release from a hold that otherwise would bring about a fall. Time and again he has broken a difficult hold through the pressure of his thumb on a vital spot.

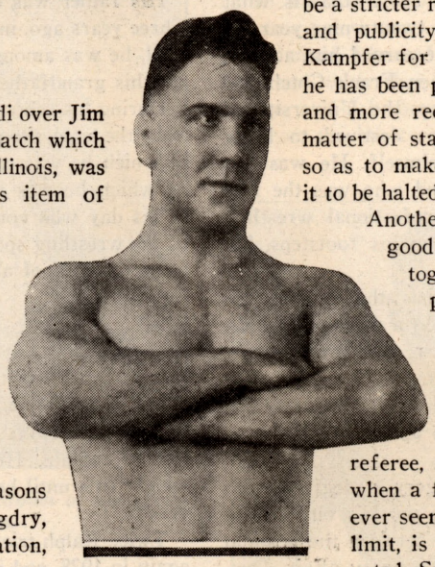
NEWS of



Sandor Szabo, clever Hungarian star, a big favorite in Canada.

THE unexpected victory of Joe Savoldi over Jim Londos in the Chicago Stadium, a match which caused wrestling to be banned in Illinois, was without a doubt the biggest news item of the month in the mat world.

Regarded as just a set-up, Savoldi, to the amazement of about 8,000 fans, was declared the winner over the supposedly unbeatable Londos by Referee Bob Managoff after 20 minutes and 22 seconds of grappling. Londos and his manager, Ed White, insist that since all matches in Illinois were booked as "exhibitions," Londos did not lose his claims to the championship but wrestling fans think otherwise. Then, in line with the ridiculous reasons given by Londos and his cohorts, Harry J. Langdry, president of the National Wrestling Association, fell in line by declaring that since the match was staged outside of "association territory" and because the fall was not completed, Savoldi would not be recognized. Langdry, by the way, was in Mississippi, far from the scene of combat, when the bout took place and his decision certainly belittles the organization over which he rules.



Big Jim Browning, recognized by N. Y. Commission as champion.

A fourth meeting between Jim Browning, recognized in New York as champion, and Ed "Strangler" Lewis was staged after the courts had decreed that the contracts were signed before the ban was placed on grappling in Illinois, and for the third time in succession, Browning won after a thrilling match. Lewis, by the way, it is rumored, has an interest in both Browning and Savoldi. When the "Strangler" couldn't get Londos on the same mat with him, he tutored Savoldi and turned him loose in the "enemy" troupe, of which Londos was "champ." Savoldi was tossed by several Londos stablemates and after Jim McMillen threw Joe twice in succession in California a month ago, Londos figured the Italian nothing more than a rank set-up, just the thing Mr. Lewis and Mr. Savoldi were hoping for. Jimmy and Joe were matched and the rest is now history—somewhat complicated history—but history nevertheless.

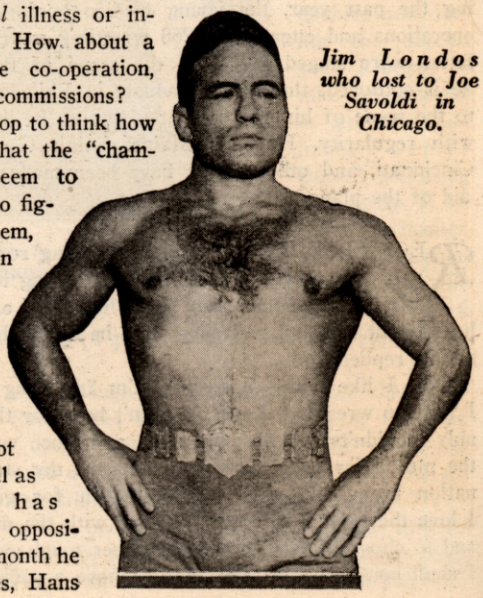
Immediately after his victory over the Greek god, Savoldi joined the Curley group, thereby further strengthening the theory that his victory over Londos was the well-planned revenge of Messrs. Lewis and Curley. The Curley-Bowser stable now has all the claimants to the championship, namely, Jim Browning, Savoldi and Ed "Don" George. Regardless of the National Wrestling Association's ruling, Londos now has no basis for a claim on the world title. The thing best for the sport, and also for the commissions, would be to force an elimination tourney among the claimants of the crown. It is not only ridiculous for the commissions of the different states to name their favorites champion, but it is also foolhardy, since wrestling enables the states to collect an enormous amount in taxes. Biting the hand that feeds you has never been a sensible act.

To further show how championships are juggled, and how favoritism plays a big part in deciding who shall rule the roost, Dick Shikat switched from Curley's troupe to the Londos faction after being sidetracked in favor of Browning and Savoldi. Shikat, in my estimation, and in the estimation of the majority of those who know their wrestling, is the cleverest and most finished performer among the heavyweights on the mat today. Or can it be that Shikat's jump is just another "wise move" to put Londos "on the spot."

The commissions would do well to drive out the evils that exist in the game at present. For one thing, there should be a stricter ruling regarding the way the advance posters and publicity mislead the public. For example, Hans Kampfer for one, was advertised as undefeated, although he has been pinned several times by Londos and others, and more recently by Ernie Dusek. Then there is the matter of staging the best finish bout of the night, last, so as to make sure the eleven o'clock curfew will cause it to be halted and a draw verdict rendered.

Another is the habit of having two men who are good drawing cards suddenly fall out of the ring together and neither climb back within the prescribed ten seconds, thereby having the referee call the match "no contest." And that isn't all.

Two judges and a referee are supposed to render their verdicts on each bout, but it would be just as well to have only the referee, since the referee is the only one necessary when a fall occurs, and the only verdict the judges ever seem to render when a match goes the full time limit, is a draw. The draw verdict *should* be eliminated. Substitutions should only be made in case of *actual* illness or injury. How about a little co-operation, you commissions?



Jim Londos who lost to Joe Savoldi in Chicago.

Did you ever stop to think how funny it seems that the "champions" always seem to win over men who figured to throw them, after they obtain their "titles"?

Ernie Dusek is coming along at a breakneck pace of late. While his brother, Rudy, has not been doing as well as usual, Ernie has brushed aside all opposition. During the month he tossed Paul Jones, Hans

the MAT WORLD

By "TEX" AUSTIN

Kampfer, and others of ranking calibre. Joe Malcewicz, the veteran Utica, N. Y., ace also had a good month. He tossed Count Zarynoff and held Ed "Don" George to an hour draw. Lutze gave Jim Browning a pair of corking battles and twice threw Sam Cordovano, the latest Italian sensation, after his match with George.

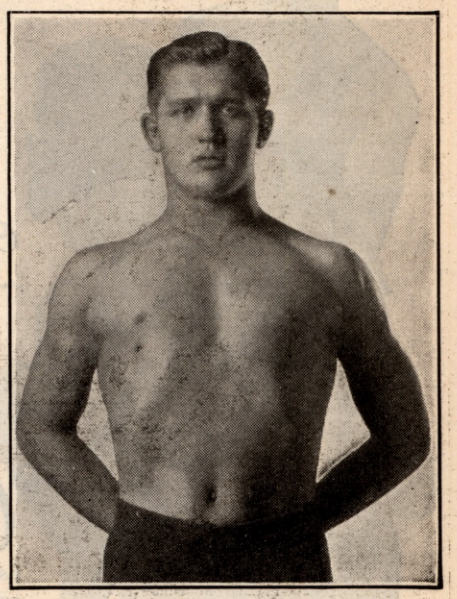
In 'Frisco, in a comedy bout, Joe E. Brown, screen comedian, threw Steven Strelich, light-heavy California champion, with an uncatalogued hold . . . .

* * *

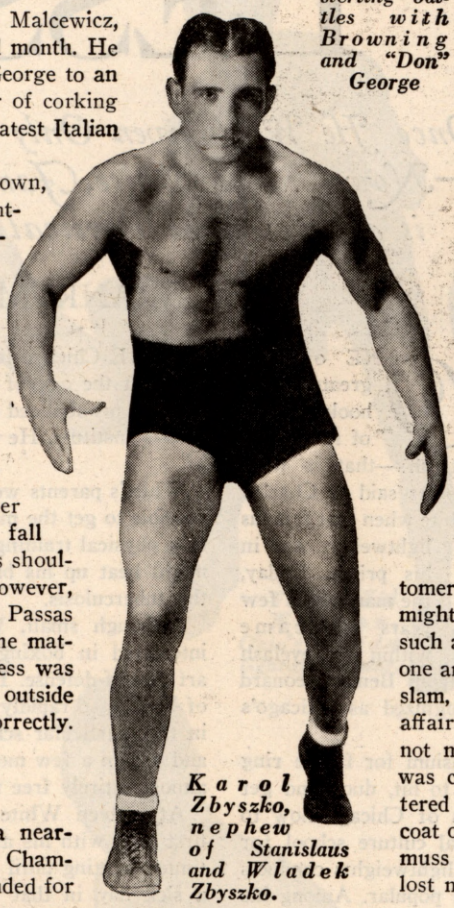
Joe Beston, a gritty little Scotchman, who, when not busy with his attractive gym in Quincy, Mass., fills the rôle of mat referee, recently got a boohing which in reality did not belong to him. In a match between Mephisto, German star, and Steve Passas of Hartford, staged by Promoter Charley Gordon, Beston refused to give a fall to Passas, though that worthy had Mephisto's shoulders firmly planted on the mat. The action, however, having begun outside the ropes, over which Passas had pulled Mephisto, a popular trick with the matmen, Beston contended that the whole business was contrary to the rules. Inasmuch as a man outside of the ropes is off the mat, Beston acted correctly. He got plenty of razzing, however.

* * *

The Boston Garden was the scene of a near-record mat fray the night of March 31, when Champion Ed "Don" George and Nick Lutze contended for three hours, two minutes, 22 seconds, for the mastery, before about 10,000 cash customers. Twice the fray was stopped that the men might have a drink of water—something unusual in such a contest. George finally toppled Lutze for the one and deciding fall with an inside crotch, lift and slam, and then collapsed himself. Though the affair lasted until 1:35, the morning of April 1, not more than 100 fans left the building until it was concluded. Most curiously, though Lutze entered the ring smooth-shaven and wearing a deep coat of tan, he had a stubble of whiskers when the muss ended, also was several shades lighter. George lost nine pounds in weight, and Lutze seven.



Nick Lutze who put up sterling battles with Browning and "Don" George



Karol Zbyszko, nephew of Stanislaus and Wladek Zbyszko.

* * *

Leo Papianos of California, a fairly recent heavyweight matman in Boston, pulled a new one in that city as regards wrestling at the Boston Arena, when he knocked out "Bull" Martin with a slam to the jaw. When Leo's taped right hand was examined, a layer of tin-foil was discovered under the bandage.

* * *

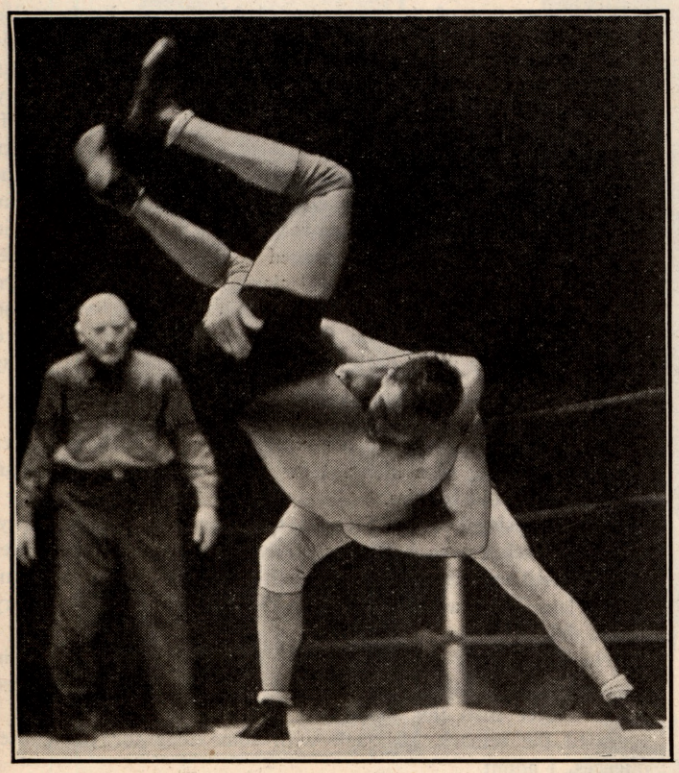
LAST month saw the passing of a great surgeon and wrestler in the death of Dr. Benjamin Franklin Roller. Dr. Roller died in his fifty-seventh year from a complication of diseases that had kept him in a hospital for more than a month. His death recalls his famous bouts with Frank Gotch.

About a year and a half before Gotch won the heavyweight title, he and Dr. Roller engaged in a thrilling one-hour struggle at Seattle in which neither had gained a fall and when Gotch beat Hack for the crown, Dr. Roller, because of that non-fall bout, disputed Frank's claim and a return engagement, to a finish, was staged between them.

In that mill, held at Seattle on July 1, 1908, Gotch proved his superiority by downing the medico in straight falls, the first in 15 minutes and 25 seconds and the second in 21 minutes and 54 seconds. Though defeated, Dr. Roller gained the respect of the title holder by giving Gotch one of the greatest wrestling tussles in which he had ever engaged.

Probably no gamer, faster wrestler with hands and feet was ever developed in this country than Dr. Roller. He had retired from wrestling just before the World War and had been engaged in medical work up to the time of his death.

(*Continued on page* 35)



Jim Browning slamming Nick Lutze to the canvas just before pinning him.

An Object Lesson

Once He Was Given Only Six Months to Live —Now Charley White, Famed Left Hook Artist, is a Successful Physical Culture Instructor

By FRANK MAESTRO

Charley White, one of the best left hook artists of modern pugilism

ONE of the greatest left hook artists of modern fisticuffs—that is what experts said of Charley White when that famous lightweight was in his prime. Today, the man who a few years ago came within an eyelash of winning the lightweight championship from Benny Leonard on a knockout, trim, physically fit, is recognized as Chicago's leading physical culture instructor.

Instead of tuning up daily at the gymnasium for future ring contests or training other young men how to hit, duck and get away, Charley is teaching the society girls of Chicago how to keep their charming figures. At his physical culture school for women, the former king of the Windy City lightweights conducts classes on reduction that have become quite popular. Among his pupils are some of Chicago's "400."

Besides those special classes, Charley has an invisible audience of thousands of women who take his exercises, these being broadcast over one of the biggest stations in Chicago. Quite a change from the days when he mixed it with the greatest fighters of his weight! Charley still carries the marks of his profession, a cauliflower ear, but that does not react against him in his present work.

Born in 1892, White first attracted attention in the fistic game in 1908, when he stepped out at the age of sixteen and began to keel them over, left and right. From then until 1924, when he retired from the profession of knuckle and skull cracking, Charley ranked as the kingpin left hooker, one of the greatest and hardest hitters of his time.

Until the World War made adamant the hasty physical preparation of men, boxing, wrestling, football and other brawny sports were considered entirely too strenuous for the average man. And a human frame wracked with disease usually was packed away in blankets and the hope of physician and relative alike, that tender care might some day restore at least enough strength to combat the disease even if that unfortunate human were forced to go through life crippled in body and spirit.

Courage and the will of the patient usually were frowned upon. Only rarely was there a character stronger than the ignorance of the doctor. When such a person bobbed up he, and frequently she, was looked upon as exceptional.

Such a person was Charley White, at one time one of the world's most famous lightweights. Although it is not generally known, White was a puny, sickly boy with one lung dangerously affected by tuberculosis and the other beginning to show signs of the dreaded disease when he was a boy. But he overcame that handicap to come within a hair's breadth of winning the lightweight crown from Benny Leonard.

THE Chicago left hook artist began his career accidentally. At the age of 13 he was anemic, weighed only 85 pounds and was pronounced tubercular by the head of the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute. He was ordered to Denver and his life despaired of.

White's parents were not financially well off. It was found impossible to get the money for the care of the boy but he was sent to a physical training school in hopes that exercise of some kind might heat up his blood and give him some strength to combat the tuberculosis.

Although small, White was active. He immediately became interested in boxing and spent most of his time learning the art of self-defense. He was an apt pupil and learned the science of boxing so rapidly as to distance all the pupils who then were in that particular school. At the same time he picked up weight and within a few months, an examination of his lungs found him almost entirely free from tuberculosis.

At sixteen White appeared in the professional ring for the first time with his ailment all cured. That was in 1908. He continued fighting until 1924, a total of sixteen years and never had a sick day in that time. Instead of a headstone crowning his grave, he outwitted disease and also won a title.

White was one of the most remarkable figures in the prize ring. He was a clean cut, clean living chap. He did not use tobacco in any form and never drank intoxicants. He seldom was forced to do any extra training for a bout because he invariably was in perfect condition because of the care he took of himself.

White met eleven champions and three times during his career he was within an eyelash of winning the lightweight laurels. In a Milwaukee bout, White knocked down Willie Ritchie four times in the first round of a ten-round no-decision bout. Ritchie weathered that session and managed to last the full distance. Again at Denver, ringside critics declare White should have been declared the winner against Freddie Welsh in their twenty-round bout. And later at Michigan City he knocked Benny Leonard through the ropes and Charley claims a long count aided Benny to keep his crown.

* * *

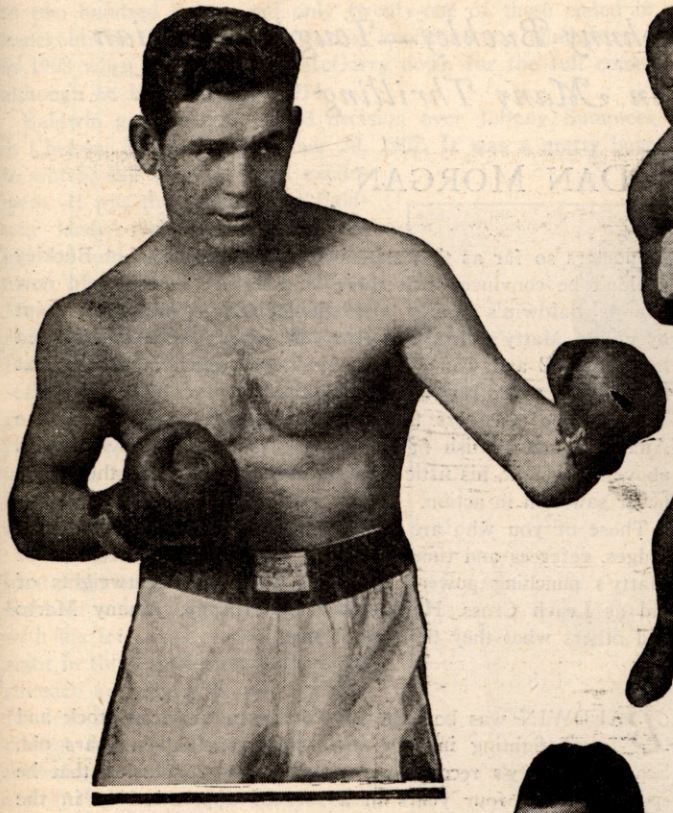
WHEN White first began boxing, he was considered clever but nothing of a hitter. How he discovered his knockout punch is best told by him.

"I was crossing Madison Street at Clark one day," said Charley, "when a truck driven by a burly guy swept around the corner and splashed mud on an otherwise clean pair of trousers adorning my legs. I was angry and shouted something uncomplimentary at the driver.

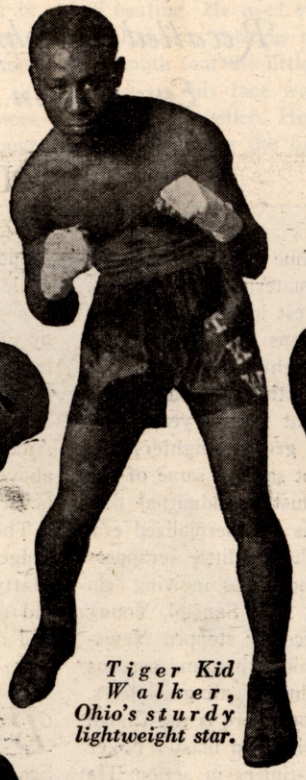
"He immediately pulled up to the sidewalk, climbed down in front of me and asked to have the remark repeated. He looked to be bigger than the Planters Hotel across the street but I repeated the remark, although with some fear for the consequences, I admit.

"Immediately the driver lunged at me but he was inexperienced and too crude to land. I slid under his (*Continued on page* 33)

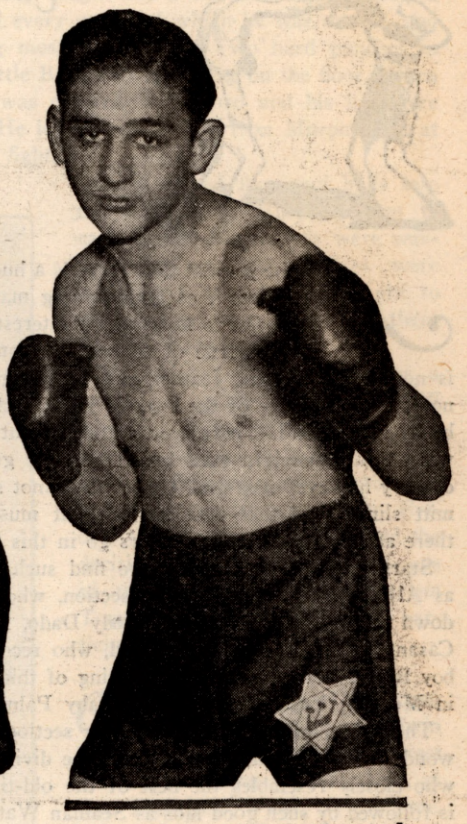
Boys Who Please



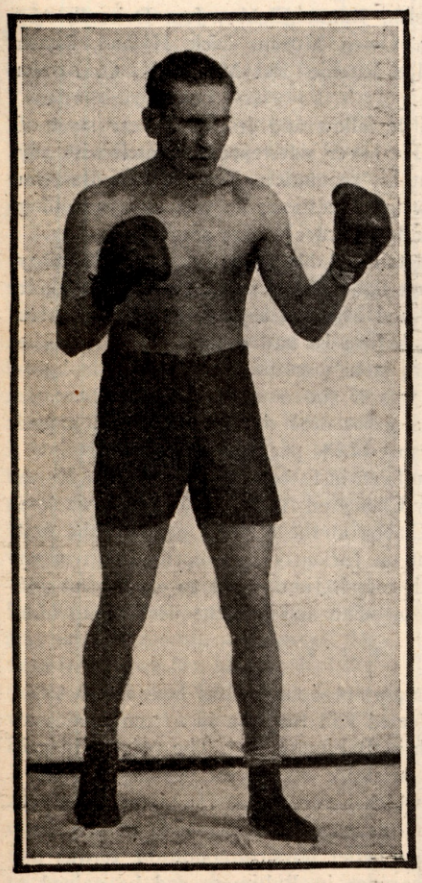
Buck Everett, Gary, Indiana, heavyweight contender.



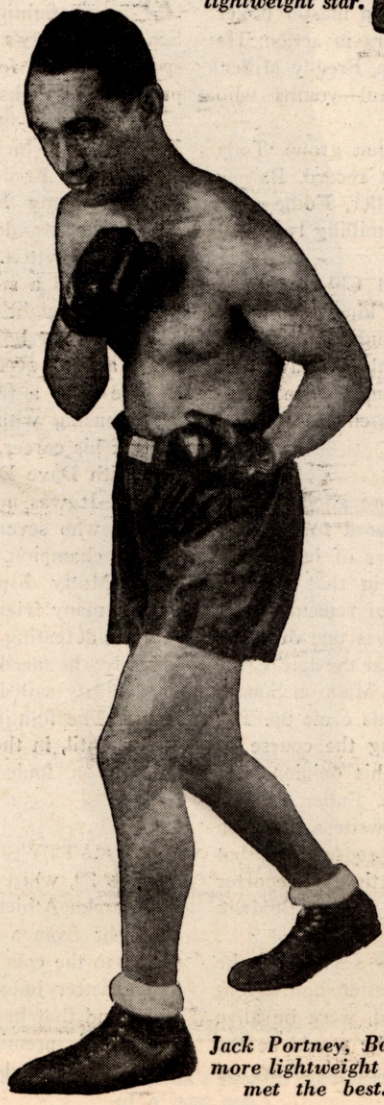
Tiger Kid Walker, Ohio's sturdy lightweight star.



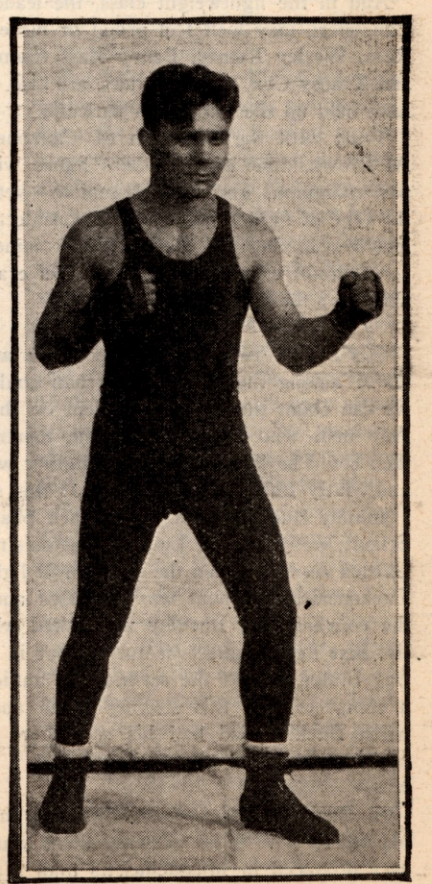
Jackie Sherman, Detroit's good welterweight prospect.



Wally Lavan, middleweight entry from New Jersey.



Jack Portney, Baltimore lightweight has met the best.



Bobby Lavan, rugged New Jersey lightweight star.

MATTY BALDWIN

Career of Boston's Famous Lightweight, Recalled by Johnny Buckley—Tough Bostonian Engaged in Many Thrilling Battles

By DAN MORGAN

AT the present time there is a hue and cry that there is a dearth of good boxing material to enable the fight fan to keep up his interest in the sport. That may be true of several divisions in boxing, but it is not in the bantam, feather and lightweight classes. Were it not for the activity of the boys of those sections, boxing would be at a standstill. There was a time, about twenty years ago, when the lightweight class boasted of the greatest fighters this country had ever seen and, while we cannot say the same of the mitt slingers of that division today, it must be admitted that there are a classy lot, as fighters go in this commercialized era.

Starting with the bantams, we find such fine little scrappers as Al Brown, the king of the section, who keeps mowing 'em down throughout the world; Speedy Dado, Pete Sanstol, Young Casanova, the Mexican whirlwind, who recently stopped Newsboy Brown before a record gathering of thirty thousand persons in Mexico; Young Tommy and Baby Palmore—all good boys.

Then, stepping into the next higher section, there is the Cuban wonder, Kid Chocolate, who heads the division, a master boxer who closely resembles the best of the old-timers in action. He is followed by such good lads as Seaman Watson, Freddy Miller, Baby Arizmendi, Varias Milling, Tommy Paul—youths who have given good accounts of themselves.

And in the lightweight class, the leader of that group, Tony Canzoneri, may well feel proud of his excellent record. Barney Ross, Wesley Ramey, Benny Bass, Sammy Fuller, Eddie Cool and Tracey Cox, among others, are also of the milling type that have held up the interest in fisticuffs.

True, with the exception of Canzoneri, Kid Chocolate and Al Brown, none of the others figure with the kingpins of the past-champions and near-champions—yet we must realize that the type of fighter has changed considerably with the advent of legalized boxing and the entry of commercialism, and we therefore cannot expect the boys of this era to match the fighting ability of the past masters.

* * *

ABOUT twenty years ago there were more good fighters among the lightweights than could be cared for. Today, we can count the high-class talent on the fingers of our hands. Any man who stood among the topnotchers in that division then could be looked upon as a fighter worthy of remembrance; and Matty Baldwin, the subject of this story, was one of them.

Johnny Buckley, manager of Jack Sharkey and the late Ernie Schaaf, was sitting in Jimmy Johnston's room in Madison Square Garden recently when the question of lightweights came up. The Canzoneri-Fuller bout was discussed and during the course of the conversation, Buckley was asked who, in his opinion, was the best lightweight ever turned out in Boston. Fuller being a Bay Stater, one of the scribes was anxious to write a story on a comparison of this sterling youth and his predecessors, but when Buckley had had his say, there was little the reporter could write about except how great a fighter Matty Baldwin was.

In Buckley's opinion—and his was shared by several of the old-timers who were present—there was no better lightweight ever produced in Massachusetts than Matty and, were he alive today and competing against the present crop, he would be the holder of the world's title. Tony Canzoneri had his share of supporters so far as that statement was concerned, but Buckley couldn't be convinced that there is a fighter in the field now who is Baldwin's master. And he started to prove his point by giving Matty's history, a story of famous fights that started back in 1902 and wound up in 1914, and which included great battles with world-renowned gladiators.

When one considers that Matty engaged the cream of the American and British fighters, and often fought boys pounds above his weight, his fistic prowess may be judged by those who never saw him in action.

Those of you who are acquainted with some of the present judges, referees and timers in New York can get an earful of Matty's punching powers by asking such fine lightweights of old as Leach Cross, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Johnny Marto and others what they thought of him.

* * *

BALDWIN was born in 1884 of Irish-American stock and began fighting in 1902 when he was eighteen years old. Scanning Matty's record, one comes to the conclusion that he spent three or four years in a sort of apprenticeship in the professional ranks before he began to fight his best.

He continued in this circle of ring associates from 1906 until 1913, during which time he fought such men as Dave Deshler, Bert Keyes, Freddie Welsh, Jimmy Clabby, Jem Driscoll, Abe Attell, Tommy Murphy, Owen Moran, Dick Hyland, Leach Cross, Joe Mandot, Willie Ritchie, Pal Moore, K. O. Brown and Jack Britton.

Matty was a sturdy little fellow and from the very start of his career fought often. He never sidestepped a match with any lad, no matter how great his reputation. Furthermore, Baldwin never argued over the weight question; he was always willing to give away a few pounds in order to get a match.

Dispensing with the details of his fights in the preliminary part of his career, his first fight with a really prominent fighter was with Dave Deshler, and Matty held him to a draw in six rounds. It was not long before he had a match with Freddie Welsh, who several years later was destined to become lightweight champion. This was a six-round, no-decision bout, in which Matty displayed a great deal of cleverness and gained a great many friends because of his pugilistic prowess.

After defeating Kid Sullivan in fifteen rounds and Bert Keyes in twelve, he faced Jimmy Clabby on April 9, 1907, at Milwaukee, Wis. Matty sailed into Clabby at the opening gong of the first round. The fighting went on furiously and mostly in favor of Matty until, in the fourth round, Jimmy, due to excitement and desperation, fouled the Bostonian and lost the decision to him.

* * *

MATTY'S first important bout in 1907 was on October 29, when he defeated Kid Sullivan in fifteen rounds at the Eureka Athletic Club in Baltimore, Md. The referee judged the fight from a purely scientific standpoint, leaving no alternative to the conclusion which he drew. He found that Baldwin had a better judgment of distance, was capable of faster footwork and that he was in a better physical condition. It was the Bostonian's premier appearance in Baltimore and he gained a great many friends.

But they noticed one fault with Matty, the one which prevented him from being registered in the list of champions, and that was the fact that, although he could land sufficient punches, they didn't have the power in them that would knock out a boxer in good condition. In Matty's career he fought very close to two hundred fights, and only twenty-one of these ended in knockouts in his favor. Matty's last knockout was administered in 1908 when he sent Amby McGarry down for the full count, although he last fought in 1914.

Baldwin got a twelve-round decision over Johnny Summers in Chelsea, Mass., on December 30, 1907. It was a pretty bout to watch, full of action and excitement. It was the wallops that Baldwin landed on the stomach that puzzled and perplexed the Englishman. When they came to a clinch, Matty never failed to land some stiff rights to the ribs and, although Baldwin was handing out some good socks, Summers was not idle. He got home quite a number of stiff jabs with the left on the mouth and nose that sent Matty's head back. He also got home some hard left and right counters to the body.

Summers began the ninth with a hard right over the heart that made Baldwin wince. He out-jabbed Matty with his left hand, rarely using his right in this round, and reached the stomach and jaw with some powerful left hooks. In the rest of the contest, Matty had the upper hand, following out the same mode of attack that he used in the earlier part of the battle.

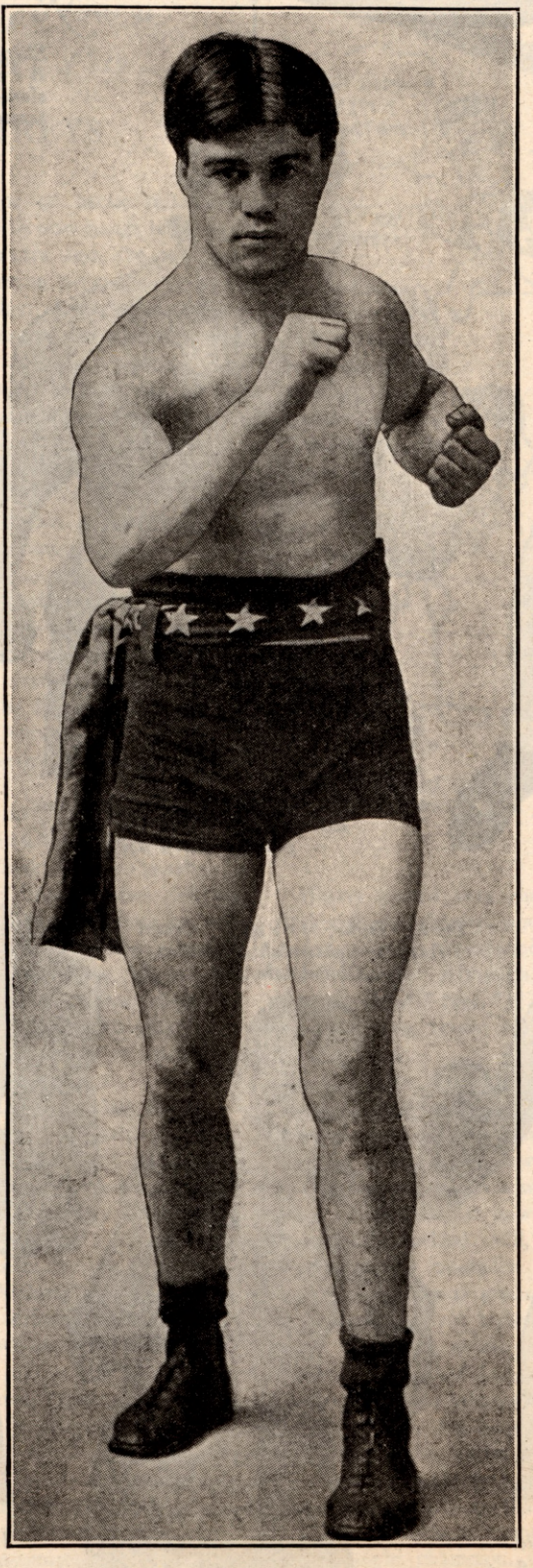
* * *

ONE of the greatest fights between lightweights ever fought in Boston was that between Harlem Tommy Murphy and Baldwin at the Armory A. A. on September 29, 1908, in which Referee Dan Donnelly waved his hand between the pair, signifying a draw.

The house set up a howl at this verdict for, although they admitted things were about even prior to the last round, Murphy staged so valiant an attack they felt that he should have had the decision. When Donnelly left the ring, he was met by a mob that surged about him, and it looked for a time as if he would be roughly handled. It was Murphy's great finish that had carried them away and caused them to hiss the verdict.

Baldwin had established a good lead in the first, second, fifth, sixth and seventh rounds, and forced the fight in the twelfth. Murphy had the third, eighth and ninth and nearly won the fight in the eleventh by a knockout.

Baldwin started off in the first and made play for the kidneys, as usual, forcing Murphy to the ropes and trying to pin him there. He pumped in stomach punches and brought his right over Tom's shoulders to whack away at the kidneys.



Matty Baldwin, Boston's famous lightweight of a past era.

In the second, Baldwin fought with the strength of a welterweight, and did likewise in the third, but his action in this round was trumped by the boy from Harlem. And so the fight went on until the eleventh.

In this round, Tommy fought like a major and gave Matty a bad beating. He used every punch of which he was master, and had Baldwin rocking most of the time. Two hard punches in the mouth sent the little Bostonian sprawling on the floor. When he got up, his face was covered with blood and his lips were parted and swollen. He looked worse then than Murphy had at any time during the fight.

Both rushed like mad bulls into the last round. Murphy began to ease up and his seconds were waving him on. His chances were brighter if he carried the fight to his opponent, but Matty was there for the same purpose.

He plugged Tommy without a let-up and at the bell he was still whooping it up. When the referee waved a draw, both Murphy and Baldwin dropped their mouths and looked in amazement at him. Evidently each thought he deserved the decision. It was a great fight, one of the toughest in which Harlem Tommy and Matty had ever participated.

* * *

ONE of the gamest of the great many bouts fought by Baldwin was the one he put up against Freddie Welsh on June 21, 1911, at San Francisco. Welsh, at the time, was at the height of his form and was easily the most scientific of the lightweights. While outclassed in the matter of science, Baldwin put up a wonderful fight.

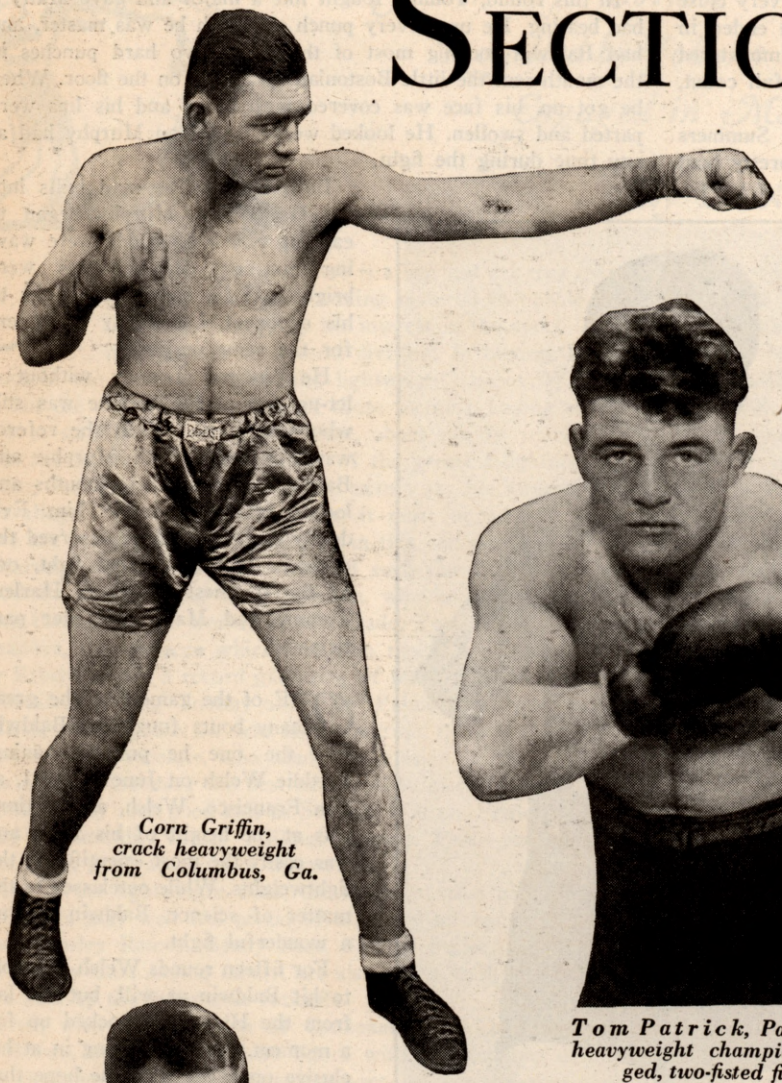
For fifteen rounds Welsh was able to hit Baldwin at will, but the lad from the Hub never backed up for a moment. He kept boring in at his elusive opponent with the hope that he would get over a knockout blow.

Matty's determined stand during the last five rounds of the twenty-stanza scrap was an exhibition of gameness that will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Bleeding and battered, with the aggressive Welshman making a sharper attack with every round, he suddenly showed a new reserve of fighting that nearly won the day for him.

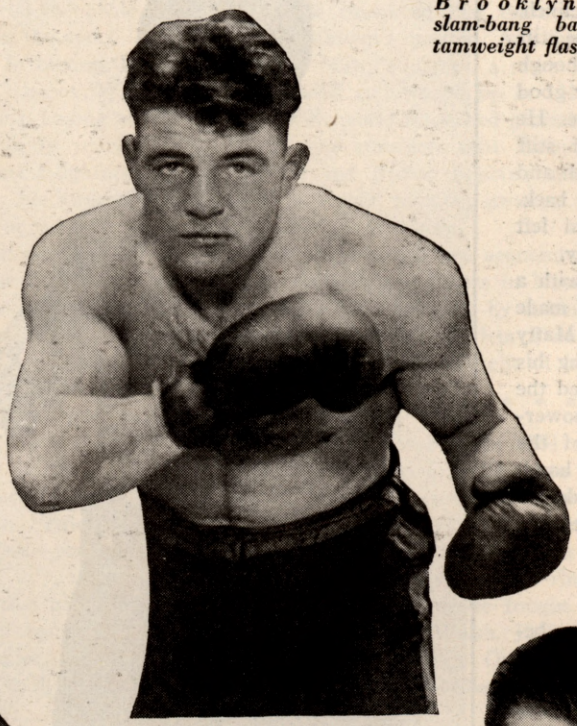
Several times during those last five rounds Baldwin brought the spectators to their feet with his attack. He drove Welsh before him and came close to scoring a knockout blow. The lead, however, which Welsh had piled up in the first fifteen rounds was too great for Baldwin to overcome, even by his great display at the end.

In the month of August, 1911, Baldwin proved his stamina and gameness by fighting through a series of important battles, two of which were over the twenty-round route. The first was against Young Saylor, then (*Continued on page* 32)

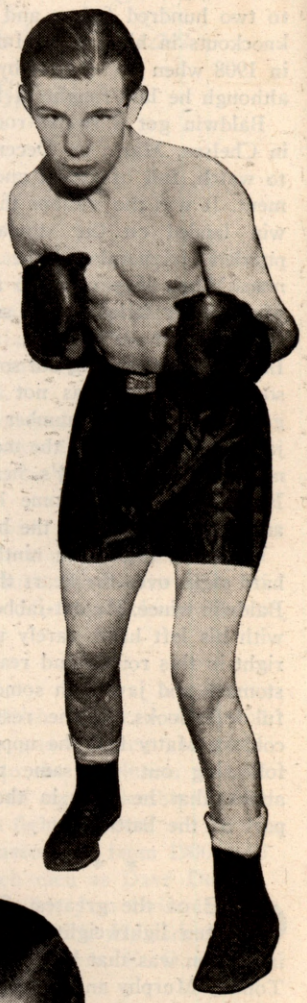
GATHERED FROM ALL SECTIONS



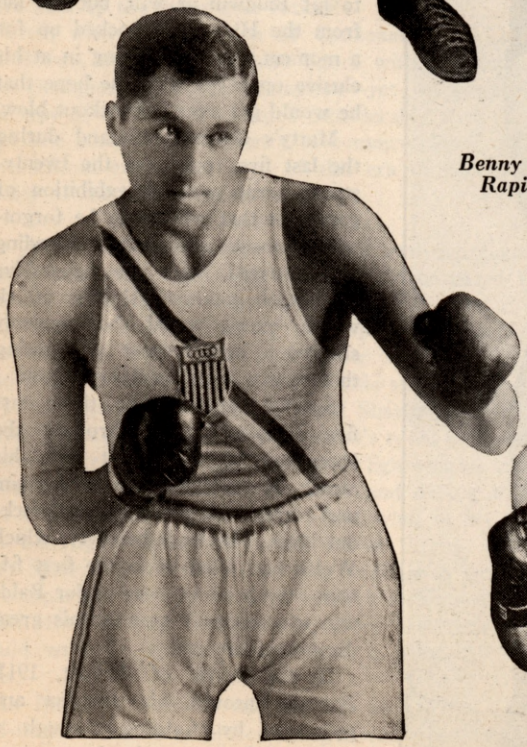
Corn Griffin, crack heavyweight from Columbus, Ga.



Tom Patrick, Pacific Coast heavyweight champion, a rugged, two-fisted fighter.

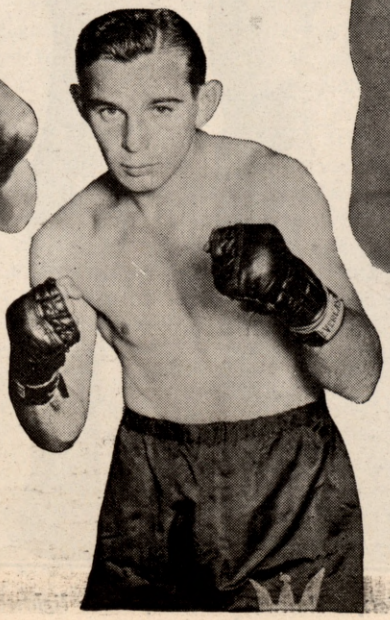


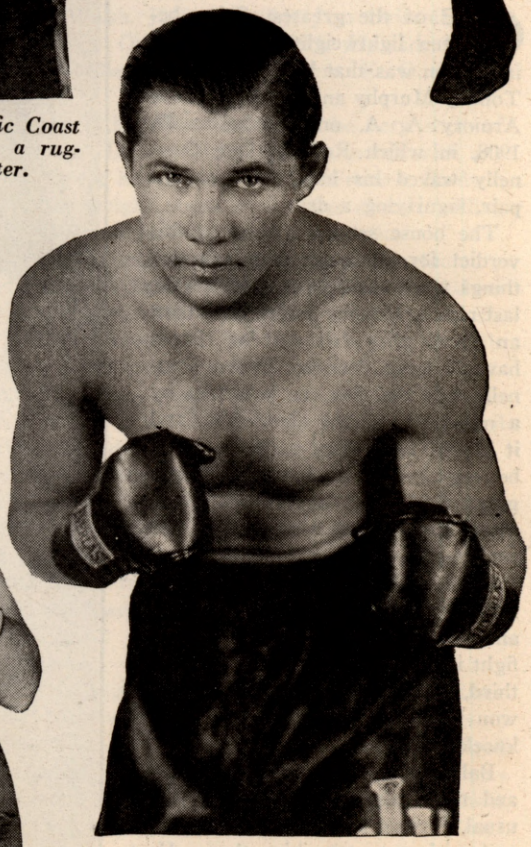
Skippy Allen, Brooklyn's slam-bang bantamweight flash.



Carmen Barth, former Olympic middleweight champion, now a successful pro around Cleveland.

Benny Duke, former Grand Rapids lightweight, now a Clevelander.





Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland's classy featherweight, has shown to advantage in recent bouts.

The "Hairpin" Bantamweight

Harry Harris, Whose Corkscrew Beat Pedlar Palmer, Now a Broker in New York City

By JOE HUMPHREYS

WALL STREET, the scene of hectic milling through the year, is where he now hangs his hat on every working day. Years ago, the roped square enticed him, and during his ring days he was one of the greatest bantams of his day. Handsome Harry Harris, the tallest bantam of modern pugilism, is the subject of this little story.

Harry was born in Chicago on November 18, 1880, but you wouldn't take him for a man of fifty-two. As handsome as ever—tall, slim, bright-eyed, with a brisk walk that designates the athlete—Harry hasn't a mark to show for his ten years of active boxing service. He is a member of the New York Curb Market, where he handles all kinds of stocks. After quitting the ring in 1907, when he beat Harlem Tommy Murphy in a foul, Harris entered the theatrical business, in which he gained success, and then the lure of the stock market got him and he deserted the theatre for the curb.

Harry was known as the pin bantam because of his height and physical development. He showed scarcely any muscle when a fighter, yet he carried one of the hardest punches a bantam in this country ever exhibited. Although he met the best boys in his class and in the featherweight division, he had only two losses chalked up against him.

By far his greatest encounter was in England, against the renowned Pedlar Palmer, whom he beat in fifteen rounds, much to the amazement of the British who backed their man heavily. On the occasion of the fight between Sharkey and Jeffries, Harris was engaged in a bout with Casper Leon, whom he beat.

Harry, though a resident of New York now, was raised in Chicago, where he took his first lessons in boxing. He and his twin brother Sidney were so much alike that no one could tell them apart. When the boys weighed only 90 pounds, they began to engage in gymnasium bouts. They soon became so clever that they became professionals.

It was hard to tell which had the better style, but Harry always carried a harder punch. Once Sidney was matched with a fellow in Flint, Mich., Johnny Whitecraft by name. Sidney became sick a few days before the bout, and Harry quietly went to Flint in his place. He was "identified" as Sidney by the club representative who met him at the train.

Whitecraft was a hard fighter—a rusher. He rushed the slim fellow from Chicago, and was knocked "kicking" in three rounds. A year afterward he was told of the substitution, and asked if he'd like to take on the boy with whom he had originally been matched.

"Not in a million years!" he exclaimed. "One meeting with the Harris family is enough for me!"

* * *

IT was about this time that Harry Harris met Kid McCoy, who did some training in the same gymnasium in Chicago. McCoy was much amused when the slim boy showed a knack of picking up McCoy's style.

Harris looked very much like the famous "Kid." He was dark-skinned, slender, and, like McCoy, most deceptively mild and pleasant in appearance. His height was remarkable considering his weight. Although he was fighting at about 100 pounds then, he stood 5 feet, 7¾ inches in his stockings, and had an abnormally long reach. He was as much of a fighting freak as Fitzsimmons.

Kid McCoy took Harry in hand and taught him trick after trick. He gave him the "inside track" on all the fighting skill he possessed and Harry learned quickly. The best thing he mastered was the great "corkscrew punch." In later years McCoy often said that Harry Harris was the only other fighter, besides himself, who knew just how to use the punch.

With this added skill, Harry fought a draw with Jimmy Barry, former champion in his class, and just how effectively he worked, one may guess from the fact that Barry retired from the ring and never boxed again, saying that when a youngster could teach him points in boxing he was satisfied that he had enough. Harry knocked out Australian Billy Murphy. At least, he gave the Australian champion such a severe beating that the referee stopped the bout in the 4th round.

Murphy, clever as he was, couldn't lay a glove on the McCoy pupil. Harry, fighting heavier men all the time, had been forced to develop a defence that was absolutely perfect. Later Harry beat Buddy Ryan, a tremendous puncher who afterward became welterweight champion. Coming to New York, he beat Tony Moran and Billy Roden, and proved (*Continued on page* 35)

The Story Teller

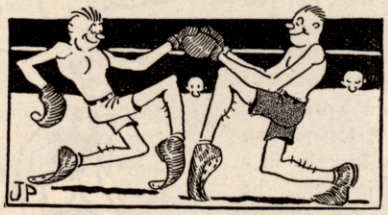
By TOM DALEY

JACK DEMPSEY, the Idol of Fistiana is one of the most practical jokers in pugilism. Jack loves to toy with his fellow men, especially when they are scribes, and in that respect, he resembles his namesake, "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey who was a great "kidder." The present-day Dempsey is as mischievous as a kid. Wrestling seems to be his hobby and many a scribe has found that out much to his sorrow.

Of a boyish disposition, ever playful, the erstwhile Manassa Mauler likes the acclaim of the crowd and when in the midst of a gathering, there is no more jovial fellow than Dempsey. Among the pranks he likes to play, is that of offering his hand in greeting and quick as a flash, when the handshake is made, he obtains a headlock on the unsuspecting fellow and squeezes away like a Strangler Lewis, much to the plaudits of the crowd.

Seldom has Dempsey come out second best in such maneuver but on one occasion, he bit off a little more than he could chew and contrary to the usual windup, it was he who had to call "quits."

The scene was down on the sand in front of the Madison Square Garden headquarters at Miami Beach and the time was in February, 1929.



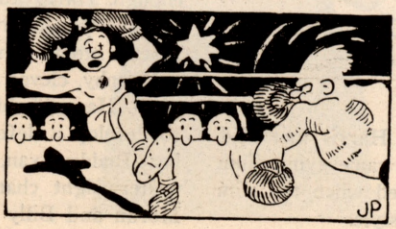
Over in the Carl Fisher mansion on the beach, about 60 newspapermen from all over the country were the guests of William F. Carey, who, with Jack Dempsey, was promoting the Sharkey-Stribling fight after Tex Rickard's death. Every morning about 11 o'clock, the "gang" went in for a dip, and each morning, every newcomer to the camp, was initiated by Dempsey into the feeling of a headlock.

* * *

THAT day was no exception, but, unfortunately for Dempsey, the supposed victim was tipped off and was fully prepared to take Jack for a "ride." Ed Neil, a former football star who knew something about tackling, had come from New York to cover the camp for the Associated Press and the boys decided to get even with Dempsey by pitting Ed against him. With Vincent Traenor, then of the *New York Evening World,* as master of ceremonies, the stage was set for Dempsey's fall. Neil, a six-footer, strong and with a little knowledge of his own about the science of wrestling, awaited the "call to arms" and the scribes were certain that Dempsey would meet his Waterloo.

When all hands were ready, the signal for the run to the beach was given and down went the "gang." The last to leave, prearranged, of course, was Neil and when he reached the beach, the first to greet him was Dempsey. With a rush he ran forward, extended his hand and, with, "Hello Eddie, how are you?" he quickly shifted to one side as Neil extended his hand, and like a flash, Dempsey had the headlock on the newcomer and was pressing Ed's head towards the sand.

Instead of pleading for his release, as all others had done, Neil suddenly wheeled about, got hold of Jack's legs and down went the Manassa Mauler. Dempsey continued to grin, but not for long. The action took place before a large pit that had purposely been dug, and as Dempsey was thrown, Neil pounced on him and obtaining a hold on Jack's neck, forced Dempsey's head into the wet sand and held it there until Jack had a mouthful and started to choke. Then, while the gathering roared with laughter, Neil, having subdued the champ, leaped off Jack's body and raced into the water, while Dempsey, with a much chagrined look, admitted defeat and swore off tackling any more of the newspapermen.



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ALMOST all prominent pugilists have their flights of fancy or fads. They love to dream of all sorts of castles in the air, far removed from the realms of fisticuffs. Some dabble in art, others in music, and still others in financial matters, politics and other affairs outside their calling. Like Cardinal Richelieu, one of the greatest statesmen of his age, who thought himself a much better poet than a diplomat, many fistic stars imagined that they would have become more famous in fields outside the arena.

Jim Corbett, for example, would have made as high a mark as a banker as he did in fisticuffs, but he was an exception. Gene Tunney, who now is rated among the millionaires, might have remained a steamship clerk all his life had not Fate intervened and snatched him into the pugilistic realm. He always felt and still does that had he never been a fighter, he still would have reached the heights he now enjoys, but those who knew the Gene Tunney of the Greenwich Village days, have reason to think otherwise.

Young Griffo, throughout his fistic career, bemoaned his lack of foresight in not having turned to comedy music instead of to boxing. When in the humor, Griffo couldn't be stopped from singing comedy songs. Often he started at eight in the evening, and long past midnight, he still would be keeping his pals awake. Some didn't mind it but others objected to the ten-hour dose of his warbling. Yet those who were intimately acquainted with the Australian, remarked he had a splendid singing voice.

Then there was Tommy Ryan, who is now a movie magnate out on the Pacific Coast. Jack Curley, who knows Tommy probably better than any other of Tom's friends, recently told a story of Ryan's voice culture. "Tommy," said Jack, "had a clear tenor voice and sometimes for hours he would sing sentimental love songs. He also was adept at fancy dancing, and when he trained, he often made use of both his singing and dancing to keep his mind off the fight.

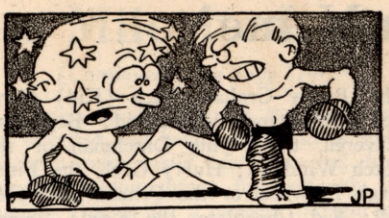
* * *

SOME of the old-timers will remember Bill Dacey, a star little battler of thirty-five years ago who also was a fine violinist. Billy, like Jem Mace, carried his fiddle with him wherever he went. No matter where Dacey trained, he was sure to have his "pal" accompany him. Bill not only loved to play for his own enjoyment, but often he had an entire camp listening in, and between fights, he had no trouble obtaining employment on the variety stage. In fact, until recently, Dacey was still in vaudeville and in his case, it is safe to say that had he originally chosen a musical profession instead of boxing, he undoubtedly would have made good in that from the start, just as he did as a fighter.

Mexican Joe Rivers, now an extra at Hollywood, like Dacey, loves his violin. He is a good player and often showed his skill in professional entertainments. He, like Dacey, did his "turn" on the variety stage when fighting was dull.

Bob Fitzsimmons had a unique fad. He loved to dress himself in the most fantastic clothes. That seemed to be an obsession with him. He spent more money on clothes than any other fighter, possibly excepting the late Pancho Villa, former flyweight king, whose

fortune went into good clothes. Fitzsimmons had more queer song-and-dance pantaloons and crazy-quilt vests and odd-shaped hats than any fighter of his time.



Those who covered the training camp of Vittorio Campolo, seldom found him doing road work or other strenuous training stunts. Instead, they usually found him perched on the veranda of his cottage with a retinue of South American followers, all engaged in the playing of mandolins and the singing of native songs. That constituted nine-tenths of Campolo's "workouts" and that's why, from a fine prospect, he soon fell into the "has-been" class.

* * *

PETER JACKSON of the old school had a hobby different from that of any of his contemporaries. He was a checker fiend. Wherever he traveled, checkers occupied his attention. He always carried his kit with him and so proficient a player was he, that it was most difficult to obtain any one to appear against him. Parson Davies was so impressed, that he had a standing offer of $1000 side bet to any one who could beat the Australian at checkers.

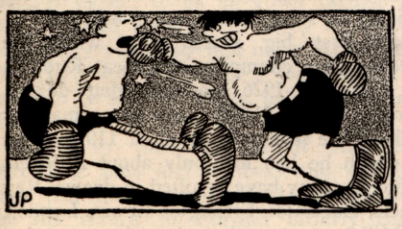
It was quite a common thing to see Peter engaged in a game behind the scenes while waiting for his cue when he was on the stage. Though his mind apparently was on the game, he nevertheless was never known to be late in appearing before the footlights at the right moment. His heart and his soul were in his work and his fine acting proved that, yet he was just as proficient in his hobby. The great colored fighter had many other peculiar traits, but he was not superstitious—rather strange for a Negro.

* * *

IN the fighting world there are hoodoos, and he who would deny it, must bring up against a mass of evidence which would hurl him to the lowest depths and cover him with débris. Hoodoos are usually animate. They are also inanimate in some cases.

A bucket, a chair, even a towel, have been known to exude a hoodooistic ether or fluid, from which a fighter who could have lost in no other way has been overwhelmed, grown dizzy and been knocked out. To this day the Olympic Club of New Orleans holds fast, above all other things in their possession, to the chair upon which Jim Corbett sat during the minute's rest after his victory over Sullivan.

Corbett often tried to buy that chair, but the Olympic Club officials refused to sell. Of this class of good and evil things, however, corners of the ring have proved to be the most powerful. The Olympic Club had a losing or hoodoo corner speedily developed in its early days, which clung to the place consistently. The old California Club of San Francisco went through the same experience.



Billy Petrolle of the present-day fighters believed in hoodoos. When Billy arrived in New York for his fight with Tony Canzoneri, he was asked when he would discard the Indian blanket which he carried with him into the ring for each of his fights.

"Never," replied Billy. "I'm superstitious. That blanket has brought me luck. If I toss it aside, I guess I'll be hoodooed."

And Billy is only one of several hundred fighters who believe as he does. Skull caps, as in the case of Antol Koscis, is a novelty in the ring for this generation, but it was seen long before Koscis came to America to make his fortune. Blessing oneself is the most common of ring superstitions. He who follows that custom, is of the firm belief that he will be saved from unnecessary punishment by so doing. This, despite the fact that I have seen boxers who bless themselves take terrific shellackings, yet come back for the next fight with that superstition still embedded in their brains.

WHEN it comes to battles that furnish thrills, there are three outstanding matches—the Dempsey-Firpo, Dempsey-Tunney Chicago contest and the McGovern-Young Corbett encounter at Hartford, Conn. Of course, those who saw Dempsey knocked through the ropes by the Wild Bull of Argentina, viewed a thriller that probably won't be duplicated in years. But, as for me, I've seen every contest of note in the past forty years and the one outstanding match, as far as I'm concerned, is the Corbett-McGovern affair. For thrills I don't think that the Dempsey-Firpo mill had anything on that one, back in 1901, for the world's featherweight championship.

McGovern was the idol of the ring, and his fame as a fighter was known the world over. Terry had the reputation of being able to annihilate anything within 10 pounds of his weight and when he was matched by Bill Crowley of Hartford to meet Corbett, everybody was congratulating Terry on his chance of getting such an easy mark.

Corbett had been boxing out in Denver and had some degree of success. But he was never heard of until the announcement was made that he had been matched to meet McGovern.

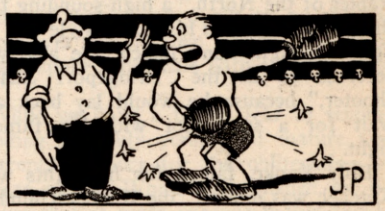
On the day of the battle New York took a holiday, and the sports chartered special trains and came to the city to celebrate. Bookmakers opened up their stands in the lobby of the old Brower House and made Terry a 10 to 6 shot the morning of the battle, but the price did not appeal to the gamblers and the bookies slashed the odds and made McGovern 10 to 4 by noontime.

Even with these juicy odds, the layers did not get a game. Corbett, who was a natural wagerer, heard of the price that was being laid against him and immediately sent for Crowley and wanted to know if he could draw the loser's end of the purse as he wanted to bet it on his chances. Crowley accommodated him and placed the money.

When Corbett was told by a messenger that Crowley had made a bet for him, he looked at the young man and then said "Kid, 'Terrible Terry' will look terrible after I get through with him. Go and win yourself a suit of clothes, for as sure as the sun shines I will knock him bowlegged."

* * *

WHEN the battle started, Corbett started to taunt Terry, and at the very opening bell had him frothing at the mouth. McGovern rushed at Corbett and started to make a bone breaking affair of it.



Corbett was cool and met the bull rushes with neat left stabs, which landed to McGovern's mouth and face. He would then fall into a clinch and make Terry drag, pull, and haul to try and get loose.

McGovern, while in his corner, never took his eyes off Corbett, and when the bell rang for the opening of the second round, Corbett knew that McGovern would attempt to race across the ring and try and catch him coming out.

That was just what Corbett wanted, and he met the rush by nailing Terry with a right-hand flush to the button and the idol of the ring was sent to the floor with a thud. A deathlike stillness came over the large crowd and many could or would not believe their eyes.

Terry got up after the count of nine, and Corbett eyed him and then timed his shot and placed another, flush on Terry's chin and he dove to the floor headlong and was counted out—to the amazement of a large audience.

A new champion was born and the pugilistic idol was shattered together with many a good-sized bank roll.

One can't imagine the surprise of both Terry and his followers. Probably the hardest hit of all was that great scout, Joe Humphreys. He took Terry's defeat very much to heart.

What's In a Name?

(*Continued from page* 5)

boxing skill or a deadly punch. Dempsey, on the contrary, was a killing puncher. But the name "Manassa Mauler" had a sonorous ring that made it stick, regardless of how inappropriate it was.

Stanley Ketchel was known as "the Assassin" because he was a terrific hitter and because he was as remorseless in attack as an assassin. Several fighters have been given the name of "Wildcat," the most notable being Ad Wolgast and Ace Hudkins.

The name "Terrible Terry" fitted Terry McGovern admirably, for he certainly was a terrible antagonist, a whirlwind in attack who never stopped firing until either he or his opponent had had enough.

Francis Albertanti, now publicity man for Madison Square Garden, gets credit for dubbing Mickey Walker "the Toy Bulldog." Francis certainly called that one correctly, for Mickey looks like a bulldog in the ring and his style is reminiscent of the way that animal attacks. Since he put on weight and has been fighting heavyweights some have changed it to "the Rumson Bulldog."

Willie Stribling has been given many names. The most favored, perhaps, is "Willie the Clutch," because the Georgian always has been a great one to hold with one hand and hit with the other, or to hold with both hands if he is in a tough spot. He also has been called "the King of the Cane Brakes" because of his predilection for touring the small towns of the South for fights with soft opponents.

Paul Berlenbach also was profusely nicknamed. The first one hung on him was "the Paralyzer," because of the effect of his famous left hook to the body. Paul also was called at times the "Astoria Ox," because of his slow movements, and "Oom Paul," after Oom Paul Krueger, the famous Boer War hero.

Jack Delaney, who had several famous duels with Berlenbach, was known as "the Rapier of the North," a high-sounding title that dovetailed with his lordly style and his lightning right hand punch. He also was referred to as the "Bridgeport Sharpshooter," because he would lay back and wait for a sure shot with his famous right.

Billy Papke, famed for his fights with Ketchel, was dubbed "the Illinois Thunderbolt." Billy Myer was "the Streator Cyclone."

* * *

GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT was so called because he was gentlemanly in deportment and attire in an age when a fighter was generally a rough and ready sort. Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons was so named because of his appearance.

Max Schmeling's most common nickname is "the Black Uhlan of the Rhine." The reasons are obvious. He also has been called at times "the Teuton Schlager" and the "Hamburg Hammerer." Jack Sharkey is the "Linguistic Lith" or "the Terrible Sharkey Man" or "the Big 'I' Man." Gene Tunney was sometimes called "the Marine," but he had no nickname that really stuck.

Other fighters with distinctive nicknames include: Mysterious Billy Smith, Kingfish Levinsky, Unknown Winston, Tuffy Griffiths, Bushy Graham, Jack (Kid) Berg, the Whitechapel Whirlwind; Bep Van Klaveren, the Flying Dutchman or the Dutch Windmill; Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh Pinwheel or the Pittsburgh Windmill; Kid Chocolate, the Keed; Johnny Dundee, the Walloping Wop; Baby Joe Gans; Gorilla Jones; Jimmy Maloney, the Fish Monger; Phil Scott, Phalling Phil or Phainting Phil; Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil; Tiger Flowers, the Georgia Deacon; Mushey Callahan, Cowboy Padgett, Rocky Kansas, Lew Tendler, Lefty Lew; the Zulu Kid; Soldier Bartfield, Gunboat Smith; Sailor Friedman; Jeff Clark, the Joplin Ghost; Fred Fulton, the Plasterer; Porky Flynn; Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw Kid and Bombardier Billy Wells.

Among others familiar to the present day fight fan, are : Battling Battalino, Battling Bozo, Newsboy Brown, Speedy Dado, Steve Hamas, called Hurricane Steve; Dynamite Jackson, Big Boy Peterson, Charley Retzlaff, called the Duluth farmer; King Tut and Napoleon Jack Dorval.

Among the fighters of the days when dad was a kid, we find, Banny Yanger, the Topton Slasher; Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler; Jim Coffey, the Roscommon Giant; Sandy Ferguson, Johnny Griffin, the Braintree Lad; Wild Bill Hanrahan; Billy (Honey) Mellody, Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone; Fick Nelson, the Fighting Dane; Gunner Moir, Gus Ruhlin, the Akron Giant; Frank Slavin, the Sydney Cornstalk; Sailor Tom Sharkey, Ike O'Neil Weir, the Belfast Spider; Irish Patsy Cline; Charles (Dutch) Brandt; The Dixie Kid, Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid; Stockyards Tommy Murphy; Joe Grim, the Iron Man; Gypsy Daniels and Panama Joe Gans.

Those are only a few. Space does not permit listing all the fighters who carried nicknames into the ring with them.

It is a peculiar circumstance that many of the game's greatest never have picked up a nickname. Tony Canzoneri, best in the sock market today, for his pounds and inches, has never been known by any nickname.

Benny Leonard, one of the greatest of all time, always was just Benny Leonard. Al Singer, Ruby Goldstein, Fidel LaBarba and many others fought for years without anyone making a nickname stick.

Matty Baldwin

(*Continued from page* 27)

a much respected lightweight from the middle-West. He and Baldwin, at Indianapolis, went ten fast rounds to a draw.

A little more than a week later, at Salt Lake City, Utah, Baldwin fought a twenty-round draw with Johnny McCarthy.

After this fight, Baldwin went to San Francisco where, on August 31, 1911, he met Willie Ritchie in a twenty-round battle. Baldwin threw a surprise into the sporting fraternity on the Coast by winning from Ritchie all the way.

Ruggedness, clever fighting, together with a knowledge of all the tricks of the trade, wore Ritchie down, until in the last half of the battle Matty had things all his own way. But his lack of the punch failed to knock out Ritchie, who, only a year later, had won the title.

A month later, at San Francisco, Baldwin and Frankie Burns fought a twenty-round draw. This bout was an even-up affair, with Baldwin doing all the leading and Burns standing off and fighting back.

After this successful tour of the West, Baldwin came back home, where he defeated, among others, "Knockout" Brown, who at that time was considered a likely candidate for lightweight honors.

But Matty had reached the zenith of his career. His victories were over second-rate men, and he was defeated by all the first-class men that he met. Be that as it may, Matty Baldwin had done good work in the ring, and had served a career that was unmarked by adverse criticism.

During the World War he worked in the Boston shipyards. He died on October 1, 1918, one of the many thousands of victims of influenza.

Seven Brothers—All Wrestlers

(*Continued from page* 20)

Little Rock, Ark., and decided that if he figured on gaining any headway, he would have to give up his job so that he could train properly and this he did. Then success came his way. He rolled up four victories, but got practically nothing for his trouble, so he had to get back to work and got himself a job in a garage. A few weeks later he got a severe trimming from Charley Rentrup, now one of St. Louis' leading referees, but with it he received $300 and that made him look like a millionaire.

With that money, he found that he could resume the Farmer Burns' course and under that tutor's handling, he soon became a first-rate wrestler. He went South and astonished both Burns and himself, by winning 165 matches in a row. He took Ernie with him, and with his brother as his trainer, he soon became a top-notcher.

His first big match was with Joe Stecher, then champion, who beat Rudy in St. Louis in 1926, and for that defeat, Rudy collected $1525. Then came matches with all the leaders, a total of 119 to date, of which he has lost only about a dozen, although many have resulted in draws. Ray Steele, Garibaldi, Strangler Lewis, Londos, McMillen, among others, have been met, but his best match was with Londos, whom he tussled for two hours to a draw.

According to Rudy, his toughest engagement was with Joe Malciewicz in Tulsa, in 1929. It went four hours and fifteen minutes before it was halted and called a draw.

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From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 17)

the country taking on four or five men a day for a period of forty-six consecutive days. Few people realize what that means —a constant and wearying grind.

"In the match with Hackenschmidt I got my first feeling of ultimate victory when we stood up to be photographed before the match began. I reached out my hand to shake with Hack and when I grasped his hand it shook and trembled. Something said to me right then, 'Frank, this fellow is worried,' and it gave me much courage.

"I made Hack reach for me all the time and never did he get a chance to exert his strength close up. He was forced to use his power at arm's length, which greatly diminished it, of course.

"Hack's main fault, I should say, was that he thinks too slowly. Before the match an old-time English wrestler wrote me a long letter in which he told me of ten different tricks that Hack would use, and he described just how he would go about each one of them. When I got in the ring I found I could not have known more about Hack's style had I been wrestling with him for years. My friend's letter had hit every move on the head. And every move the Russian made he telegraphed me in advance, which shows that he thinks too slowly.

"Wrestling is a grand sport and so long as it is on the square it appeals to the public as few sports do. I have never wrestled before a poor audience. Every match I have had has drawn crowded houses, and I think my popularity, such as it is, is due in part to the general feeling that I have kept my end of the game clean, and have never faked.

"For nine years I have been at it, meeting all comers, wrestling under all conditions and have never yet mixed up in a queer match, or failed to give the public my best.

"It is gratifying to me, of course, to hold the undisputed world's title. I am glad it's here in America, glad I brought it here. I expect to be an Iowa farmer all my life, and I expect to enjoy it. I hope that every year may find me a little better man in some way than I was before. I want to be a good citizen, helpful and useful."

Stung by the criticism of American wrestling fans and scribes who charged him with being a "quitter," Hackenschmidt, on his return to Europe, bitterly complained of the unsportsmanship of his opponent. He charged that the referee was unfair in not forcing Gotch to get the oil from his body and in not warning Frank for his foul tactics. The Russian Lion, a keen student and highly cultured individual, resented the American criticism and that he holds that against them to this day, is obvious from an article which he recently wrote for the *Empire News* of Manchester, one of England's greatest newspapers. In that article, part of a series which appeared under his name, Hackenschmidt renews the charges he had made in America. Quoting from the *Empire News,* we have the following as his version:

"All I knew when I accepted the match with Gotch in which I had lost the title, all I knew about him and the men who had wrestled and beaten him and in turn had been quite easily beaten by me, forbade my taking things too seriously in training. I never for a moment thought of preparations to defeat my ends by foul means. I had no such experiences in my past matches so it did not enter my mind at all that such things had to be reckoned with.

"After our match was started I immediately found that it was almost impossible for me to get a grip on his body. I protested to the referee about the condition of Gotch's body, asking that we should both have a hot bath before attempting to continue the match but my protest went unheeded. The referee simply signalled for us to continue.

"Gotch was so oily that it was impossible to push or pull him or to do anything else with him that would give me control over his movements and as the minutes passed and he got warmer, my difficulties increased. It was like trying to grip a well-buttered eel.

"Only by exerting many times the strength ordinarily required could I retain a grasp on that greasy, slippery mountain of flesh. He was quite content to rely on that state of his skin and to let me do all the work, knowing full well that I was bound to wear myself out while he retained all his strength. And that is just what happened.

"And the sympathy of that huge crowd was entirely on his side! All their howling cheers and shouts of encouragement were for Frank, though what they had to cheer and shout about, I cannot to this day imagine!

"But that did not bother me a bit. What troubled me was that the referee was evidently indifferent to what was being put across on me. The only thing I could do was to go on and at least make as good a showing as I could under such awful conditions.

"I attacked throughout. That was always my way of wrestling. And all the time, from the very start until the end, I had to rub my hands on my wrestling tights to get the grease away. My wrestling costume soon was as greasy as was Gotch's body, but I could not rid myself of the oil at all.

"Constantly Gotch's thumbs and fingers were hovering near my eyes as though he meant to gouge my eyes out, and constantly, when our heads were together, he rubbed his against mine with the result that some terrible chemical exuded from his hair and trickled down my forehead into my eyes causing me excruciating pain, blinding me, making me almost oblivious to the terrible job I had in hand.

"It was hopeless for me to try to get him into a position that would allow me to slip behind him and overpower him, though I knew all the time that in strength and energy I was infinitely superior to him.

"And still the match went on and Gotch's methods became worse and worse. He no longer seemed to be merely thinking about gouging my eyes; he actually attempted to do so. He pulled my hair and always he took every opportunity to rub his head and forehead against mine. And yet not a voice was raised to protest against his methods, no word of rebuke or caution came from the man who was in the ring with us as referee, Ed Smith, presumably in the interests of fair play and to guard American sportsmanship.

"For more than two hours I struggled against such odds without making the slightest impression upon my terrible opponent whose language was as disgusting as his tactics.

"After two hours my exhaustion could hardly be imagined. I could scarcely breathe or swallow, my strength was gone —not in resisting Gotch who never got a hold on me that a child would have noticed, but in the effort to overcome conditions that were a disgrace to him and to his country.

"So in the end, without an explanation, I pushed Gotch aside and walked out of the ring. Gotch thus won the match. But I had not been beaten by Gotch. I was beaten by the oil which had been rubbed into his skin constantly during the months of his preparation for me at the hands of his trainer—Jack Carkeek."

And thus you have the story of the man who to this day is regarded the greatest wrestler of all time. He wrote this only a few weeks ago under his own name, in the *Empire News* of Manchester, and this is the first time he has ever consented to do so.

An Object Lesson

(*Continued from page* 24)

first blow and crossed my right with all my strength and the anger of soul behind it. I landed flush on that husky's jaw and he dropped like a shot.

"I don't know how long he was down for I decided that the police would be there shortly and I did not stay to investigate or be investigated. However, I decided right there that if I could knock out a fellow of that size I ought to be able to topple over men my own weight. Since then I have applied that rule with some success, too."

While we have a bit of fear in recommending to sickly persons of mature age a strenuous sport for the obliteration of disease such as White accomplished, we do believe that if more persons would tackle boxing and wrestling, there would be less tuberculosis in the progeny of this generation. Sport is an institution as necessary as medicine or bread in the daily life. The career of Charley White proved this.

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A New Slant on Schmeling

(*Continued from page* 3)

ard won't stand for me managing him. Why don't you take him, yourself? You discovered him and you know Buelow. You'll make an ideal representative for him."

And so, just to encourage the man whom I had ballyhooed in America as the next heavyweight king, a fighter whom I had seen in Europe and thought was good enough to be taken under Tex Rickard's wing, I accepted a contract but never once did I attempt to utilize it. I did it more to make Max and Buelow feel at ease and never once could it be said that I took advantage of our agreement to profit by it to the extent of one cent. To me, it was just a piece of paper, although I could have collected, legally, upwards of $40,000 on it.

Had I not interested Rickard in Schmeling, it is probable that Germany to this day would not have had a world heavyweight king.

I have heard so much said about Schmeling's discoverer, that I have decided to break the ice and give the American fight public the true story of how the German came to make his mark in fisticuffs. Not that I want to act the part of a braggart, but to set down for posterity that which must eventually find its way into the records of heavyweight history, I tell this story now.

* * *

WHEN Schmeling arrived here, I learned that his career was much like Dempsey's—a rough-and-ready life which included odd jobs, a little hoboing, and plenty of adventure. Like Dempsey, he spent much of his youth away from home, tramping through Germany. He was employed during his tramps in a variety of occupations, often went hungry and ragged, but in the end, gained the hard-earned experiences that made of him a man of high character.

Max was born in a little village at Kelin-Luckow, on September 28, 1905. For two centuries his family had been house and sign painters, and from them, Max inherits his love for paints. His dad, who died in 1926, was senior helmsman for the Hamburg-American vessels. His mother, Amada, is still alive and living in Hamburg.

During his wanderings which took him through his native land and Belgium, he worked as a farm laborer, a stone layer a coal miner, railroad worker and a steel structural worker, but the job he liked most, was that of typist for William Wilkins, an advertising agent in Hamburg, a job he held down after school hours, before the wanderlust struck him at the age of sixteen.

Like Stribling and Carnera, Schmeling has inhaled the odors of the circus as a performer—a strong man! He received a job from Carl Klein, vaudeville performer and former strong man, and so fine an impression did he make with the one-time king of German strong men, that he was adopted by Klein as a pupil. Max had abnormal strength as a youth and it didn't take long for him to learn the tricks of the trade. He lifted heavy bar-bells, juggled heavy cannon balls, drove spikes through inches of thick wood and performed other feats that later helped him to climb so rapidly in fisticuffs.

Herr Klein was Max's first manager and how he, like Ike Dorgan who thought him a palooka before seeing Max work out, must envy Joe Jacobs today! Schmeling worked for nine months in the circus, side shows and in vaudeville.

Nine years ago he was stranded in Mulheim, Germany. Broke, ragged, starving, he was one of an army of unemployed. The few pennies he earned now and then could buy only a bowl of thick gooey, a black concoction which was called stew. When Max could obtain ten pfennigs, he lived in a lodging house in a room where a flop on the crowded floor was his portion. Max says the vermin there was gratis, in droves and often very hungry. The basement was likewise utilized for sleeping. There a rope was strung the length of the room between two benches. The lodger rested his head upon the rope and slept as best he could until the porter, by the simple expedient of cutting the rope at dawn, awakened the sleeping crew by dumping them on the concrete floor.

Max therefore doubly appreciates the expensive clothes, auto, foods, clean beds with soft downy mattresses he now has at his command and while not niggardly, he is thrifty. His ring earnings are wisely invested.

* * *

AT nineteen Schmeling had not donned a boxing glove nor had any desire to.

By mere chance he became a boxer. Craving exercise he walked into the Sport Club Colonia at Mulheim and became interested in two men who were boxing.

When they finished their friendly bout, one of them asked Max if he knew how to box. Receiving an answer to the effect that Schmeling did not, the boxer invited Max to take a lesson and then proceeded to attempt to slaughter Max. The latter was bleeding from the nose and almost blind from the receipt of left jabs.

Max went berserk. He flung out his right hand in a clumsy fashion but the blow found its mark on the boxer's chin. He crumpled to the floor and Schmeling stood amazed at the power behind his punch.

When his opponent recovered his senses, he begged Max to come back the following night for a real fight in the ring.

There was a big crowd present. Max sat upon his stool and heard his adversary introduced as middleweight champion of the club. The gent Max had knocked out the previous day, was seconding him and told Max to smear the champ with the right as soon as the bout started, just as he had done the night before.

Max let the champion make a lot of tricky motions, went in close, let fly with his right and connected. The champ hit the mat and lay stiff. Max was champion. He thought it a simple procedure and there and then developed a mania for the sport.

He scored a dozen knockouts in as many fights as an amateur and soon won the amateur middleweight, then light-heavyweight championship of Germany.

His professional career is too well known to require more than brief mention.

The champion says that Johnny Risko gave him the toughest fight of his life in the five rounds which preceded his nine-round knockout of the doughty Clevelander.

Schmeling's greatest fights were staged in this country. He started by stopping Joe Monte, a Boston trial horse, in eight rounds, then followed with a ten-round victory over Joe Sekyra, a one-round knockout of Pietro Corri and nine-round K.O. over Risko. Paulino was given a sad walloping in fifteen rounds and that was followed by the winning of the world title on a foul in four rounds, Jack Sharkey being his opponent.

The year after he won the title, Schmeling stopped Young Stribling in Cleveland in 15 rounds and last year, in a return engagement with Sharkey, Max lost the crown on a much-disputed verdict. In three years of American campaigning, Schmeling has accumulated a fortune of half a million.

The Sporting Gazette

(*Continued from page* 15)

No guards to protect shins or face. Yet the spectators of that period saw as thrilling games as we of the present generation witness now. The game has changed very little, but the "wearing apparel" has.

In the morale of the players, there has also been a great change, probably for the better. The combative spirit of the players, while still in existence, has been modified to a great extent so that now, while players are still anxious to win, the do-or-die idea is a thing of the past.

When Grandpa Was a Kid

(*Continued from page* 13)

to the next illustration. Ballyhoo is as old as the hills. Every generation has seen new phases of it. Jack Kearns had a style all his own. Astey, the English circus king of almost 200 years ago, started modern ballyhoo with the use of a band.

In the early eighties they had a novel way, a method like our present-day stump speeching during political campaigns. Take a peep at the old, whiskered gent who is standing before the fight club "selling his wares." Apparently that poster with the bruiser and his tremendous muscles and the salesmanship of the barker are hitting the mark, judging by the expressions of the faces of the audience.

The artist, convinced that "John L." was the mightiest fighter of 'em all, says:

"Buncomb and noise in pugilism. Barking and the Big Blowers who try to belittle the 'Boston Strong Boy.' It can't be done. There's only one John L."

The "Hairpin" Bantamweight

(Continued from page 29)

that he had the real McCoy "kick" by breaking Roden's jaw with a right hook.

Just about that time a lot of persons began to say that Harry Harris was bantam champion of America, although Harry Forbes was claiming that honor. Sammy Kelly, a great boxer himself, took Harry over to England and matched him with Harry Ware, who disputed the bantamweight championship of England held by Pedlar Palmer.

The match with Ware was billed as a world's championship affair, but Ware, at the last moment, refused to meet the American.

Ware being out of it, Palmer was engaged, and again the match was billed as a world's championship affair.

And that was a fight!

Palmer was a great boxer. He was thick, sturdy, strong, and a hitter, slippery as an eel and quick as a cat. He had a knack of bobbing or rolling his head and letting blows glide by without jarring him, and then digging into the body at close quarters.

Against Palmer, Harris kept using the straight left, making a mental note of the way Palmer bobbed his head and figuring to an inch just the spot he'd move the tip of his chin to. So when Pedlar rushed in the beginning of the 5th round Harry feinted a straight left, and, as Pedlar's head rolled, suddenly turned his arm and delivered the famous "corkscrew," giving the punch an upward twist.

His glove slipped under Pedlar's high guard and landed solidly on the chin. Down went Palmer with a crash. The Englishmen gasped. It was the first hard blow Harris had struck.

Palmer struggled gamely up at the count of nine, and from that time on, fighting defensively and dodging and retreating, he took a fearful beating. The Pedlar managed to last the 15 rounds, but there was no dissenting comment when the referee gave Harris the decision at the finish.

On returning to America Harry Harris stopped fighting and entered the theatrical business in which he made a success. Once Harry was lured back into the ring. He came out and beat Jack Goodman, Kid Abel, and Tommy Murphy, lightweights, just to show that he could do it. Then he challenged Abe Attell to give him a match at the featherweight limit for the championship. Abie promptly and forcibly declined—he wanted none of Harry's game.

So Harris went back into the theatrical game. And from that he drifted into Wall Street where he now is on the Consolidated Exchange.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 23)

Herbert Dynamite Schultz, heavyweight champion of the Jersey City Police Department, has laid claim to the Skeeter State title and has issued a defy to any who are willing to accept his challenge. "Dynamite" has wrestled, among others, Calza, Gardini, Garibaldi, the Zbyszko brothers, Pojello and Dusek, and is recognized as a good man at his weight. He scales 210 pounds and is a six-footer. Schultz has a protégé who looks like a comer—His name is Frank "Tiger" Martin of Jersey City. Martin is only a welterweight but is fast as a streak. He won the amateur welterweight title at Union City a year ago.

* * *

While most of the wrestlers do their heavy training in the gymnasium and make good use of the bar-bells. Everett Marshall is strictly an outdoor man and a fresh air fiend. In addition to doing his exercises out in the open, his favorite means for keeping in trim is rowing. The platinum blond from the Rockies on one occasion tried to wrestle with what he thought was a tame bear and almost lost his life. He then turned the bear over to a zoo and now confines his workouts to rowing and to mixing it with humans.

* * *

Abe Coleman, the "Ape Man," is one of the most popular Jewish wrestlers that has ever been developed in this country. He is popular primarily because of his aggressiveness and the fact that he is so small. Abe weighs over 200 pounds but is only 5 feet, 6 inches in height.

* * *

From California comes a young schoolboy graduate who is making a hit. Although only twenty-one years old, this lad has already clashed with some of the greatest wrestlers in America. His name is Vic Christy, he hails from Los Angeles and attended Glendale High School, whose colors he wore when he won the southern California light-heavyweight amateur crown. He became a pro about a year ago and since then has clashed with Strangler Lewis, Ray Steele, Pat O'Shocker, Frank Broncowicz, Floyd Marshall, Ernie Dusek, Jack Zarnas and others among the top notchers. Not so bad for a beginner.

NEW BOOKS

Only a Limited Number on Hand

The Ring Book Shop has just bought from a publisher the remaining stock of the following books:

WILLIAM MULDOON, by Ed Van Every. Regular price, $3.00—**Our special price while they last, $1.50.**
THE SINS OF AMERICA, by Ed Van Every. Regular price, $5.00—**Our special price while they last, $2.00,** plus 25 cents for postage.
THE ROAR OF THE CROWD, by James J. Corbett. Regular price, $2.50—**Our special price while they last, $1.00.**
BOLD BENDIGO, the story of England's famous gypsy fighter, by Paul Herring. Regular price, $2.00—**Our special price while they last, 70 cents.**
WISE GUY, by Marcus Griffin. A fine story of fight life around New York in the boyhood days of Jimmy Johnston. Regular price, $2.00—**Our special price while they last, 75 cents.**
Subscription set of Surtees' famous books, "Handley Cross," "Plain or Ringlets," "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," "Hawbuck Grange," "Mr. Rumford's Hounds" and "Ask Mamma," beautifully bound, printed for the subscribers from the original colored plates. Only two sets available. Were $100—**Our special price, $42.50, plus $1.00 for postage.** Illustrated by Leech.
THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE, by Dabis Hoadley Munroe. Profusely illustrated, 1839-1930. Originally $10.00. Only six copies available. **While they last, $5.00.**
THE LIFE OF JOHN MYTTON, famous British sportsman, by Nimrod. Illustrated with beautiful colored plates by H. Alken and T. J. Rawlins. Originally $20.00—**Our special price, $7.50.** Only three copies left.
THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN, by Nimrod. Illustrated with colored plates by H. Alken. Beautiful edition. Original price, $20.00—**Our special price, $7.50.** Only four copies available.
JOHN JORROCKS JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES, by Surtees. Illustrated with colored plates by H. Alken and W. Heath. A beautiful edition. Original price, $20.00—**Our special price, $7.50.** Only four copies available.

* * *

To the patrons of The Ring Book Shop: Don't miss this opportunity to complete your library with gorgeous sports books, the kind you'll feel proud of. Only the smartest people have such books as the above on their book shelves. Join them.

Our books are all limited in quantity, and when we sell them, you can't buy what we offer, elsewhere, as we buy publishers' stock in quantity so that we can offer them to our patrons at half, and often less than half, the prices asked elsewhere.

We recently bought 600 copies of "Two-Fisted Jeffries" and 420 of "John L. Sullivan," and not a copy remains.

Take our tip. Get these books while you have the chance. Their value will increase as time rolls on.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
New York City

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 10)

their lives to sports was responsible for the introduction of the manly art in secondary and high schools and in the colleges? Tex Rickard was.

And who among the sports leaders was the originator of the scheme to house all branches of sports under one roof—an idea that has been copied throughout the world? Again, Tex Rickard.

All the names prominent in the voting were those of men participating in the game in which they and their teams excelled, but not so in Rickard's case. Rickard was no pugilist, but his leadership in his chosen vocation wrought changes in all branches of sports more noteworthy, triumphant and dramatic than had ever been dreamed of before his brilliant career came to a tragic close.

"THE most masterful exhibition of boxing in his entire career." That's what the boxing scribes said of Tommy Loughran a few weeks ago when he made a target out of Isidoro Gastanaga, the Spanish heavyweight, in a ten-round bout in Chicago. It was Tommy's bout from the start and according to the ringsiders, that contest has again placed Loughran in the limelight as a heavyweight contender. If that exhibition is a criterion of what may be expected of Tommy in other contests, Loughran's followers have reason to feel proud of him. In defeat or victory, Tommy retains his popularity.

Recently he lost his life savings through a bank failure and he is now trying to recoup some of those losses in the ring. Months of arduous training have strengthened Tommy's legs and hardened his body and as a result, he hopes to be able to carry on for at least two more years. He has the good wishes of an army of supporters, but even his most ardent followers, fear that his Chicago showing was only a flash in the pan.

Dave Lumiansky, the manager of Al Brown, world flyweight champion, has the unique record of piloting three champions at one time—one a world title holder, and two British kings. Besides Brown, the American has under his wings Jackie Brown and Jock McAvoy, both holders of British crowns.

"Professional Acrobat"

(Continued from page 7)

Taylor's football opponents had learned that to their sorrow.

When the principals were called to the center of the ring, with Ernest Gruber, the old champion, as referee, Kolidos looked at Harley, and Harley looked across the sea of faces which extended, wave after wave, in all directions. Kolidos looked into Harlin's eyes and met a steady, earnest gaze which disturbed the Greek. The cares of his restaurant chain, along with depression, had hurt the title holder.

At forty-one, Kolidos knew that if the match lasted for some time, the younger man's endurance would give him the edge. So, at the bell, the Greek charged his opponent, and in a twinkling tossed Harlin with the flying mare. Then the Greek, after ten minutes of grappling, got Steve in the air and whirled him around the ring.

But before Kolidos could hurl Harlin to the mat, Steve got Kolidos by the wrist. It was the grip of Thor. Steve clamped it harder and harder. Kolidos let Harlin fall gently. A strange look came into the Greek's eye. The look of a poignant Fate enveloping him. It wasn't a mere premonition. It was the grip of certainty. Kolidos retreated. Harlin pursued him.

* * *

WRESTLING devotees still talk about that match in the Coliseum. Grappling experts still gloat over its glories in competitive skill and technique. Old-timers will tell you that, in fighting Harlin for three hours and six minutes, the forty-one-year-old Kolidos gave one of the most remarkable demonstrations of physical endurance and craftiness in the history of the sport.

At one hour and four minutes, Kolidos had a half-nelson on Harlin and, while the big house was in an uproar, the Greek came within an ace of ending the match.

But Harlin tore out of the champion's grasp. At two hours and fourteen minutes, Harlin fastened a hammer lock which came close to turning the trick. Thirty minutes later, the American got a bar-and-chancery hold which mustered all of Kolidos's ingenuity and strength to break.

They fenced and parried, they tore at each other, seemingly tireless. Harlin's knowledge of the finer points of wrestling was an unending revelation to the Greek. Kolidos had seen, and met, half a hundred American college grapplers of the football school inaugurated by the rushing, tackling Sonnenberg, and all had demonstrated ridiculous flaws in style. They were big, earnest, strong boys, without the faintest notion as to what real technique constituted.

But this Harlin was different. It had taken Kolidos only thirty minutes to appreciate that Steve meant business, and after three hours, the forty-one-year-old veteran was close to exhaustion.

The end came with the Harlin hammer lock, since become famous in wrestling. They picked up Kolidos, unconscious.

* * *

NEWSPAPER accounts the next day changed the old tone of ridicule and skepticism to amazement and frank, even unbridled, admiration. "There have been few wrestling championship bouts on the level," the sour and suspicious Tom Trantery wrote in the *Bulletin*. "But this battle between Harlin and Kolidos was even better than the famous contest between Stecher and Lewis in New York years ago. Harlin is a real champion, a real on-the-up-and-up grappling star, strong and crafty, and an expert."

After he had read edition after edition, Harlin was knee-deep in adjectives of encomium and adverbs of high degree. A hundred came to congratulate him—some friends, some wrestlers, most of them fair weather hangers-on of the sport.

And, in the dusk, as he sat in his room wondering as to his future course, the telephone bell rang.

"Yes, this is Marylin," the voice at the other end said. "And you are right. I am in town. Why didn't I come to the match last night? Well, dad felt that the first row was too conspicuous for a professor of engineering in Taylor University. So we sat in the rear and writhed for three hours. Father says you should have won in less than an hour. He insists you ignored the big chance when you had the lock and key or something on the Greek and let him get away.

"Have I changed my mind? Well, I told you I would not be the wife of a professional acrobat, and that still goes.

"But dad says you aren't really an acrobat. He insists you are even better than Gotch, whoever he was. And when father says you are better than Gotch, that means you are one of the elect of the gods of Olympus. Why don't I stop talking and dash over?

"Well, Steve, it would be a lot easier for you to come over here. Yes, at the Commodious. Besides, dad wants to tell you about Gotch."

South Australian Boxing

By JAMES J. MANNION

RON RICHARDS continues the regrettable practice of knocking in the head all hopeful signs regarding his future in the ring. His last several showings, in Sydney and Brisbane, have undone all his previous good work, in so far as the faith of his followers is concerned. His introduction to the toboggan was as sudden as it was unexpected. "It passeth all understanding . . . ." In a woeful affair at Brisbane, Richards and Bob Thornton pantomimed their weary way to a fifteen-round draw . . . . And in Sydney, Ron scored a win, per foul, over Fred Henneberry, in what was erroneously billed as for the Australian middleweight crown . . . . It's form reversals like Richards' that drive promoters to drink, and fans to some other entertainment.

And, to make matters worse, Bobby Delaney, our lightweight hope, was part and parcel of an exceptionally inglorious display in Brisbane. His opponent—or the gentleman who aided and abetted him—was a reputed palooka named Tommy Fielding. The "bout" was stopped in the seventh round, and the decision given to Delaney, who wasn't quite as bad as Fielding. "No contest" would have been more appropriate.

Ambrose Palmer, at all events, has not developed the unreliable qualities of many of our other stars. In a third match with American Johnny Freeman, Palmer romped home with the bacon. He gave Johnny a boxing lesson and a licking; and could repeat the dose "ad infinitum," if necessary . . . . Freeman scored his first Australian victory—after six defeats!—when he took the nod from Tiger Jack Payne in Melbourne. Johnny is a good working model for rising boys to practice on, but he'll never get any place in the mitt game.

Les Ferris, Victoria bantamweight champ, and a leading contender for the Australian title in that division, has invaded Sydney. In his first start there, Les won decisively from Ron Leonard in twelve rounds. But he struck a snag on his second appearance, when he was defeated by the fast-rising Darkie Blandon. And Blandon, being a hog for consistency, followed this performance with a good twelve-round win on points from Champion Ern Evans.

New Zealand fans have very little to crow about these days re classy fighters. But if grit alone were necessary to place a boy on top of the fistic tree, Harry Lister would be well and truly there. In his latest efforts, Harry has been outclassed to the "nth" degree by Dealer Wells and Ron Richards—the former gaining the very unusual distinction of hanging the K.O. on Lister. In these contests, as in most of his career, Harry played his usual role—on the wrong end of the leather, yet never taking a backward step. Game? And how!

Jackie O'Brien, middleweight champion of West Australia, has made a good impression on Sydney's fandom. After belting Jack Roberts down and out in eight stanzas, O'Brien fought a great ten-round draw with Jack Rainsford. And Rainsford, by the way, looks as though he'll scare the best of them before the year is out. It's too early to bet, but you can keep it in your hat, anyway.

By way of contrast to their first performance—or lack of it—Bobby Delaney and Wally Hancock stepped into the ring and got down to real business in a return match. And, as was only to be expected under such circumstances, the deal was short. Hancock was dead to the world after three rounds.

Jack Carroll, welter and middle champ, outclassed West Australian Cyril Pluto, in Melbourne recently. The welter title was at stake, though, as things turned out, not in danger. Carroll can play with most of the 147-pound—and even the middleweight—brigade. Pluto will do well in Sydney and Melbourne by tackling boys of his own class.

Fitzroy Stadium, under the control of Pat McHugh, is endeavoring to keep boxing above water in Melbourne. Recent results there: Jimmy Farrell drew with Clem Fundess; Jack Jones outpointed Jack Garcia; Fundess was too good for Doug Brown (all ten rounds); George Lowe unexpectedly collapsed, and was unable to continue against Red Maloney after leading on points for seven of the eight rounds fought; in a twelve-rounder, Dick O'Connor (8.4) earned the decision over Spider Roach.

Charlie Lucas hasn't yet put the finishing touches to his National Boxing Club scheme, but expects to launch out in a big way in the near future. So far, he has confined his Rushcutter's Bay activities to popular-priced cards of up-and-coming boys. Lines are being thrown to several big names overseas. They're badly needed, even if bigger ones get away (as usual!).

A comeback worth mentioning, though of no great moment, was achieved by the fading Rus Critcher during the month. He scored two brilliant fifth-round K.O.s at the expense of Wally Mahar and Keith Hall. Just a couple of flashes in the pan, I fear.

Jimmy Kelso sprang the fistic surprise of 1933 when he crossed gloves with the British Empire lightweight champion, Al Foreman—and won. Now, how can you bet on fights after that!

My address is 24 Farrant Street, Prospect, South Australia.

WANTED

Old boxing relics—particularly silken woven portraits of famous fighters and the colors of fighters (silk handkerchiefs), other than those of Sullivan and Kilrain.

NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING
Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

John McTaggert

Q.—Is it true that Jimmy McLarnin knocked out Jackie Fields in two rounds? If so, why isn't it in the record books?

A.—Yes. It is listed. The bout took place in 1925.

George Hoyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Was Victor McLaglen ever a prize fighter? Was he good? What was his most important bout? Was he ever knocked out? Was Hans Steinke ever a champion?

A.—Yes. He was a fighter and a wrestler. You will find a complete story of his life in a recent issue of "The Ring." Send for it. He was a good fighter and fought Jack Johnson. Had he remained in boxing, he might have made as big a hit as he has in the movies.

Hans Steinke was recognized as heavyweight champion wrestler by the New York Commission a few years back.

R. Breman, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What has become of Billy Papke? Ad Wolgast, Willie Ritchie, Freddy Welsh, Matt Wells, Joe Rivers, Leach Cross, Tommy Ryan and Tom Sharkey?

A.—Billy Papke is managing his boy, Billy, Jr., a good prospect. Wolgast is in a sanatorium in California. He is demented. Rivers is in Los Angeles, where he plays occasionally in the movies. Ritchie is a prominent California referee. He lives in San Francisco. Welsh died several years ago. Wells is in England, where he is a referee. Cross is practicing dentistry in New York and is also an official judge at boxing bouts. Ryan is the owner of real estate in the suburbs of Hollywood. Sharkey makes his home in San Francisco. He is active around the dog and race tracks.

Hortense Milforth, Connecticut

Q.—I am a member of a school lacrosse team and I like to wrestle. Will that affect my speed any?

A.—No. It is a fine conditioner. I would advise that you take road work occasionally—say about one mile of alternate fast walking and running, each night.

Charles Tomlinson, Hawaii, T. H.

Q.—When a fellow has reached the age of twenty-eight, would you advise him against starting to fight then? I love boxing, know much about it and have fought in friendly bouts but never for a purse. Am I too old?

A.—Not if you have had considerable experience, as you say. Ordinarily the start at twenty-eight would be too late.

Tom Hawkins, Cleveland, O.

Q.—Was Mike Gibbons ever a champion?

A.—No. But he was a topnotcher throughout his career and laid claim to the middleweight title at one time, though he was never recognized.

Harry Finkelstein, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How can I get into the amateur boxing tournaments?

A.—By applying for a registration card from the A. A. U. in your district. You don't have to be a member of any club, though that is advisable. You can compete unattached.

Charley Finley, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Are the jiu jitsu books advertised by The Ring Book Shop worth getting? What is the best book on wrestling for an amateur?

A.—Yes. The Ring Book Shop carries no books except the best on each sport. It is the only book shop of its kind in America—wholly devoted to boxing, wrestling, jiu jitsu and body-building, and its owner, "The Ring" publisher, Nat Fleischer, accepts no books for the shop except those he knows meet the requirements. That's why The Ring Book Shop publications are so much in demand by colleges, high schools and amateur clubs.

Helen Boles, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Why don't you give the girls a chance? Let's have some pictures of girl wrestlers and fighters in the ring. What do you say?

A.—I have many pictures of girl boxers and wrestlers which I obtained when I purchased the "Police Gazette" Library, but at present I am opposed to such publication. I may change my mind later.

Tom Brower, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Is an amateur club license transferable?

A.—No. That is against the A. A. U. rules.

Thomas Hawkins, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I had an argument with a friend who insisted that Jack Johnson won his title from Jim Jeffries. What is your opinion?

A.—He won it from Tommy Burns. whom he stopped in fourteen rounds at Sydney, Australia, December 25, 1908. Jeffries previously had retired and he had relinquished all claim to his title when he quit the ring. When he made his "comeback," it was as challenger only.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Harvey Marlin, New York

Q.—If a fighter is floored by an opponent in the last round of their bout with less than ten seconds of the fight remaining when the knockdown is scored, can a knockout be recorded?

A.—No. If less than ten seconds remain, the round automatically ends when the bell sounds for the finish of the fight, and in that case, even if the knocked-down fighter is unconscious, he cannot be counted out, as the rules specify that a round consists of three minutes of fighting and one minute rest, and a knockout can only be scored after the count of ten has been made by the referee. In the case you mention, the referee couldn't count ten because the fight was over, hence the gong saved the fallen fighter from a knockout.

Jack McGuigan, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Was Al Hereford manager of Joe Gans when he fought Battling Nelson at Goldfield for Tex Rickard?

A.—No. Hereford joined him later. Larry Sullivan managed Gans at the time.

Billy Ten Eyck, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Has a memorial fund to erect a monument, boxing's tribute to Gentleman Jim Corbett, been started? I was told that such had gotten under way by THE RING. If so, I would like to contribute a little in honor of the world's most scientific boxer.

A.—No, it has not, but your suggestion is a worthy one, and "The Ring" would be glad to start the ball rolling with a $25 contribution. However, we won't get such a fund under way until we have had an opportunity to hear from our readers. If we obtain sufficient response, we will gladly raise a fund for a public monument to this wonderful character—the youths' idol. Let's hear from "Ring" readers.

Theresa Connaught, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Why not ask your readers to contribute to a fund for the erection of a suitable monument by public subscription for the late Jim Corbett? I know many California admirers of this ring hero who would contribute.

A.—Thanks for the suggestion. Mr. Ten Eyck's letter, printed above, arrived here within two hours of yours. The same answer holds for you.

Frank Boehm, Philadelphia

Q.—My friend says that Jack Dempsey weighed 204 pounds when he fought Firpo and I say he scaled only 194. Who is correct?

A.—You are. He weighed 194.

Henry Foley, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—If I have a license to box in New Jersey, can I use that same license for bouts in New York and Pennsylvania?

A.—No. Each state requires a license of its own, for which you must pay.

Q.—Has a manager the right to take fifty per cent of a fighter's earnings?

A.—No, not according to the rules of the various boxing boards. The maximum limit in each state is 33 1/3 per cent, although in some cases, fighters and managers, as with Primo Carnera, have special agreements which are not filed with the boxing boards.

Helen Rhodes, Colorado

Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of the New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island boxing rules? Does The Ring Book Shop sell them?

A.—No. Apply to the secretary of the commissions in each state. They will mail you a copy.

Gertrude Haven, Charlestown, N. C.

Q.—If a champion signs to defend his title and on the day of the battle he scales one pound over the limit and finds that he is unable to reduce to the proper poundage, what happens so far as his title is concerned?

A.—He automatically loses it if the challenger weighs in at, or below, the limit for the class.

Q.—Suppose a champion entered into a written agreement to have the challenger come in over the weight and the fight was advertised as an overweight match, what would happen if the challenger scaled less than the stipulated poundage. In other words, what becomes of the title if he came in below the weight limit and then beat the champion? Would the challenger win the crown?

A.—No. The decision would be based on the articles of agreement, which are binding. That is the legal contract into which the fighters entered, hence any such ruse would be a violation of the agreement and would make that null and void. The champion could either refuse to fight, or enter the ring with the public announcement that his title was not at stake and a loss of the decision would not relieve him of his championship. Such a procedure would be within the law and the proper one, based on the original contract.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

APRIL gave the boys in the boxing game plenty of food for conversation by its turn of activities. The chief topic of talk was the defeat of Tony Canzoneri at the hands of Wesley Ramey. Next in line was the unsavory taste left by the Ben Jeby-Gorilla Jones fracas, which lasted six rounds before they were heaved. Maxey Rosenbloom was beaten in an overweight match by Lew Scozza. Johnny Risko was humbled by Dick Daniels. Tommy Loughran gave another remarkable display by trouncing Isadoro Gastanaga. Freddy Miller was beaten by Abie Israel. Young Tommy scored over Pete Sanstol and young Casanova flattened Newsboy Brown in three heats.

Beginning the action in the heavyweight division, Loughran's victory over Gastanaga stands out most brilliantly. Gastanaga flattened Joe Doctor in the first round. Dick Daniels stepped into the elite circle through his Risko victory. Stanley Poreda made a good comeback by stopping Tom Heeney in the tenth round. Hans Birkie was beaten by Art Lasky and Otto Von Porat. Babe Hunt kayoed Innocente Baiguerra in one round and whipped Red Barry. Barry scored over Unknown Winston. Don McCorkindale disposed of Larry Gains in the tenth round. Gains kayoed Roberto Roberti in three rounds.

Patsy Perroni whipped Eddie Simms. Tiger Jack Fox scored over Lew Scozza. Paulino Uzcudun whipped Hans Schonrath. Obie Walker scored over Tony Galento. Tony kayoed Roy Ace Clark in two rounds. Al Ettore whipped Frankie Simms. Charley Massare defeated Popper Stopper. Abie Feldman kayoed Al White in five rounds. Arthur Huttick trimmed Les Kennedy. Marty Fox kayoed Ed Prante in four rounds and won over Juanito Olaguibel. Olaguibel was kayoed by Lew Poster in five rounds. Tom Patrick whipped Frank Rowsey. Charley Belanger scored over Chick Raines but lost to Larry Johnson. Jack Pallat lost to Frankie Novak and was kayoed by Phil Cohen in four rounds.

Maxey Rosenbloom scored over Martin Levandowski, but was beaten by Lew Scozza. Levandowski whipped Jimmy Braddock. Adolf Heuser defeated Harry Ebbets. Joe Knight defeated Battling Bozo. John Henry Lewis kayoed Emmett Rocco in seven rounds. Young Firpo disposed of George Manley in one round. Roy Wallace finished Fritz Moeller in one round. Johnny Pilc and Billy Ketchell fought two draws. Joe La Grey whipped Paul Marquee. Doc Conrad won over Joe Gorman.

In the middleweight class, Gorilla Jones and Ben Jeby engaged in that six-round fiasco which received notoriety all over the country. Sammy Slaughter stopped Jack McVey in seven rounds and whipped Rosy Kid Baker. Young Terry disposed of Chick Devlin in five rounds. Frankie O'Brien whipped Marty Sampson. Solly Krieger kayoed Jay Macedon, won over Pete Suskey and lost to Jackie Aldare. Vearl Whitehead scored over Wesley Ketchell. Tommy Freeman won from Freddy Eiler. Jimmy Smith scored over Paddy Creedon.

Jock McAvoy won the British middleweight title from Len Harvey. Harry Smith kayoed Jeff Wilson in five rounds. Dutch Leonard whipped Leo Larrivee. Vincent Sereci kayoed Mickey O'Shea in two rounds. Eddie Flynn defeated Curtis Mullens. Jackie Brady won from Bud Saltis. Ray Tramblie finished Bill Thomas in five rounds. Freddy Polo defeated Hans Mueller. Matt Rice kayoed Gene Buffalo in four rounds.

Teddy Yarosz was the most prominent welterweight in action. He stopped Andy Di Vodi in seven rounds. Eddie Kid Wolfe defeated Tiger Joe Randall. Jimmy Phillips was beaten by Bep Van Klaveren and Six Second Powell. Powell also kayoed Al Corbett in three rounds. Tracey Cox whipped Tony Falco. King Tut disposed of Babe Marino in five rounds. Patsy Pasculli defeated Pedro Nieves. Young Ketchell stopped Eddie Ran in five rounds. Cerefino Garcia whipped Tommy Huffman and stopped Wildman Macias in one round. Joe Glick scored over Alfred Gaona. Billy Townsend won from Frankie Petrolle. Stanislaus Loayza won over Eddie Shapiro and Jerry Emard. Jimmy Belmont whipped Sam Bruce.

The outstanding upset in the lightweight class was scored when Wesley Ramey whipped Tony Canzoneri. Ramey also drew with Steve Haliako. Benny Bass defeated Johnny Farr and Jack Willis. Willis was also beaten by Joey Costa, who stopped Ernie Ratner in five rounds. Johnny Jadick was beaten by Eddie Cool and Cocoa Kid. The Kid was beaten by Billy Bridges. Battling Shaw defeated Tommy Grogan. Lew Massey won over Frankie Carlton. Bobby Pacho defeated Doc Snell. Chino Alvarez scored over Stanley Winneryk. Jimmy Tantaros lost to Pat Igo and was stopped by Wildcat O'Connor in three rounds. Joe Marcus whipped Eduardo Duarry. Lew Terry scored over Louis Jallos. Willard Brown whipped Prince Saunders. Buster Brown defeated Stumpy Jacobs. Roger Bernard won over Eddie Anderson. Petey Gulotta scored over Frankie Klick and Lew Lafferty. Johnny Bonito defeated Jack Rose. Maurice Holtzer whipped Francois Machtens and kayoed Tommy Hyams in fourteen rounds.

In the featherweight class, Freddy Miller whipped Andy Bundy and Cecil Payne and lost to Abie Israel. Seaman Watson won from Auguste Gyde. Jackie Wilson trimmed Tommy Paul and Johnny Pena. Paul stopped Mose Butch in nine rounds. Baby Arizmendi whipped Pedro Masquera. Nel Tarleton kayoed Alec Law in three rounds. Eddie Shea defeated Young Manuel. Petey Sarron whipped Miki Gelb. Allen Headley drew with Mike Belloise and won from Barney O'Connell. Jackie Sharkey defeated Wayne Short.

Among the bantams, Young Tommy whipped Pete Sanstol. Young Casanova disposed of Newsboy Brown in three rounds. Speedy Dado kayoed Ernie Hood in five sessions. Little Pancho defeated Billy McLeod and Joe Tieken. Tieken stopped Harry Fierro in eight rounds. Tommy Rogers scored over Eugene Hust and Tommy Kirk. Pete De Grasse was beaten by Jimmie Thomas and Tommy Leitham. Johnny Hinds whipped Mose Butch. Charley Burns scored over Willie Davies. Nick Scalba whipped Joe Palazolla and Tommy Barrado. Ernie Maurer stopped Jackie Stewart in two rounds. Johnny King disposed of Pat Gorman in one round.

Midget Wolgast takes ranking honors among the flyweights. During the month he whipped Skippy Allen. Ginger Foran kayoed Jim Campbell in ten rounds and Jackie Rees in eleven. Mickey McGuire defeated Jim Maharg. Valentin Anglemann disposed of Kid Oliva in five rounds and whipped Giovanni Savo. Frankie Genaro scored over Joey Archibald. Herbie Hill whipped Willie Smith.

The eight leading prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Baby Quintana, Panama.
Bantamweight—Al Swicki, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Featherweight—Speedball Cote, Beaumont, Tex.
Lightweight—Jimmy Leto, Tampa, Fla.
Welterweight—Royce McGrath, Australia.
Middleweight—Joe Cesentino, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Light-heavyweight—Red Bruce, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Heavyweight—Tiger Henderson, Hartford, Conn.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

These are my ratings for the month ending April 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Young Corbett
1—Max Schmeling	Lew Scozza	Vince Dundee	Jackie Fields
2—Primo Carnera	Adolf Heuser	Kid Tunero	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Max Baer	Tony Shucco	Ben Jeby	Teddy Yarosz
4—Tommy Loughran	Bob Godwin	Gorilla Jones	Billy Petrolle
5—Stanley Poreda	Joe Knight	Dave Shade	Tony Herrera
6—King Levinsky	John Henry Lewis	Sammy Slaughter	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Dick Daniels	Harry Ebbets	Young Terry	Bep Van Klaveren
8—Johnny Risko	Billy Jones	Frank Battaglia	Baby Joe Gans
9—Tuffy Griffiths	Al Gainer	Johnny Indrisano	Paulie Walker
10—Art Lasky	Young Firpo	Frankie O'Brien	Tracey Cox

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Wesley Ramey	Seaman Watson	Young Tommy	Midget Wolgast
2—Barney Ross	Jackie Wilson	Young Casanova	Jackie Brown
3—Benny Bass	Abie Israel	Speedy Dado	Ginger Foran
4—Young Peter Jackson	Freddy Miller	Pete Sanstol	Mickey McGuire
5—Eddie Cool	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho	Valentin Anglemann
6—Steve Haliako	Varias Milling	Joe Tieken	Praxille Gyde
7—Lew Massey	Nel Tarleton	Newsboy Brown	Frankie Genaro
8—Joe Ghnouly	Eddie Shea	Baby Palmore	Giovanni Savo
9—Battling Shaw	Tommy Paul	Jimmy Thomas	Herbie Hill
10—Tony Falco	Petey Sarron	Bobby Leitham	Etienne Mura

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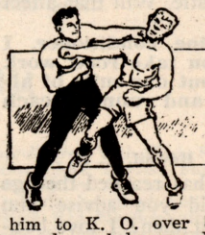

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

ANY idea that Tony Canzoneri was a man of superhuman qualities was dissolved by the defeat of Tony at the hands of Wesley Ramey in Grand Rapids. Tony was considered unbeatable and a shining example of what a sterling champion should be until he met Ramey. His defeat proves, more than anything else, that Tony is only human. Being a champion is not all honey and velvet. Physical condition of first-class order is a most essential requisite and even champions suffer the boredom and monotony of continuous training.

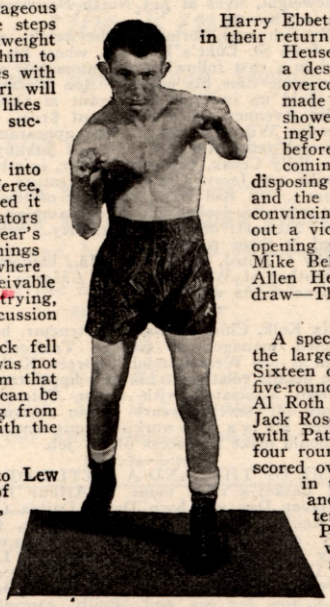
Canzoneri, standing on a pedestal for almost two years, began to regard himself as a fighter so superior to his fellow craftsmen that rigid training became irksome. In nine instances out of ten, Canzoneri ordinarily would have had no trouble with the average run of lightweights, but on this occasion he was pitted against a smart, cagy boxer. Ramey had everything to gain and very little to lose, while Canzoneri was merely engaging in another contest, so Ramey decided to put all he had in that fight and the result was a clean-cut victory. He was in first-class condition and, combined with his natural fighting ability, he entered the ring a most dangerous lightweight contender, far more dangerous than the average individual was aware of. Canzoneri was not whipped by a second rater, a mere flash in the pan, but by a youngster who has been raising havoc with the best lightweights in the country for the past two years. Boxing conditions are not controlled by everything that happens in New York City. There are many boys of calibre whose ability is unknown in New York simply because they are hidden in the so-called "sticks," and Ramey was one of them until he beat Canzoneri.

To Ramey, the victory opened the doors for some advantageous bouts and Tony will have a much-needed lesson before he steps into the ring with Barney Ross in Chicago for the lightweight title. The defeat should help Tony's mental edge and spur him to getting himself into top-notch physical form when he clashes with Ross. If the lesson falls on unheeded ears, then Canzoneri will be sporting the title of ex-lightweight champion—and Tony likes that title too well to allow himself to be fooled twice in succession.

Following the Dundee debacle, Ben Jeby allowed himself into another "swindle" with Gorilla Jones in Cleveland. The referee, Freddy Block, stopped the bout in the sixth round and called it "no contest." Plenty of commotion was created by the spectators and it finally ended with the two principals getting one year's suspension and their money withheld. It is too bad that things like this must go on. Jeby has always been in good fights, where the action was satisfactory to the spectators, and it is inconceivable to picture Jeby in a poor contest. Win or lose, he is always trying, but then again, extenuating circumstances enter the discussion over which he had no control.

This situation arrived at a poor time for Jeby. His stock fell quite low when he got a draw with Dundee to which he was not entitled and, with this additional latest mess, it would seem that Benny will be forced to begin all over again. The blame can be distributed in many directions, and the publicity emanating from this affair is far from complimentary to those identified with the boxing game.

Maxey Rosenbloom allowed himself to lose a decision to Lew Scozza in an overweight match in Buffalo. This is typical of Maxey. Where nothing is at stake, his efforts are listless, but put Rosenbloom into a bout that has some bearing on his ability and you will see a different gladiator—Ed McDaniel, boxing promoter from Toledo, made a flying visit to New York recently—He reports that Ad Thatcher, former manager of fighters, who was elected mayor of Toledo by the largest plurality ever gained by a winning candidate, is doing great work in office and stands a good chance for re-election—Eddie Kid Wolfe continued his Pittsburgh invasion with another victory, this time whipping Tiger Joe Randall—Eddie Walker made the trip with Wolfe and claims to have converted the Memphis boxer into a veritable tiger—The outstanding match for the vicinity of Pittsburgh is the long-awaited Wolfe and Yarosz return—In four starts they split one decision each and fought two draws.



Paul Lee, Bantamweight Champion of Tennessee

Babe Hunt stepped into good style here by ending the heavyweight aspirations of Innocente Baiguerra, Italian contender, in one round. Hunt, for the short time in action, was very impressive—Lew Poster, a protege of the late Hymie Cantor, scored a big upset when he flattened Juanito Olaguibel in the fifth round—These fights were held at the St. Nicholas Rink—There is no telling just how long we will have to write about Tommy Loughran and his potentialities—He comes bobbing up and down with frequency, and on this occasion treated Isadoro Gastanaga, hard-hitting Spaniard, to a thorough boxing lesson which was a treat for the spectators in Chicago—Otto Von Porat, surviving a first-round knockdown, came back to whip Hans Birkie—Tiger Jack Fox, two-fisted fighter from Indianapolis, was impressive in victory over Lew Scozza—Frankie O'Brien scored over Marty Sampson, while Nick Scalba outscored Joe Palazzola in the opening six-rounder.

Tom Gallery, who successfully made matches for several years at the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood, has moved to San Francisco for future fistic promotions—He intends running at the Dreamland Park Pavilion and is lining up some formidable eastern talent—He intends using Canzoneri, Jeby, Ebbets, Chocolate and Petrolle with the best of western opponents—He can be reached at the William Taylor Hotel in Frisco—Lew Brix has Stanislaus Loayza going in good style. Stan has been busy winning week after week, and it won't be long before Stanley regains the form that made him one of the most colorful lightweights in New York—Another in-and-outer of the worst sort is Johnny Risko—After making a successful return in New York rings, he allowed himself to be whipped in humble style by Dick Daniels in Cleveland and ruined a possible Mickey Walker match for Madison Square Garden—Eddie Mead is going to have a possible heavyweight contender in the very near future—Patsy Perroni has been advancing in leaps and bounds and appears to be ready for sterner competition—Stanley Poreda, making another start in New York, stopped Tom Heeney in the last round of their ten-round battle at the St. Nicks—Poreda has plenty of ability and there is plenty of hope for his future prospects.

Death overtook four persons identified in boxing circles during the past month—Irish Kane, Pittsburgh manager and trainer, was fatally injured in an automobile accident—Frank Churchill, the pioneer importer of Philippine fighters to this country, passed away after a lingering malady—Black Bill, former Cuban flyweight, shot himself, and Clonie Tait, former Canadian lightweight and later the manager of Pete Nebo, passed away from a heart attack—Babe McCoy, brother of Al McCoy, former world's middleweight champion, is handling the Pacific Coast heavyweight champion, Tom Patrick, and is anxious to make an eastern invasion—Patrick is a rough, tough, audience-pleasing type and has compiled a great record—Charley Rose, shrewd manipulator of indifferent ringmen, is contemplating a European invasion and is looking for suitable material—It's peculiar how the flyweights decreased in this country while Europe is overwhelmed with them—Out of the world's ten best flyweights, eight of them hail from Europe—Ben Warfield and Manny Robins are handling Carmen Barth, Olympic middleweight champion, carefully and cleverly, and this young man seems destined to reach the top—He has an undefeated professional record and looks better as he goes along.

Harry Ebbets had an opportunity to turn the tables on Adolf Heuser in their return match at the Garden, but proved unequal to the task—Heuser was too strong and busy for him, although Harry made a desperate rally in the last two rounds but not enough to overcome Heuser's lead—Art Lasky, Minneapolis heavyweight, made his initial entry in New York circles and, though he showed signs of ability, his debut was far from overwhelmingly impressive—Art will have to show with a better opponent before definite judgment can be passed on him—Abie Feldman, coming Jewish boxer from Schenectady, looked very good in disposing of Al White in five rounds—White's eye was badly cut and the referee stopped the bout, but not before Feldman had convincingly displayed his superiority—Bep Van Klaveren banged out a victory over Jimmy Phillips after a tough fight, while the opening four-rounder furnished the best action of the evening—Mike Belloise, New York's splendid featherweight prospect, and Allen Headley, of Vancouver, went four slam-bang rounds to a draw—The card drew around $10,000.

A special benefit show staged at the St. Nicholas Rink attracted the largest crowd that the St. Nicks have had in two years—Sixteen of the best looking prospects were put together in eight five-round bouts and they attracted over $4500 in the box office—Al Roth scored over Dominick Petrone; Johnny Bonito whipped Jack Rose; Petey Hayes outpointed Al Gillette; Jerry Mazza drew with Patsy La Rocco; Jimmy Fantini stopped Davey Devlin in four rounds; Patsy Pasculli trounced Pedro Nieves; Louis Salica scored over Ernest Torres, and Jim Dowling flattened Cal Roffis in two rounds—The action was terrific from start to finish and the fans enthusiastically voiced their approval in decided terms at the conclusion of festivities—Sidney Roth and Paul Polsky were responsible for this benevolent gesture, which tided the Children's Home of Judea of Brooklyn a tidy profit—Roth and his untiring efforts earned him the nickname of "Tex."

Reports of discriminations against Jewish boxers, managers and promoters in Germany under the maniac regime of Hitler has all reacted against anything of German origin in this country, and this bearing was greatly in evidence at the Baer-Schmeling encounter and also the effect it had on the gate receipts—Notwithstanding the fact that Schmeling is entirely blameless, the feeling has been intensified to such a degree that public opinion has condemned Schmeling without any hearing—Max is handled by Joe Jacobs, who is a very religious Jew, and that act alone should condone him for the fact that he is German and is blameless for the malicious, vitriolic and imbecilic actions of Germany's dictator—This fanatic crank has caused Germany irreparable damage and it will take many years of reconciliatory efforts to atone for the diabolical injustice he has caused.

REFLECTIONS AT RANDOM—That Sammy Goldman is far and away the best, most capable manager in the game today—Pete Reilly, being away in Los Angeles with Freddy Miller, while Ramey scored the victory of his life—Barney Ross is a larger edition of Earl Mastro in style, technique and ring mastery—Leonard Sacks' thoughts while Jack Dempsey is going about his promotional industries without his assistance—THE RING moving their headquarters to Madison Square Garden, the center of boxing's pulse—A place this magazine publishing house should have occupied a long time ago—Frankie Mastro's ambition to be a good sports writer—Lew Raymond, the best matchmaker in the country today, as far as making good matches for the fans, is making things hum in Pittsburgh with a limited club capacity and visualizing him in Madison Square Garden at the helm—Nate Lewis' placidity in making matches and never losing his temper, in spite of various obstacles—Jim Mullen's attempt to secure a footing in Chicago's fistic circles by almost landing the Ross-Canzoneri match—Ripley's remarkable success with "Believe It or Not" and remembering him as an ordinary sports cartoonist on the old *New York Globe*—Lew Stillman's ability to cope with all types in his daily routine at Stillman's gymnasium—After the Ramey victory over Canzoneri, some New York sport writers called Ramey an unknown product from Grand Rapids, yet Ramey has been recognized as one of the best lightweights in the country for the past two years—The feud between Dan Parker and Jimmy Johnston has grown to serious proportions.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

ONE of the major happenings in this state in April was the passage of a law providing for 15-round non-title bouts by the Illinois house of representatives. The house passed the bill, 104 to 4, after the single plea for it had been made by Representative John M. Bolton of Chicago, a colleague of Representative Frank M. Ryan from the Second District, who introduced and had pending a measure similar to the Graham bill.

The first act of cooperation between the new Illinois athletic commission and the Central A. A. U. was accomplished early in the month. The A. A. U. informed Chairman Joe Triner of the commission that a boxing show was scheduled to be held at Galesburg, Ill., without a sanction, and Mr. Triner ordered the sheriff there to stop it.

From Colin J. Mullens, 299 Kitchener Street, Coogee, Sydney, Australia—"Things are quiet concerning big fights, but the small stadiums are doing well. Average receipts are $300. Windup boys average $50, but as they box three times weekly the pay is satisfactory. Maxie Rosenbloom wants $25,000 to defend his light-heavyweight title against Ambrose Palmer."

From Mr. Luckinabout, Chicago—"Was Max Baer ever knocked out or beaten?"

Ans.—Yes to both questions. Jack McCarthy won from him on a foul in three rounds in 1929. In 1930 he was stopped by Tiny Abott in three rounds and was defeated by Les Kennedy and Ernie Schaaf. Then, in 1931, Baer lost to Tommy Loughran, Johnny Risko and Paulino Uzcudun.

FILLERS—Jack Sharkey, heavyweight champion, earned about $600,000 and Young Stribling approximately $343,000 from boxing . . . . Petrolle's contract cost his manager $40. Then they split $200,000, total amount from purses received for Petrolle's bouts . . . . Frankie Harmon, West Side promoter, lost $1,100 on his shows this year . . . . Leonard Sacks, who managed Jack Dempsey last year, paid income tax on $23,000 in 1932.

Herman Bollinger, 3611 W. 65th Place, Chicago, manages Puggy Weinert, Brighton Park welterweight. His telephone is Hemlock 9345 . . . . Jack Moran is seeking bouts with Young Terry, Chick Devlin and other eastern middleweights . . . .

The Chicago Stadium Operating Company, leaseholder of the Stadium while it is in receivership, made a profit on its first two boxing promotions. It made over $3,000 on the Barney Ross-Billy Petrolle bout. The new officers' personnel of the Stadium Operating Company is: Charles W. Bidwill, president; George Halas, secretary-treasurer; Nate Lewis, trustee, and Joe Foley, publicity director.

At what age does a boxer reach his best form, and how long does he hold it? A boxer's peak development is attained earlier than in other sports, because body contact games make severe demands on his physical energy. So, naturally, he cannot hold his best form as long as a golfer or billiard player. With one exception, all of our leading fighters were at the top of their game between the ages of twenty and twenty-six. Bob Fitzsimmons, who won the heavyweight title from Jim Corbett on March 17, 1897, then was thirty-five. The following table will give you an idea of the age of a professional boxer in his prime and how long he may be expected to remain a champion:

	Won title	*Age*	*Lost title*
Jack Dempsey	1919	24	1926
Jim Corbett	1892	26	1897
Bob Fitzsimmons	1897	35	1899
Mickey Walker	1926	25	1931
Jack Britton	1919	24	1922
Benny Leonard	1917	21	1924
Abe Attell	1904	20	1912

Paul Dazzo, West Side lightweight, will be out of the ring for two months more because of the fractured jaw he sustained several months ago. Dazzo, who thought the injury was a toothache, engaged in seven matches before having it examined properly by Doctor Corbett.

THE RING, world's foremost boxing magazine, can always be obtained in Chicago at the magazine store at Madison Street near Dearborn. The May issue was one of the best published by our editor, Nat Fleischer. Wilbur Wood, *New York Sun* boxing writer; Bill Miller, Jackie Farrell, Eddie Borden and Mr. Fleischer wrote articles worthy of good comment. The reduced rate of 15 cents to fit the times has improved circulation of THE RING here, for our editor has not reduced the book's quality.

Jim Giblin, an addition to the local refereeing staff, was given the razzberries by the fans upon his first appearance as the third man in the ring . . . . Nick Scalba, Chicago featherweight, sends postcards to us from New York, where he is boxing, telling of his accomplishments. They are well received and Nick's endeavor is rewarded with more publicity than a lot of fighters get . . . . Izzy Gastanaga, heavyweight piloted by Solly King, was born at Guipuzcoa, Spain, on May 15, 1906 . . . .

Tommy Loughran, our most noted bachelor, will be thirty-one years old on November 29 . . . . Bill Squires, light-heavyweight champion of Australia some years ago, engaged in twenty-six matches and not one lasted the limit. He won eighteen by knockouts and was knocked out eight times . . . . Laddie Tonelli, Marseilles, Ill., welterweight, defeated Roy Moore for his twelfth victory as a pro in as many starts . . . .

HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE—Pal Moore, former Memphis, Tenn., will-o'-the-wisp, says he will be thirty-seven years old on July 20 . . . . Max Schmeling, German heavyweight, never carries a watch . . . . Kid Chocolate, recognized as featherweight titleholder by the New York athletic commission, won 163 bouts in a row . . . . Battling Nelson, ex-lightweight champion, wore a seventeen collar.

Jackie Sherman, Detroit welterweight, brother of Morrie Sherman, was in town for several days . . . . Frankie Boyle, one of the most promising boxers in Chicago a few years ago, now is proprietor of the Venice cafe at 3137 Madison Street, where you can dine and dance . . . . The international bouts between champions from Ireland and Chicago were set ahead from July 26 to August 2 by Arch Ward, sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, because August 2 is Irish day at A Century of Progress.

Izzy Marks, veteran fight manager, perspired so much while his protege, Jack Moran, was fighting Eddie Gill, that he drank all the water in the corner to cool off . . . . Harry Weiss, director of Sammy Levine, is serving as athletic director at Franklin Park, 14th Street and Kolin Avenue.

FISTIC CHIPS—Jackie Schweitzer, former New York featherweight, who met Lou Vine at White City in his first bout in eighteen months, was worrying about his nineteen-months-old baby, who was suffering with tonsillitis. Schweitzer celebrated his twenty-third birthday in April . . . . The Vincent Sereci-Mickey O'Shea bout here drew $380 . . . . Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn., middleweight, lives at 743 North Dearborn Street when in Chicago.

Solly Schuman, former featherweight, returned home from St. Luke's Hospital, where his leg was placed in a cast following an automobile accident, at the same time his partner, Ben Reitman, was being held up in their restaurant at Ogden and Hamlin Avenues. They lost about $100.

Hershie Wilson made his first appearance here in several years when he defeated Johnny Terry . . . . Billy Cepak, Cicero promoter, is attempting to build up Jerry Crano and feature him in matches . . . . Kid Irish, claimant of the Illinois 126-pound title, looked like the champion against Jackie Stewart of Louisville, Ky., whom he stopped in three rounds.

Bobby O'Dowd, Sioux City, Ia., bantamweight, is a brother of Wade Franklin, *Chicago Evening American* sports writer . . . .

Felix Kolk, Chicago boxing instructor, has been appointed manager of George Trafton's gymnasium at 180 West Randolph Street. Kolk knows all the details relative to his new appointment. He has been associated with major Chicago gymnasiums for several years as an instructor or manager. He is a hard-working, conscientious chap and should make a success of his job.

SOME OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT—Art Laskey's right name is Arthur Lakofsky and Davey Day was born David Daitch (Diech). Pete Reilly, director of Freddy Miller, featherweight champion, was guaranteed $4,000 by Speedy Dado for a bout with Miller at Los Angeles, Dado receiving sixty per cent of the receipts from which to pay the champion. When Dado got only $2,800 for his end, Reilly cancelled his agreement and split this amount with Dado.

Izzy Gastanaga received $147 for knocking out Joe Doktor in a round at White City . . . . Harry Gilmore, ex-Canadian lightweight titleholder, who is living at 958 20th Street, Santa Monica, Cal., celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday in March.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—Leo Fornaciari, who has been in the boxing sport thirty-three years, was one of the promoters of the Walkathon contest at the Rainbo Fronton? When Billy Cepak, Cicero Stadium promoter, sought an option on Johnny Phagan's services for six bouts, he said he wanted to use Phagan while he was "hot." And when Phagan heard about the remark he exclaimed: "Heck, I'm always 'hot' "!

Joe Mandot, New Orleans, La., lightweight of fifteen years ago, is living on the North Side?

LOOKING AROUND—Patrick Nash, Illinois Democratic leader, is Jim Mullen's godfather . . . . Johnny Moran, called the fighting actor some years ago, was the first boxer Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling, directed . . . . Max Baer loves to play and talk golf and he claims he has the best set of clubs that money can buy. He says he can shoot an eighty-four.

OPENING THE MAIL BAG—From Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.—"Dear Frank: Kindly mention that I am forming a wrestling circuit for the small wrestlers—lightweights, welterweights, middleweights and light-heavyweights—and would like to hear from independent wrestlers."

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

CONRAD CONDE proved he was Cuba's best lightweight by repeating a ten-round victory over Joaquin Torregrosa, the titleholder. Conde is a big attraction here and will meet some good importations this summer. Conde wishes to salute all his friends at the Ten Eyck Club in Brooklyn, where he is a popular boy.

Antonio Santana, Cuba's sturdy bantamweight, went over big when he defeated Panchon Martinez in ten hot rounds. Santana was idle for five months due to a fractured left mitt, and his victory over Panchon boosted his stock.

Arena Cerveza Cristal, the new fight stadium, opened with a bang. The place was jammed, and an all-star card drew a good gate. Aramis del Pino, the manager, assisted by Luis Parga as matchmaker, both deserve credit for their efforts. Isidro Delgado won over six rounds from Mario Valdes. Arthur Godoy of Chile outfought John Herrera of Cuba in ten.

Antonio Horas, crack middleweight from Spain, drew in ten steaming rounds with Antonio Hevia of Cuba. Pedro Herrera beat Jilio Rivera, and John Herera knocked out Frank Ortiz in five rounds.

Henry Santos, alias Baturrito, easily won over Joe Gandon in six rounds, and Olayo Nebot beat Marzo Fernandez in six. Francisco Rodriguez, soldier lightweight, beat Mateo Gomez in a close six-rounder, and Antonio Fernandez lost a four-round contest to Pedro Herrera.

Criso Perez outboxed and outfought Young Piedra in six rounds, and Olayo Nebot won over Joaquin Jorge in another sixer.

Pablo Blanco, one of Kid Chocolate's sparring partners, was kayoed in five rounds by Henry Santos. Sixto Morales won over Young Petrolanda in two rounds.

Alejandro Cordo defeated Luis Fortun in six rounds. Cordo is a mighty nifty performer, and in a year or so will be an attraction.

Rafael Valdes, flyweight champion, was counted out in the eighth round when he refused to come out to finish his ten-round bout with Guillermo Gonzalez. Valdes claimed a foul, but his claims were ignored.

Cuban fight fans and friends were greatly depressed to hear of the passing of Black Bill, little Cuban wonderman, who really put this country on the map in boxing.

Pincho Guiterrez and Kid Chocolate donated their end of the purse in a benefit to help Black Bill last year.

William Baeza was crowned flyweight champion of the amateur ranks. He is a speedy performer. Jose Contreras, known as the "Kid from Madrid," is leaving for Spain this month. Contreras is a fast flyweight and should get plenty of work in his native country.

Baby Face Quintana looks like the goods in his workouts. Joe Arguelles, one of Cuba's niftiest boxers, is training hard for a come-back trial. Arguelles was a promising bantamweight two years ago.

Joe Arguelles, one of Cuba's niftiest boxers, is training hard for a come-back trial. Arguelles was a promising bantamweight two years ago.

Kid Montana is in Panama for several contests. Divino Rueda is also in Panama.

Rememberto Duo, Cuba's welterweight champion, is training for a titular bout and will then leave for Venezuela to join Gilbert Castillo.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

RAUL TALAN, Mexican amateur welterweight champ, lost his first fight in Manila to Kid Arca of Cavite. The fight was very close throughout.

Ignacio Fernandez, although not the Fernandez of old, bested Cecil Kid Como, much-heralded American welterweight. Fernandez gave Como a terrific body beating.

Marck Diaz, 135, kayoed Jack Ricardo, huge Caviteno, in the first round. Masong Mabulo, Cavite fireman, proved a disappointing surprise when he was kayoed by Strong Frisco in one round.

Cunning Nene, 120 pounds, gave Little Samson a neat boxing lesson. Irineo Flores, the only Flores still active in the ring, was finished by Max Santos in quick order.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

A NEAR riot occurred at the Public Auditorium when Gorilla Jones of Akron, N.B.A. champion of the world, and Ben Jeby, New York Commission champion, were tossed out of the ring at the end of the sixth round by Referee Freddy Block, who received his orders from the Cleveland Boxing Commission to declare the bout no-contest.

Patsy Perroni defeated Eddy Simms in a gruelling eight-rounder on the same card, making it nineteen straight wins for the dusky Italian Canton-Cleveland boy who now has hopes of getting a match with Johnny Risko.

This pair, Simms and Perroni, put up a great fight all the way—and both received plenty of punishment but Perroni kept on top of Simms and outgeneraled him.

Phil Cohen, after taking a four-round pasting, nailed Jack Pallat with a right upper-cut, splitting the inside of his lip so badly that the referee called a halt in the end of the fourth round.

Jackie Davis and Freddie Fitzgerald put up another good fight, Fitzgerald winning by a shade.

Lynn Jordan decisioned Dummy Taylor of Sandusky, while Johnny Jezewiski, Elyria, defeated Andy Roberts, Lorain, in the opener.

Walter Taylor's Coliseum, which has been going every week with wrestling and boxing, has been staging some very good shows. Dick Daniels pulled a big surprise on the home folks when he decisioned Johnny Risko in a slam-bang ten-round fight. He sent Johnny to the resin canvas in the first round twice for counts of nine. The boys will be rematched by Taylor soon as Johnny's foot gets well. He walked on crutches as the result of his last knockdown which brought on a sprained ankle.

Jimmy Vaughn, the baby-face Cleveland lightweight, came through with a great win over Paul Dazzo, rugged Chicago youngster in one of the best fights seen around here in years. On the same card, Babe Denning gave Larry Madge a terrific eight-round beating.

Tommy Freeman has been going good around the South. In his fights with Quintero and Jack King he showed the folks back home that he is still in the running for a title shot.

Jack December, Michigan middleweight champion, is in Cleveland looking for work. He has cleaned up all the good fighters around Ford's town, and has also beaten everything around Cleveland. He has lost but two fights in his entire career—one being to Gorilla Jones, who stopped his winning streak here.

The Shea Brothers held their 20th Anniversary boxing show at Toledo, Ohio, with Mayor Addison Thacher as Master of Ceremonies.

Marty McHale, the fighting harp of Cleveland, knocked out Let Philbin, the Toledo-Detroit college boy champion, while Lee Sheppard and Eddie Koppy boxed a rattling ten-round draw. The balance of the card, made up with Toledo and Detroit boys, were all good fights.

Buck Everett, who boxed Dick Daniels to a draw and a few months later defeated him at his home town, Minneapolis, in ten hard rounds, is having a hard time getting bouts here. Here is a heavyweight they all fear. Why?

Jack Pallat, who stopped Frank Novak at Pittsburgh, in his first ten-rounder at the Smoky City, was decisioned in their second go at the Arena.

Babe Triscaro has run out of opponents around Cleveland and will make a trip to the Pacific coast. He is a wonderful little fighter.

Charley Marotta and Ollie Downs, who have been promoting some amateur shows at the Central Armory, are now going in there with some professional shows.

Ross Fields, Jimmy Dunn's southpaw soxsmith, decisioned Willie Davies at the Coliseum.

Bill Watson is still trying to put boxing over in Zanesville, but the town isn't helping Bill any.

Dick Stosh is still boxing director at the Cleveland Athletic Club, while Artie Root is foreman in the steel mills here. Two of the olden days' best fighters—doing well. Johnny Kilbane is still teaching boxing for the Board of Education.

Jerry Sachs, the soldier of fortune, is building up a boxing stable. You can't keep Jerry out of it. He has a gym on Euclid Avenue.

Joe Tuma is still running his gym on Superior Avenue where all the out-of-town boxers are welcomed to work.

Jimmy Dunn is expecting to branch out as a promoter shortly. He has a nice spot in view.

Harry Leibovitz, classy Montreal bantam, will return to the ring after an absence of more than half a year. Leibovitz is one of the most promising lads in the game here. Frankie Martin, Sam Gibbs' rugged bantam, is also back in training.

Tom McMahon, Jimmy Dimes' big heavyweight, is back in Cleveland where he plans on spending the summer months. He also expects to work out with some of the boys—polishing them up.

Eddie Meade is the matchmaker for Al Page's Secret Six A. C. Eddie has taken off about seventy-five pounds.

Frankie Simms is a big shot since knocking out George Pavlick.

Frankie Bojorski defeated Joey Marcus, New York, in the feature ten of Al Norman's show at Erie. Jimmy Gilligan beat Harry Boyle in the semifinal.

Freddy Edwards whipped Jack Mates, at East Liverpool, by a T.K. in the fifth round. Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio, knocked out K. O. Kelley of Barberton, Ohio, in the fourth.

Tommy Freeman, Cleveland, defeated Jack King of Little Rock at Hot Springs.

Patsy Perroni flattened Larry Johnson, Chicago, in the first round with a right uppercut to the body; Frankie Simms knocked out George Pavlick in the fifth round; Bucky Lawless decisioned Marty McHale in six; Al Getchell defeated Gene Stanton in six.

Newark, Ohio—K. O. Kelly knocked out Nord Smith in the fourth round here.

Dover, Ohio—Bucky Lawless boxed a ten-round draw with the Alabama Kid at Dover.

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DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

THE fight game is due for a pickup in Arkansas now that conditions are getting better. Boxing is playing to many new towns that never before sanctioned a show.

This writer, in conjunction with sport writers of the state, has selected Arkansas' leading fighters in each division:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Tommy Davenport, Little Rock.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Sidney Scarlett, Pine Bluff.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Elmer Crowley, Morrillton; Dwight Fryer, Little Rock.

WELTERWEIGHT—Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs; Jack King, Little Rock.

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT—Wesley Senn, Little Rock.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Jack Griffin, Eldorado; Chick McMinn, Hot Springs.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Uris Flowers, North Little Rock; Leroy "Kid" Dugan, Blytheville.

BANTAMWEIGHT—None.

FLYWEIGHT—Brownie Morris, Hot Springs.

Jack Griffin, Eldorado Bearcat, is one of the busiest lightweight ringmen in these parts. During the last few weeks he defeated Babe Kennedy, Chick McMinn and Patsy Severo.

HOT SPRINGS FISTIC TIDINGS—Promoter Eddie Barnsback has been giving the fans some real shows during the present boxing season. Perhaps the classic of them all was the Tommy Freeman-Jack King battle. Freeman won the nod after a great fight. Uris Flowers, Little Rock featherweight, won a ten-round decision from Johnny Mason, New York Spaniard. Elmer Crowley, of Morrillton, the best middleweight in Arkansas, won from Dwight Fryer, of Little Rock, in a bitterly contested bout. Jack Griffin outpointed Patsy Severo. Tommy Freeman beat Manuel Quintero. Eddie "Kid" Wolfe kayoed Dwight Fryer in three rounds.

LEWISVILLE PUNCHES—Smut Boyd, 131 pounds, and Sailor "Skeets" Edmonds boxed a ten-round draw.

Wesley Senn, Little Rock welterweight, won a ten-round decision from Chick McMinn of Hot Springs.

This writer, promoting at Texarkana, offered Jack Griffin in a win over Babe Kennedy of Shreveport. Sidney Scarlett kayoed Dwight Fryer in twelve rounds. Uris Flowers beat Johnny Mason. Johnny Mason won from Babe Kennedy. Jack Boykin of Texarkana beat Big Boy Tyson of Shreveport.

This contribution to THE RING magazine will be, in a way, a farewell to the fight fans and my friends in Arkansas. This scribe is returning to his old stamping ground in the Pacific Northwest—510 West Boulevard, Aberdeen, Washington, will be the new address.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOBBY LEITHAM, Canadian bantam champion, and Harold Stewart, fast-rising young lightweight, were the foremost performers in Montreal during the month of April—a month that marked a strong revival of the fight game in the Canadian metropolis as well as promising better times along the fistic front during the coming Daylight Saving months. Alec Moore, matchmaker for the Forum, staged a first-class show at the West End sports palace, with a satisfying attendance of nearly three thousand, while Armand Vincent staged a pretentious card at the Mount Royal Arena, with disappointing support from the fans, in view of the attraction presented.

Stewart stamped himself as a coming star in his eight-round main bout with Roger Bernard, ranking junior lightweight star from Michigan, at the Forum. The ex-amateur star, throughout the battle, speared Bernard with an unerring left jab and outboxed him by a sound margin. Wilbur Chevalier, alias Leo Poirier, overcame an early lead gained by Alan Foston, classy Vancouver featherweight, to cop a close but merited decision in the eight-round semifinal.

The prelims. were good. Johnny Keller, another young lightweight sensation, outfought rangy Rene Taillefer in one of the best battles of the night. Taillefer surprised by his display, but Keller's tigerish aggressiveness entitled him to a slight edge. Harry Gerson, promising ex-amateur, scored his second straight win as a pro when he stopped Gerald Beaudin, a veteran attempting a comeback, in three heats.

The two openers were good. Art Primrose, another lightweight of promise, clouted Tommy Rollings with gusto for three rounds, the referee halting it when Rollings suffered a badly gashed eye. Greggie Gregersen, colorful Danish bantam, outboxed Rene Mercier, hard-hitting French lad, in the four-round opener, but Mercier's punching influenced the judges for a draw.

Bobby Leitham scored a double victory for himself in his battle against Pete DeGrasse, New York Indian, in the ten-round feature of Armand Vincent's enterprise at the Arena. Leitham only dropped the ninth-round honors to the flashy redskin and easily copped the verdict. The Canuck bantam king floored the Indian flash in the last round. Jack Dempsey, the idolized ex-mauler, refereed the fight and was impressed by Leitham's showing. If you want to know if Leitham can really fight—ask Jack. Bobby will soon be meeting Jackie King, British champ, in England for the Empire title. No doubt about it, he ranks with the best.

The prelims. were not so good, with the exception of the Frankie Fiore-Joe Marciente battle that ended in a six-round draw. Fiore, who is being pointed for the Canadian feather title by Sam Gibbs, who also pilots Leitham, was generally conceded to have an edge, but a return bout is logical. Paul Schaeffer, classy Winnipeg middleweight, outsmarted Leo Salvas, tough Berlin, N. H., star, in the eight-round semifinal. Eddie Martin beat Johnny Conlin in a bantam brawl over the six-round route, and Phil Latouf stopped Al Cadieux, the fighting farmer, in the second heat of the four-round opener.

Jack Dempsey was the big attraction, refereeing the Leitham-DeGrasse battle and the exhibitions staged by Max Schmeling with his catching mates. Dempsey and Schmeling were both loudly cheered and besieged by autograph hunters. The German heavyweight ace made a good impression with the crowd in contrast to Champion Jack Sharkey's display here the week before. The Dempsey-Schmeling combination also showed in Quebec and Three Rivers under Vincent's direction.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

DON McCORKINDALE, South African heavyweight champion, and Walter Neusel, the new German contender for world honors, attracted the largest attendance seen at the Royal Albert Hall for some time. The verdict of Matt Wells, the former British lightweight titleholder, who handled the bout, was a draw, and it met with much criticism, many newspapers agreeing that Neusel had won.

Sharing the top of the bill on this night was the eliminating light-heavyweight contest between Eddie Phillips, of Bow, and Len Harvey, the middleweight champion, who was making his first bid for a second title. Phillips surprised everyone by holding the champion to a draw. Harvey was found to have injured his hand, an old injury, during the fight.

While these two important bouts were taking place in London, about one hundred miles away in the large midland town of Birmingham, Jack Hood, the British welter champion, was defending his title against Stoker Reynolds before a crowd of ten thousand. Hood won by a kayo in nine rounds.

Jack Casey, Sunderland challenger to Len Harvey's middleweight title, failed to confirm two previous wins over Eddie Maguire, the South African champion, the latter scoring an easy points victory.

Jack Garland and Tommy Lye fought in a contest for charity at Coventry. At the end of fifteen hard rounds, Lye was declared the winner, a most unpopular verdict, Garland having won practically every round. When the referee met the two boxers in the hotel later, he discovered he had mixed the two boxers! Being a referee of standing, he did not hesitate to make a public announcement on his mistake.

Johnny Cuthbert, the lightweight titleholder, is as much popular in France as he is here and, according to every good judge, was unlucky not to have received the verdict over Victor Deckmyn, French titleholder, when they met at the Palais des Sports. Although the judges agreed over the decision, the big crowd showed their disapproval in no light hearted manner, and it was some time after, quiet was restored.

Harry Corbett, ex-featherweight champion of England, was given a benefit by his friends, and it proved a huge success, the Hoxton Baths being well filled. Corbett, who is a great favorite in and around the East Side, is suffering with impaired vision.

Dick Burke scored a victory over Cuthbert Taylor, the Welshman, in two rounds, Taylor being counted out in the second round after taking two counts.

Johnny Cuthbert scored a good win over Jim Stewart of Liverpool in fifteen rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

Ginger Jones sailed for South Africa, where he is under contract to take part in three contests.

Jeff Dickson suffered a disappointment when his Royal Albert Hall show had to be called off owing to the accident that befell Young Stribling a day before his contest with Don McCorkindale, the South African.

Harry Levene, manager of Larry Gains, the Empire champion, came to the rescue of Jeff Dickson and offered Gains to take the place of Stribling against McCorkindale. It was a sad bargain, as Don scored a knockout in the tenth round.

In the annual charity show for a West London Hospital, it was pleasing to see Johnny Peters show a return to form by outpointing Billy Reynolds. Tommy Hyams outpointed Bill Barnham (Notting Hill) in the same card.

After showing a glimpse of his old form, Bert Kirby relapsed again and dropped decisions to Tut Whalley at Stoke and George Marsden at Nottingham.

Johnny Cuthbert had to fight very hard to defeat his former sparring partner, Jim Learoyd. This was Learoyd's first defeat in some time.

Jack Hyams, known as Kid Froggy, who toured the States in 1929, came back after a six-months' lay-off against Bill Webster, the brother of Fred, the ex-lightweight champion. Their bout was called a draw.

Douglas Parker's run of success was called to an abrupt halt when he was beaten in the eighth round by Jim Stewart, the rising Liverpool lightweight, in the latter's home town.

Panther Purchase, South African lightweight, is back again. His latest victories include Kid Sheppard (Cardiff) and Harold Higginson (Liverpool).

Charlie Smith, the Deptford heavyweight, has lost much of his form and was beaten by Bob Carvill (Bridlington) at Hull over ten rounds.

A lad that is showing good form in and around Yorkshire is Ellis Ashurst, of Barnsley, and this lad, with a bit more experience, will be knocking at the championship door.

Rene Devos made a comeback when he took on Eddie Strawer of Rochdale at Tower Circus, Blackpool, in a twelve-round contest. The referee stopped the bout in the tenth when Strawer had no chance to defend himself.

Billy Gannon, the Liverpool featherweight, who has been boxing for some time in the States, was defeated by Benny Sharkey over fifteen rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

Tommy Rogers, the Willenhall bantamweight, surprised everyone by going over to Paris and giving Eugene Huat, the classy Frenchman, a boxing lesson at Jeff Dickson's Salle Wagram over ten rounds. Johnny Regan, of Rotherham, fought on the same card and was beaten by Guy Bonangure, the brother of Kid Francis, over the ten-round route.

Meen could always draw ten thousand in Leicester, his home town, but the locals won't wear him any more.

Jack Lewis, winner of an open welterweight competition in London, is gradually improving and should go far, if he continues to show improvement.

Harry Crossley, former light-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, made a comeback against Jack Marshall, of Accrington, in a twelve-round contest. He won easier than was expected, the referee stopping the contest in the tenth round when Marshall was hopelessly outclassed.

Johnny McMillan, Scottish featherweight, scored a good win over the Frenchman, Henri Ferret, in twelve rounds at the Scottish Stadium in Govan. On the same card, the young light-heavyweight from Glasgow, Jim Winters, scored a one-round K. O. over Dave Sullivan, of Oldham.

Seaman Harry Rowles proved himself one of the best fighters that the Royal Navy has produced for some time when he put Lauri Raiteri to sleep at the Crystal Palace in two rounds. Ginger Jones, Welsh featherweight champion, is boxing in rare form, and in a supporting bout, outpointed Jack Garland, champion of Ireland. Randy Jones, light-heavyweight champion of Wales, outpointed gallant old Tom Tucker on the same bill.

Larry Gains, Empire champion, once again failed to cover himself with glory when he knocked out Roberto Roberti in three rounds. George Cook, the Australian, was to have met Gains, but a week before the contest, Cook had injured his hand and had to cry off.

Seaman Watson, candidate for the world's featherweight title, dropped into Portsmouth to outpoint Auguste Gyde over twelve rounds. The Frenchman hardly laid a glove on Watson.

Archie Sexton, the Bethnal Green middleweight, took Kid Tunero's place against Eddie McGuire, the South African champion. Sexton gave one of his most polished displays and so severely punished the South African that the latter was taken to the hospital. Other bouts on this program included an eight-round contest between Moe Moss, the rising young East Side welterweight, and Stoker Reynolds. Reynolds won on points, but he knew that he had been in a fight.

Mickey McGuire, the Newcastle flyweight, who holds verdicts over Jackie Brown and Young Perez, outpointed Jim Maharg. McGuire recently ran away to London to get married.

Johnny King, British bantamweight king, stopped Henri Poutrain, French featherweight, in thirteen rounds recently.

Len Beynon defeated Dave Crowley in an eliminating bout for the bantam title.

A sensation was caused in boxing circles here when it became known that the British Boxing Board of Control had taken away the license of Matt Wells, the former lightweight champion of England, who has been acting as referee for quite some time. No reason was given with this report, and it seems all the more surprising as Wells was one of England's star referees and was always given choice assignments.

Benny Sharkey, of Newcastle, defeated Johnny McMillan, of Glasgow, on points in the semifinals of the 126-pound competition that took place at Belle Vue, Manchester. The other contest was between Phineas John and Joe Myers. Myers was stopped in the ninth of a ten-round contest owing to a very badly cut eye.

Ted Phillips, young Canadian ex-amateur light-heavyweight, keeps on winning his bouts. His latest feat was to stop Jim Brooks of Windsor in two rounds. Jackie Phillips, brother of Ted, won a good bout at the welterweight limit when he defeated Bert Cannons.

A popular performer at the Royal Albert Hall shows is George Daly, Jeff Dickson's office boy. It is quite some time since this lad from Bermondsey has been defeated.

Freddie Baxter, the Bethnal Green flyweight, showed class when he knocked out Kid Rich, of Bethnal Green, in the sixth round of a ten-round contest. On the same card Johnny Longman and Harry (Kid) Berry, both of Bethnal Green, fought fifteen rounds to a draw. Alf Mancini was referee.

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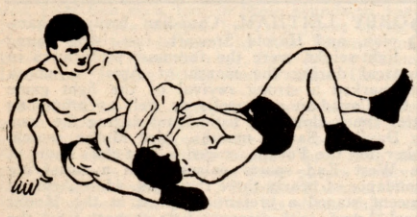

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

"SPIDER" PLADNER, the former French champion fly and bantamweight boxer, after two eye specialists had reported to the French Boxing Federation that if Pladner continued in the boxing game he would shortly lose the sight of at least one of his eyes, had his license called in, and the French bantamweight title which Pladner held, was declared vacant. While Pladner will be missed to French boxing, the Federation must be complimented on the action taken.

Moise Bouquillon, former French heavyweight champion, went twelve rounds to a draw with the Italian heavyweight Buffi at Tunis.

Maurice Holtzer, the featherweight champion of France, stopped the tough English battler, Tommy Hyams, in the fourteenth.

Many of the worn down-and-out American fighters are writing to European managers asking for terms to make the crossing. The fighters who were good years ago would be no more attraction in Europe than they are at home.

Jack Johnson, writing in "Paris-Soir," stated that Jack Dempsey was never a real champion of the world, and that Dempsey owes all his success to Jack Kearns. Johnson claims that he could have beaten Dempsey when at the top of his form, and that Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons would have beaten Jack. Many ring enthusiasts will not agree with Johnson in his comparison of Dempsey's fighting ability with those of years gone by.

Frank Jacobs, the manager of Kid Berg, of England, attended the Brown-Bernasconi affair in Milan last Sunday. He informed me that the English referee awarded the fight to the Italian in the fourth round, then was bullied into permitting the affair to be continued after an intermission of, he considered, about ten minutes. The affair certainly should be given an investigation by the International Boxing Union.

Franta Nekolny, of Prague, after a few weeks' rest from ring work, met Thouvenin, in a scheduled ten-round bout in Prague, and the "machine gun," as Nekolny is known, knocked out his man in the seventh round.

Jose Girones, of Spain, the European champion featherweight, received a point decision over Nick Bensa, of France, in a bout held in Madrid.

Tommy Rogers of England, a bantamweight, gave Gene Huat, the former French champion, a good beating in a ten-round fight which was held in The Salle Wagram Arena, Paris. Rogers, who was practically an unknown boxer in France, put it all over Huat in seven out of the ten sessions.

Guy Bonaugure, a brother to Kid Francis, defeated on points Johnny Regan of London.

John Andersson of Sweden won the championship light-heavyweight of Europe by defeating Jack Etienne, the Belgium champion, in a fifteen-round contest fought in Brussels.

Dave Lumiansky is the manager of the new British champion, Jock McAvoy. So now he has Al Brown, the world featherweight champion, Jackie Brown, the British champion, and McAvoy in his stable.

Lou Burston has a few very fair battlers in his stable and, like Lumiansky, he manages to make a fair living over the knocks the battlers take.

Johnny Cuthbert, the British lightweight champion, had a decision given against him in a bout he had against Victor Deckmyn, the French champion. It certainly was a very crude verdict. I could not understand how the three officials arrived at such a decision. Even thousands of the French boxing enthusiasts booed the verdict from all sections of the Palais des Sports, where the bout was held. Jeff Dickson protested to the French Boxing Federation the naming of the three officials who were on the job so badly at the Cuthbert-Deckmyn contest, last Monday night, for his future entertainments over the period of at least one year. The names of the three officials objected to by Dickson are: Referee Schemann and Judges Mazoir and Patrice.

There is some talk of a Carnera-Schmeling match being held in Rome, during the summer months. Carnera is very popular in his home country.

The fight between Don McCorkindale, the champion of South Africa, and Larry Gains, the British Empire champion, which was held at the Royal Albert Hall, London, under the auspices of Jeff Dickson, attracted another big house for the young American promoter. At the ringside was the Prince of Wales. He frequently attends the promotions at Albert Hall.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

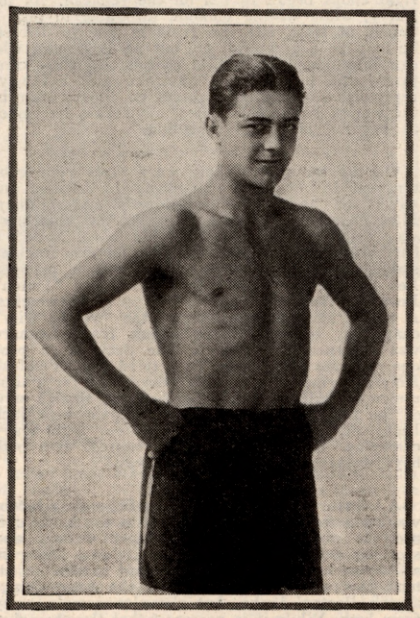
By MICKEY McINTIRE

BOXING in general seemed to take a turn for the better during April with clubs all over the state starting up. Scotty Monteith, veteran Detroit promoter, ran three shows at the Arena Gardens and two finished on the right side of the ledger. Kalamazoo started up again, as did Lansing, and others will get going soon.

In the first of Monteith's shows, Ernie Maurer was pitted against Tony Tassi in a bout that was full of action. Ernie spotted his Detroit rival five pounds but won hands down.

The semifinal saw the stopping of Billy Marrone's winning streak by Eddie Koppy. Marrone had won all of his professional bouts previous to his match with Koppy and, although he lost by a goodly margin, he made many friends by his courageous stand.

Johnny Mitchell took eight out of ten rounds from Billy Cooper in another good fight. It was a return match. In their first encounter Mitchell won by a knockout. Alex Borshuck knocked out Robert Simms in one round, and Joe Stalnes stopped Charley Ferrara in two rounds.



Wesley Ramey, clever Grand Rapids lightweight, who beat Tony Canzoneri in an overweight bout.

In the second show, Billy Marrone was stopped by Johnny Mitchell. Marrone's jaw was broken in the third round but neither he nor his handlers realized it and the bout was not stopped until the ninth round, after he had been on the deck five times.

In the other ten-rounder, Louie Mays of Des Moines made an auspicious debut in winning handily from Joe Ruggizonni. Alex Borshuck survived a knockdown in the third round and came back to outpunch Young Risko in six. Harry Fine and Don McLeod, willing Detroit welters, staged a swatfest and at the end of six rounds, Doc Casey awarded the decision to McLeod. Chuck Woods won easily in his six-rounder with Walter McTaglen of Wyandotte. Al Henderson and Stanley Sabin drew in the six-round curtain raiser.

In the last show, Ernie Maurer and Pee Wee Gale drew the best house of the year. Maurer whipped Gale decisively, but Gale was in there swinging all the time and Maurer didn't have a walkaway. Maurer damaged his right hand in the eighth. Tony Tassi put the skids under Joe Mendez of Los Angeles in the second round of the semifinal. Jackie Sherman fought his first six-rounder and outpunched Johnny Nardoni. Red Casson whipped Johnny Gale and Henry Gowatch trounced Juan Cruz in other six-rounders. Don McLeod and Stanley Sabin drew in a dull four-rounder.

At this writing, Ernie Maurer has had just thirty-nine battles and has yet to meet defeat. Detroit fight experts predict a bright future for Maurer, who started boxing in the fall of 1931 and since then has scored eleven knockouts. Maurer is a windmill type of fighter and some writers have styled him "a second Clarence Rosen." He is the best drawing card in Detroit.

Wilbur Chevaliar is up in Montreal now. The sturdy 128-pounder from Bay City has had three fights up there. Chevy whipped Tommy Rollings in his first start, drew with Harold Stewart in his second match and whipped Allen Foston in his last bout. Roger Bernard boxed Harold Stewart on the same card in which Chevaliar beat Foston, but had a hard time getting a draw. Eddie Koppy and Harry Robertson drew in a hard ten-rounder at Lansing.

Cowboy Eddie Anderson once said that Roger Bernard was one fighter he could always beat, but he didn't make good his boast in their bout at Flint. Bernard eked out a victory in ten rounds. Anderson subbed for Battling Gizzy. Harold Anderson won from Max O'Connor in the eight-round semifinal. Freddy Bernard beat Fred Stevens in six, Henry Gowatch beat Juan Cruz in six, and Gideo Gowatch beat Young Swanson in four.

Jimmy Brady has one of the best stables of pugs in the middle West. Jimmy has Ernie Maurer, Detroit's best bantam since Pete Firpo; Franklin Young, now campaigning as a bantamweight; Jackie Light, bantamweight; Jimmy Alverado, well-known lightweight; Eddie Koppy, hard-socking lightweight; Harry Fine, heavy-lightweight; Roy Marvin, welterweight; K. O. Redmond, light-heavyweight, and Eddie Anderson, heavyweight.

Frankie Wallace seems to be the nemesis of Detroit featherweights. Wallace has beaten Joe Pallazolla and Johnny Mitchell, and not so long ago he knocked out George Riley. A match between Wallace and Wilbur Chevaliar would be a good one.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Harry Fine has been knocked out twice. By Benny McArthur and Morey Bowman . . . . Wilbur Chevaliar's fights with Harold Stewart and Alan Foston were two of the best seen there in a long time . . . . Chevaliar's real name is Leo Poirier . . . . Tony Tassi is twenty-two . . . . Chuck Woods is a good lightweight prospect. He is managed by Dave Knight . . . . Franklin Young has lost most of his last few fights but he has never been down for a count . . . . Carlo Mazzola was the only fighter to floor Johnny Mitchell.

Address all communications to me as follows: Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Snover, Mich. Michigan fighters should send their pictures and their records to me for use in this column.

Johnny Hoekstra of Niles won over Neil Kilbane of Grand Rapids in a ten-round bout at Kalamazoo. Dario Mareno whipped Jimmy Lambertson of Lafayette, Ind., in another ten-rounder.

Johnny Vorce took Marty Simmons into camp in the feature match at Saginaw. Vorce outweighed Simmons nine pounds and his victory was expected. Gideo Gowatch spotted six pounds to Benny McArthur, but won easily in another ten-session skit. Harold Anderson stiffened Frankie Veith in one, Franklin Young lost to Bob Thomas in six, and Johnny Nardoni drew with Freddy Stevens.

Eddie Koppy was held to a draw by Lee Shepherd of Cleveland in a ten-heat match at Toledo. Harry Fine blew the duke in his ten-rounder with Mike Flaherty of Toledo. Marty McHale was awarded a technical knockout in the fifth round with Earl Philbin when Earl suffered a broken hand, and Henry Gowatch drew with K. O. Morgan.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THE long drought in the "pro" boxing game in Boston was brought to an end, temporarily, at least, when Jack Dempsey, Max Schmeling, Joe Jacobs and sparring pushovers played at the Boston Arena under the auspices of the Argonne A.A. There were four ten-rounders, real fighting fights, under the exhibition affairs of Schmeling and his playmates, Dempsey refereeing the same, and on paper it shaped up in advance as likely to be a big night. The turnstiles, however, failed to click either very often or very loud. The attendance was less than four thousand, and the dough about the same amount. It was thoroughly demonstrated that Bostonians do not care for exhibition bouts whether of the Schmeling brand or otherwise. Dempsey and Schmeling, however, received a "good hand," while the latter's boxing form, considering his short time off the ship, was fairly good.

The feature event of the four ten-rounders—Alvin "Babe" Hunt *vs.* Donald "Red" Barry of Washington, D. C.,—was not so very hot. Hunt won the decision, thanks to a rally in the latter half of the bout, when his left leads and right chops began to tell on the redhead. As for Barry, while willing enough, also able to take a punch, at least, such as Hunt is able to deliver, he may be a great fighter, but no Bostonian who saw him thought so. Wild swings and slaps comprised the bulk of his offensive and defensive repertoire. As modern fighters go, Barry may be the works, but to the writer, a veteran, he looked as needing plenty of schooling.

On the same card there were three very good tens—all full of plenty of fighting. In the first, one advertised as "Chocolate Bon-Bon of Quincy, Mass.," a ringer for the Joe Walcott that once was, lost to Victor Lotti of Marlboro, Mass., a hard-hitting lightweight in the Johnny Buckley stable. The second ten, was a return between Leo Larivee of Waterbury, Conn., and "Dutch" Leonard, Waltham, rugged, willing middleweights. A month ago Larivee defeated the "Watch City" chap but, in their more recent fray, Leonard was returned the winner. The decision, a poor one, was not unanimous. In a third ten, "Pickles" Heintz, former U. S. Navy heavy, and for a time under the wing of Phil Schlossberg, though now of the Buckley stable, went to a draw with Jack Lightfoot, former Canadian amateur light-heavy champion. It was a very good contest with both boys working overtime all the way.

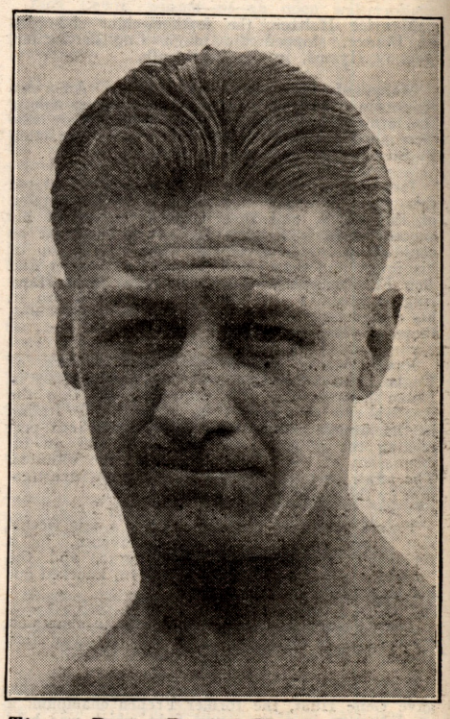
A feature of the Dempsey-Schmeling-Jacobs visitation was a banquet thrown in the early evening to about one hundred sport writers and sporting celebrities—a regular sit-down affair in a Boston hotel. Jack Sharkey was invited to attend this affair, also look over the later doings at the Boston Arena, but chose to remain away from both. While it is no secret that the champion has small use for either Dempsey, Schmeling or Jacobs, his failure to be present—to play the part of big fellow—is regarded as but another "bull." Sharkey neither seems to know how to court popularity, nor care much about it one way or the other.

Very recently the champion hied away on a fishing trip to Sebago Lake, Me., and being a skilled disciple of Izaak Walton, has fairly good luck with his rod and reel. Returning home by auto, he became snow-bound, and with other autoists, was tied up for a day or so. On his return, however, Sharkey gave out an interview of some length to a Boston paper, censuring the residents of Maine for their alleged inhospitality—charging refusal of shelter, food, etc. While there may have existed some such cases, the Pine Tree Staters, through their newspapers, jumped right into the air. Their retorts and rejoinders were far from complimentary to the champion. Most certainly he made no friends.

The fistic fold recently nearly acquired a new member—none less than Art Shires, now former first baseman of the Boston Braves. It will be recalled that several years ago Art, though still a ball player, entered the squared circle for awhile, and, though not a riot as a great boxer, did attract considerable attention, also helped to swell gate receipts. When, early in April, the Braves' management decided to turn Shires over to Toronto, Art sought out Promoter Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A., and between them the story was turned loose that if the ball player was not given a better break, he would return to the ring. It was further stated that he would enlist under Mack's colors for a fistic career, the same on the basis of a $25,000 guarantee for two years. Whether this announcement was based on fact, or was merely a crowbar, has not appeared. However, Shires finally got himself sold to the St. Louis Cardinals and, for the present, will remain in baseball.

Though Champion Sharkey failed to connect up with Dempsey, or Dempsey with him while the ex-Mauler was in The Hub, the fact remains that Black Jack did turn loose an offer of $150,000—to be either picked up or left alone by The Squire—to fight the winner of the June 8 Schmeling-Baer bout, next September in New York, providing of course, Sharkey defeats Carnera. There is some reason to believe that sooner or later—undoubtedly pending some dicker between Sharkey and the N. Y. Garden—this offer, left behind by Dempsey when he took his troupe to Canada, will receive attention.

Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, who has been fighting for years, also defeating champions, but never getting anywhere in particular, recently started something when he made public claim to the N.E. middleweight title. That honor, being the property of Andy Callahan of Lawrence, and won by him from Lou Brouillard in a Boston ring, he set up such a fearful screech about championships being won and lost inside of ropes that Indrisano was forced to fly to the woods. However,



Timmy Burns, Bangor, Maine, fistic flash.

the publicity landed Indrisano a fight—at an early date he will meet Jimmy Smith of Philadelphia at the Boston Garden, a winner last December over Brouillard.

Brouillard, one-time holder of the world's welter title, but for a short time only, seems to be on the way out, though he is still a youngster. In an attempt at a comeback, he is to meet Sammy Slaughter of Terre Haute, at the Boston Arena in another month, which occasion does not appeal to many as likely to be particularly auspicious for the Worcester boy.

Speaking of Slaughter reminds of his two victories in Boston rings over Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., who, until these dire happenings, was quite the rage in this section. Conrad, though discouraged by these affairs, recently announced, like John Paul Jones, that he has yet to begin to fight. For two months he has been working in the woods in the Granite State, gaining in strength and weight. When he comes back to the ring it will be as a full-fledged light-heavy, in which class he properly belongs. Trying to be a middleweight, particularly in his affairs with Slaughter, didn't help him a bit.

The New England amateur boxing championships were decided on March 27, at the Boston Arena, twenty-nine bouts going into the ring. The winners were as follows:—112-pound class, Jerry LaBelle, East Boston; 118, James Riley, Lawrence; 126, Louis Barisano, Boston; 135, Johnny Studley, Brockton; 147, Jimmy Murphy, Dorchester; 160, Arthur Mignone, Providence; 175, Frank Wilson, Everett; heavyweight, Norman Spence, Providence.

Discussing wrestling, and that continues the big sport in Boston and locality, Paddy Mack, booked as formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, has been going very strong. Differing from many of the would-be exponents of the art, he knows how to wrestle. The night of April 18, he scored another win by taking two out of three in a melee with George Dussettee, a Boston idol, at the Mechanics Building. Mack's pet hold, a new one to Boston, is a flying body scissors, with a follow-up which carries his man over the ropes.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

TED GRAHAM, New Richmond, O., Negro heavyweight, returned to the wars on the combined Johnny Brown-Bill Powers fistic program at the Odd Fellows' Temple arena during the past month. Willard Brown, former Cincinnati amateur now fighting out of Indianapolis, appeared in the other half of the main event.

Both were returned the victors, Graham slapping Kayo Jackson of Indianapolis to sleep in four sessions, while Brown outpunched Dick Porter, a stiff-hitting Muncie welter, in eight rounds. Young Tiger Flowers, colored lightweight, won the decision over Leslie Wildcat Carter of Seattle, Wash.

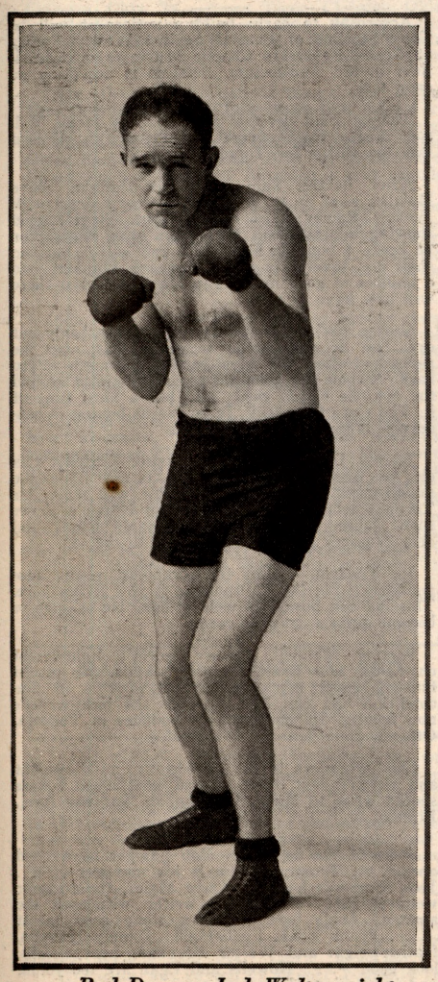
Lee Cox, local welterweight, who had been going great guns, ran into a tartar in Pee Wee Jarrell at Indianapolis, Jarrell winning by a knockout in the fifth round. Red Harding, Cincinnati featherweight, dropped a verdict to Jimmy Buckler of Louisville in another headliner at Evansville, Ind. Frankie Palmo, Italian middleweight from the Queen City, has become quite a drawing card in Nashville, Tenn.

In one of Joe Anderson's popular-priced shows in Covington, Ky., before a packed crowd, Pete Bat Leno, Cincinnati Italian, turned back King Brady of Florida in an eight-rounder, while Paul Thobe, Covington welter, kayoed Patsy Van Over of Indiana in four heats. In another top show of Anderson's, Jess Freeman, Bethel, Kans., lightweight, surprised by taking the nod from Midget Mike O'Dowd of Columbus, O., in eight rounds.

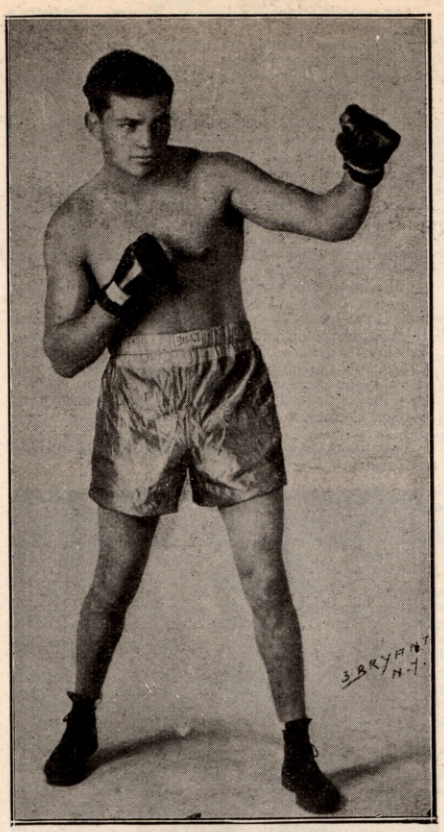
The eight best around southern Ohio are: Heavyweight—Ted Graham, New Richmond. Light-heavyweight—Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati. Middleweight—Alabama Kid, Coshocton. Welterweight—Lee Cox, Cincinnati. Lightweight—Franky Sanzone, Middletown. Featherweight—Jess Calhoun, Cincinnati. Bantamweight—Georgie Annarino, Newark. Flyweight—Young Hebe, Cincinnati.

Freddie Miller, world's featherweight champion, is not mentioned. Simon Nebloski, Jewish middleweight, and Joe Muchrowski, light-heavyweight, are the two best prospects in the entire state.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE with the punchers and their pilots . . . . one of the most colorful men in the game is Pat Wright, formerly of Louisville, Indianapolis and Los Angeles . . . .



Red Duncan, Ind. Welterweight.



Joey La Grey, New York's leading Armory fighter

Pat has plenty of color and is mixing in wrestling and boxing . . . . an A-1 mat referee . . . . brought Cecil Payne into prominence and now might handle the affairs of one Nathaniel Delovatch, colored middleweight slugger from Suffolk, Va. . . . . Here's one for Ripley . . . . Received a letter from Harley Vance, a 135-pounder from St. Louis . . . . incidentally . . . . the letter was written in Memphis, Tenn. . . . . mailed at Helena, Arkansas, and re-addressed for Evansville, Ind. . . . . mention of THE RING brings them all around and it pays to advertise . . . . Jack Junkin, Hamilton promoter, announced he might operate this summer with boxing, the writer gave him a couple of lines and Jack was deluged with letters, from as far off as England and France, as well as American postscripts . . . . THE RING to get results . . . . Pinky Lou Masters, Savannah A. C. of Savannah, Ga., is looking for some good fighters to manage . . . . must be the best . . . . speaking of Savannah . . . . Georgie Annarino and Smokey Maggard, from this district, are going over big down there . . . . Danny Davis, their pilot, may make this southern city his headquarters . . . . Jess Calhoun, featherweight flash, is being dubbed a second Freddie Miller . . . . and Jess can go, make no mistake.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

PAULIE WALKER, Trenton contender for welterweight honors, won easily over Young Ketchell in a ten-round bout held at the Olympia in Philadelphia. Walker suffered his first defeat in many a moon when he lost a decision to Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh at the Motor Square Garden. This bout was a ten-rounder.

Walter Rata of Trenton, who has yet to show in Trenton, continued his winning streak in out-of-town rings. His latest victim was Al Grosso of Elizabeth, whom Rata stopped in three rounds.

Young Terry, Trenton middle, won over Chick Devlin by a technical knockout when Charlie Johnston, manager of Devlin, ordered the referee to stop the bout at the end of the fifth round. Up to the time the bout was stopped, Terry had a clear lead.

Tommy Rios, belting Mexican from Wilmington, easily defeated Bennie Levine of Newark in the semi to the Terry-Devlin brawl.

George Levy of Trenton won a close bout over Melvin Decker of Red Bank in a six-round bout.

Ted Ivins of Roebling made a very impressive debut to the Trenton fans when he belted Billy Dillon of Trenton out in two heats.

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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

THE Diamond Belt Tournament took Hudson County by storm. Every show was a sell-out. The winners of the quarter-finals were as follows: Harry Marchesani over Dick Festo and Leonard Ferrer over Joe Arcaroli, 118 pounds.

Angelo Fracasso kayoed over Fred Lindquist. Dom De Matteo kayoed over Tony La Guardia. Anthony Giordano decision over Pete Grigis. Frank Battaglino decision over Peter Makar. All are 126-pounders.

In the 135-pound class—Frankie Burns, Jr., knocked out Jack Princiatta. Perry Venner T.K.O. over Herman Zieffe. George Laetzo beat Frank Acadassa. Andrew Iorio lost to Ernie Huber and Frankie Burns, Jr., won over Perry Venner.

147-pound class—George Snyder kayoed Gerald Vander Zee. Dante Costa defaulted to Joe Baressi. James Carroll lost to Bernard Platz. Anthony Grabowski defeated Seabon Ashley. Chester Rogers knocked out George Snyder.

160-pound class—James Little knocked out William Gurry.

175-pound class—Joseph Maglieri lost to Tony Napivoda. Solomon Flaum kayoed Bob Mundell. Edward Walsh knocked out Walter Stremme.

Frankie Carlton dropped a ten-round decision to Lew Massey in Philadelphia.

At Laurel Gardens, Newark, Hans Muller drew with Benny Levine (ten); Bud Mangino defeated Ralph Acquione (six); Mickey Salem drew with Al Perrietti (six); Young Slucky kayoed Frank Zamarous (one); and Allie Tarantino beat Ernest Tackett (four).

At Laurels, Newark—Solly Krieger stopped Jay Macedon (seven); Ted Ivans knocked out Tim Ray (one); Maxie Fisher kayoed Paddy Gordon (four); and Joe Gorman lost to Doc Conrad (ten).

Herb Stark is one of the best trainers around these parts. Stark is a trainer at the Jefferson A. A. of North Bergen.

Eddie Patterson, who hails from Belleville, scored an upset in Kenton, Ohio, by beating Jimmy Jones in a ten-rounder.

Cal McCarthy of Jersey City beat Johnny Mayo in eight rounds at Baltimore and Willie Johnson in six at Norfolk, Va.

Frankie Burns, boxing inspector of Hudson County and the best fighter of his weight and inches that was ever developed in the Skeeter State, had to withdraw his son, Frankie, Jr., from the Diamond Belt Tourney due to a broken hand. Burns, Jr., looked like a sure winner of the 135-pound class, judging by his victories in the quarter-finals.

Irish Chuck Connors is in training again.

Tiger Kelly, a good welter, now campaigning in and around Nova Scotia, is coming here in time for the outdoor season to fight under the writer's wing.

A capacity crowd of fight fans sat through four hours of the most hectic sort of mitt wielding ever witnessed around these parts, at Columbia Park, North Bergen, as champions in eight classes of the Diamond Belt Championships, sponsored by genial Jerry Barker, sports editor of the *Jersey Observer*, under the auspices of the Jersey Observer A. A., Inc., were crowned.

Two of the most outstanding favorites failed to live up to expectations when the decision was rendered to Elmer Preston against Ernie Huber.

The other favorite to lose was Dominick De Matteo. Dominick lost by the smallest of margins to Anthony Giordano.

Semifinal round, 112-pound class—Louis Giordano, Sam Zuccaro Association, won decision over Carmen Corso, unattached (three rounds). Harry Trattola, Thurer Association, won decision over Patsy De Lucia, Whitmore Association (three rounds).

118-pound class—Harry Marchesanti, Zuccaro Association, won decision over Arthur Tufano, Anchor A. C. (three rounds). Leonard Ferrer, Holy Name Club, won decision over Johnny Morrow, Flea Club (three rounds).

126-pound class—Anthony Giordano, Hoboken Turners, won decision over Dominick De Matteo (three rounds). Angelo Fracasso, Anchor A. C., won decision over Frank Battaglino, Jefferson A. C. (three rounds).

135-pound class—Elmer Preston, Hoboken Turners, won decision over Ernie Huber (three rounds), Jefferson A. C. George Laetzo, Jefferson A. C., drew a bye.

147-pound class—Chester Rogers, Anchor A. C., w. d. over Anthony Grabowski, Thurer Association (three rounds). Joe Baressi, Olympic A. C., w. d. over Bernard Platz, Joe Malone Association (three rounds).

160-pound class—James Little, N. B. S. and A. Club, w. d. over George La Mae, Bayonne Pioneers (three rounds). Tony Andrews, McGovern Association, drew a bye.

175-pound class—Solomon Flaum, Jeanette's Gym, scored t. k. over Alfred Mentrasti, Anchor A. C., in first round. Anthony Napivoda, Zuccaro Association, drew a bye.

Final round. 112-pound class—Harry Tratola, Thurer Association, scored t. k. over Louis Giordano in first round.

118-pound class—Harry Marchesanti lost to Leonard Ferrer (three rounds).

126-pound class—Angelo Fracasso beat Tony Giordano (three rounds).

135-pound class—Elmer Preston won decision over George Laetzo (three rounds).

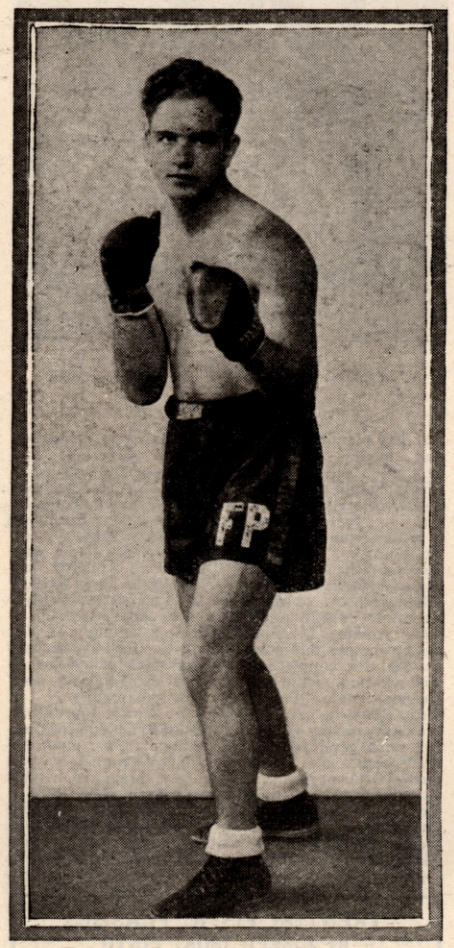
147-pound class—Chester Rogers beat Joe Baressi (three rounds).

160-pound class—Tony Andrews lost to James Little (three rounds).

175-pound class—Solomon Flaum kayoed Tony Napivoda in second round.

Heavyweight class—Leo Innaccore, Thurer Association, knocked out "Wee" Willie Murphy, Hoboken Turners, in first round. The Anchor A. C. won the club trophy. All told, the tourney was a great success every way you look at it. We hope that this will help revive "pro" boxing in Hudson County.

Joey Costa kayoed Ernie Ratner in five rounds at Newark.



Frankie Puccio, promising New York flyweight.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

JACKIE WILSON, speedy Negro featherweight, waged a cagy, defensive battle to defeat Tommy Paul, former N.B.A. titleholder, in Motor Square Garden.

Teddy Yarosz followed a victory over Paulie Walker with a technical kayo over the veteran, Andy Di Vodi.

Jimmy Thomas, local Negro featherweight, and Pete De Grasse of New York were responsible for putting on the most sensational fight of the month. This bout played semifinal to Wilson and Pena but it put the feature attraction to shame in comparison.

Jack Dempsey and Max Schmeling appeared in Motor Square Garden and they were given a tremendous welcome. Herr Max donned the mitts with sparring partners and Dempsey refereed. Jack also worked the main bout, which saw the Alabama Kid repeat a recent kayo victory over Carl Montebano.

Tracey Cox easily defeated Tony Falco at the Arena. Cox sent the Philly scrapper to the canvas four times.

Mose Butch is after a return match with Tommy Paul. The latter stopped Mose recently in the ninth round, but Mose injured his left hand. Mose is confident he can whip Paul.

Jack London, manager of Mose Butch, can be reached through the Armada Apartments on Hobart Street . . . . Tiger Joe Randall was whipped by Eddie Kid Wolfe at the Arena . . . . Johnny Hinds, Gotham colored boy, showed to advantage in his local debut . . . . Frank Edgren is a heavyweight newcomer from Cheyenne, Wyoming . . . . Carmen Barth appeared in a prelim. at Motor Square and looked good. He is an Olympic titleholder in the middleweight class.

Fritzie Zivic, at nineteen, is the youngest of the five Zivic brothers . . . . Tug Phillips, veteran Charleroi, Pa., welterweight, has struck a winning streak . . . . Eduardo Duarry, Erie, Pa., Negro puncher, kayoed Marty McHale in two rounds and dropped an unpopular verdict to Joe Marcus . . . . Joey Chemes, local Hungarian scrapper, ex-amateur ace, has entered the ranks of the professionals . . . . Local promoters would do well to take a hand in the development of Charley Massare as Charley holds much promise as a potential heavyweight contender. Massare is a great card in the East.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE latest edition of the Maxie Rosenbloom-Lou Scozza series staged by the Queensberry club resulted in a win for Scozza but a terrible howl from spectators, members of the press and good ring critics who thought Maxie had won seven of the ten rounds. Rosenbloom and Manager Frank Bachman were frothing at the mouth and left Buffalo in a huff. Both said the decision was highway robbery and they took back copies of all three Buffalo newspapers—*The Times, The Courier-Express* and *The News* to back up their statements.

Following the melee with Rosenbloom, Scozza went on to Chicago where he dropped an eight-round decision to Tiger Jack Fox, Negro light-heavyweight of Indianapolis, at the Chicago Stadium. Fox must be a good boy as Scozza is no slouch. He is a conscientious, good, steady fighter.

According to early buildup notices it will be Tony Sciolino of Batavia against Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids in Charlie Murray's next headliner at the Auditorium. Sciolino is accepting no easy task.

Tommy Paul dropped a decision to Jackie Wilson, Negro featherweight, at Pittsburgh. Wilson was too shifty for Tommy.

After licking Sam Bruce at Buffalo, Steve Halaiko went on to Rochester to box a draw with Wesley Ramey in a bangup bout. Steve's good showing against both these men was costly, for he broke a bone in his thumb and will be on the shelf for several months. Manager Plunkett had a number of good matches in the making but these will now have to wait.

George Nichols is still laid up with a badly cut eye. Lou Scozza won by technical K.O. over the portsider when the boys battled a month or so back. Nichols has been cut too many times around the eye; he bleeds easily and has a hard time of it. The end of the trail, in so far as boxing is concerned, is not far off for Nichols.

Johnny Dulin, best young welter prospect this city has uncovered in some time, is now under the management of the writer. Dulin will make his Toronto debut at one of Playfair Brown's shows soon. Johnny has been in incapable hands and only requires a fair break to rise to the top.

Joe Tenario, one of the scrappiest young 140-pounders from the Philippines, is now living here. This lad can punch as well as box. He is sure to become quite a drawing card.

Sammy Mandell, former world's lightweight champion, now boxing at 145 pounds, has placed himself under my direction. Mandell is in fine condition and can beat most of the light-welters now boxing. He has accepted matches in Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton and Montreal.

Good wrestlers in the light-heavy, middleweight and welterweight divisions and unattached boxers should write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Some of the boys tout Bob Sawyer as a good one . . . . Tommy Timlin is his manager . . . . Jack Singer is handling Dave Maier, the amateur welterweight . . . . The writer witnessed the amateur finals here and saw some good talent . . . . Frank Egan, lightweight; Tommy Howells, featherweight and Walter Brennan, heavyweight, look good . . . . Howells and Egan are too young and inexperienced to turn pro . . . .

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

SALINA, KANS.—Mike Zene knocked out Neil Bruce in six rounds. Emanual Aronis of the Salina Athletic Club is managing Zene. In the semifinal, Cocco Hughes knocked out John Hill in two. Lawrence Botello knocked out Don Puckett in three rounds.

Okla. City, Okla.—Chief Paris beat Frankie Graham in ten rounds. George Williams and Gene Barker drew in six. Kid Helms beat Chuck Britt in four. Young Hatfield knocked out Joe Thomas in two rounds.

Okla. City, Okla.—Joe Rice knocked out Jack Waldrip in three rounds. Chief Paris beat Danny O'Brien in six. Burt Smith beat Bill Smith in six. Jack Snyder knocked out Tommy Wallace in three. Jimmy Hatfield beat Raymond Cook in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Leo Selby defeated Mickey Mack in ten hard-fought rounds. Bill Chatfield beat Chief (Whitehorse) Keel in six. Howard Scott knocked out Cullen Williams in three. Carlos Brown beat K. O. Conners in four. Bill Wheatley beat Jimmie Hatfield in four rounds.

Okla. City, Okla.—Joe Rice knocked out Bob Williams in seven rounds. Speedy Shaffer beat Tiger Gibson in six. George Williams (T.K.O.) over Gene Barker in three. Johnnie Becker beat Kid Carr in four. Jimmy Hatfield and Kid Helms drew in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Johnny Owens defeated Cowboy Eddie Anderson in twelve-round main event. Steve Ketchell knocked out Tod Morgan in four. Frank Kelly knocked out Leo Wells in three. Jack Charvez T.K.O. over Irish Del Kennedy in four rounds.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Glen Nute beat Chuck Stanton in eight-round main event. Leo Selby knocked out Buddy Hawkins in two. Carlos Brown and K. O. Conners drew in four. Namman West beat Sonny Boy Overton in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri Valley A. A. U. winners of amateur boxing tournament who will compete in the National Boston A. A. U. meet: H.—Bob Cook, Ponca City, Okla. L.-H.—Dick O'Connor, Coffeyville, Kans. M.—Junior Munsell, Chilocco, Okla. W.—Amos Tiger, Chilocco, Okla. L.—Benny Pierce, Kansas City, Mo. F.—Bus Breese, Manhattan, Kans. B.—Mickey Walker, Pratt, Kans. Fly.—Marvin Lidell, Chilocco, Okla.

Okla. City, Okla.—Bob Williams beat Muggs Kerr in ten rounds. Wilson Dunn beat John Ford in six. Chief Paris beat Gyp Zarro in six. George Williams and Herman Woolridge drew in four. Gene Barker beat Chuck Britt in four. Tiger Gibson knocked out Tiger Abraham in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur 1933 Junior A. A. U. champion boxers: H.—Charley King. L.-H.—Tom Stanley. M.—Larry Smithmeier. W.—Mack Leabo. L.—Kenneth Thompson. F.—Joe Ordway. B.—Donald Mossberg. Fly.—Bobby Ames.

Okla. City, Okla.—State amateur boxing champions crowned in three-day meet: H.—Bob Cook. L.-H.—Bill Fry. M.—Junior Munsell. W.—Amos Tiger. L.—Howard Colston. F.—Jack Sykes. B.—Carl Banta. Fly.—Marvin Lindell.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Les Showers, amateur promoter, closed a successful three-day tournament at El Centro, Calif. Barry McCormick of Chicago has been named promoter for the Wichita Elks' Club. Billy Newton staged his first pro-fight card at Joplin this month for the V.F.W. organization. Billy McNeill, veteran globe-trotting boxing promoter, is now located in Tulsa, Okla. He staged his initial show there recently and will continue staging shows there this summer. The Mid-Continent A. C. of West Tulsa has not yet named the promoter to stage its summer fistic shows.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

MIKI GELB, Hungarian featherweight, was no match for Pete Sarron in an eight-round bout at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va. Sarron is just about the class of feathers in this vicinity. Arthur Debeve blasted out Jackie Leverson in two rounds and Billy Strickler had a soft one in Sailor Brennan, who lasted one round. Billy Landers and Leroy Dougan fought the only fight of the night with Dougan getting the nod.

At Norfolk, Va., Charley Jacobs licked Sailor Leonard; Doug Sweetman beat Young Sams; Carey Wright won over Jackie Leverson and Whity Sailor was kayoed by Pepper Young in two rounds.

Vince Serio, Baltimore's promising lightweight, hit his first snag when Charlie Jacobs of Petersburg, Va., technically flattened him in four heats at Baltimore. Miki Sipio was no match for Charlie Gomer in the eight-round semi-final.

Marty Gallagher, at 208, was far too strong for Bob Tow at 190, and made short work of Bob in two rounds. Marty lost a duke to Tow last summer. Roddy Davis cut Buck Taylor's eye in the first round and the bout was stopped. This bout was carded for eight heats.

Arthur Huttick, New York heavyweight, gave Les Kennedy a pasting at the Portner Arena over the eight-round route. Nick Antonelli flattened Jackie Lamar in one minute in the semifinal.

Carey Wright, Washington lightweight, bested Lew Heywood in eight rounds, Hagerstown, Md.

Leroy Dougan and Billy Landers boxed an eight-round feature at Portner's Arena at Alexandria, Va. and Dougan again received the duke. The prelims were far below par, with Roddy Davis having a soft one in Tex Mills and Doug Sweetman scoring as he pleased over Young Calp.

Buster Brown stopped the winning streak of Charlie Jacobs in an interesting ten-rounder at Baltimore, Md. Jacobs got off to a good start but Buster finished strongly. The bout was hard fought all the way and the fans were well pleased.

Young Van and Henry Irving, Washington prelim boys, fought a return feature at the Portner Arena in Alexandria and drew a house of over two thousand fans. Irving won. Nick Antonelli and Billy Essinger fought a great battle in the six-round semifinal with Nick's hard body-punching giving him the edge. Jimmy Reed lost one to Roy Mandley in six rounds and Harry Groves of Baltimore knocked out Jackie Simpson in four rounds.

At Norfolk, Va., Ken Oberlin won with plenty to spare over Walter Kirkwood of Washington over the eight-round route.

PICKUPS—
Many boxers are coming into Washington awaiting the opening of the outdoor season hereabouts. Some of the southern boxers making the Nation's Capital their headquarters are Charlie Von Reedon, Jimmy Reed, Leroy Dougan, Spike Kelley, Harry Kersey, Jackie Simpson, Eddie Burl and Bob Godwin. Three clubs are now operating in Baltimore, the Dundee A. C. at the 104th Armory, Frankie Rice's outfit at Carlin's Park and Hen Bletzer, manager of George Chaney in his heyday, has opened at the Sports Center. While the Dundee Club and Rice feature local attractions, Bletzer will go in for National affairs. Charlie Von Reedon came to Washington for the sole purpose of getting a crack at Pete Sarron. Von Reedon boxed Pete a ten-round draw just before Pete came this way. Joe Turner, Washington wrestling promoter, has the best wrestling spot in the United States as far as consistency is concerned. Turner runs his weekly shows at the Auditorium in the winter season and at the Griffith Stadium in the summer. Washington fans are looking for a treat when the Twin City Arena opens at Laurel, Md., as the sale of beer is permitted there. My rankings for the month are as follows:
HEAVYWEIGHTS—Red Barry, Marty Gallagher, Les Kennedy.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Bob Godwin, Billy Strickler, Red Busch.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Sylvan Bass, Ken Oberlin, K. O. Burns.
WELTERWEIGHTS—Lew Raymond, Ray Bowen, Buster Brown.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Jackie Portney, Tootsie Bashara, Charlie Jacobs.
FEATHERWEIGHTS—Pete Sarron, Charlie Von Reedon, Nick Antonelli.
BANTAMWEIGHTS—Dick Welsh, Benny Schwartz, Eddie Burl.

WASHINGTON WALLOPS

ABIE ISRAEL, Seattle featherweight, came through with the most important victory of his career when he pounded out a six-round decision over Freddie Miller, N. B. A. 126-lb. champion. It was a non-title bout and Miller's first loss on the Pacific Coast.

Bobby Pacho stopped Doc Snell's comeback by earning the duke over the veteran in a six-round fray. Snell, up to the Pacho bout, had won twenty-three fights in a row.

Claude Varner and Johnny Jones fought a draw and Augie Curtis kayoed Cris Angel in other bouts on the card.

Henry Woods, Yakima negro lightweight, came through with three wins during the month. He beat Rito Punay and Stan Krannenberg and kayoed Baby Sal Sorio in one heat.

Swede Berglund, California welter, got up off the canvas to earn a draw with Sammy Santos in Seattle.

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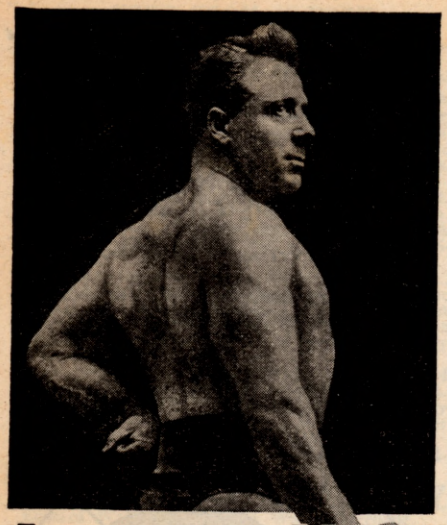

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ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By JACK VAN PELT

PROMOTER JACK C. TIPPETT, veteran St. Louis fistic impresario, is completing a very busy indoor boxing campaign in the Mound City. He has entertained local fandom with such matches as Primo Carnera *vs.* John Schwake, Maxie Rosenbloom *vs.* Al Stillman, James J. Braddock *vs.* Stillman, Joe Ghnouly *vs.* Battling Shaw, Ghnouly *vs.* Benny Bass, Martin Levandowski *vs.* Braddock, Lou Terry *vs.* Harry Dublinsky, and Levandowski *vs.* Rosenbloom. So one can readily see that Tippett has been trying to furnish ring followers with some spirited glove encounters.

Little Peewee Terry, St. Louis bantamweight hope, returned to town Easter Sunday from ring circles in Oklahoma and Texas, where he did not lose a decision in thirty bouts. Peewee's record shows he was held to two or three draws. His chief victory was scored at the expense of Baby Palmore, promising Southern fighter, who owns a kayo victory over Speedy Dado.

Bob Riley, the roaming fight manager, came home recently. Bob has been in Florida with Lou Terry, lightweight; Dave Barry, bantamweight; Johnny Miles, light-heavyweight, and the elastic Chick Rains, who fights anything from middleweights to Carneras. They all managed to do pretty well, both from an artistic and financial standpoint, according to Riley.

In spite of the fact that he has lost to Rosenbloom and Braddock here this season, Al Stillman, local 175-pounder, still has hopes of reaching the top. Al has knocked out something like fifty-five of his some seventy foes, including a one-round kayo over Rains, and not to mention having Rosenbloom down for the count of seven.

George Wilsman, who handles the local dusky star, Allen Matthews, predicts his Negro middleweight will be heard from in a big way before very long. Allen has lost to only Sammy Slaughter and Willie Oster.

A huge but clever 208-pounder, Les Schulte, has not lost a bout since he turned professional. The young St. Louisan, who is handled by "Fireman Dan" O'Keefe, is a former National A. A. U. junior heavyweight champion. Incidentally, Schwake and Dave Knost, local boys, are ex-wearers of the National A. A. U. senior heavyweight crowns. Knost, after a year's layoff, plans a ring comeback this summer.

St. Louis fight enthusiasts always welcomed the visits of Gus Wilson, veteran manager and trainer of fighters. He formerly brought in Pierre Charles, Belgian heavyweight, but, now that he has Joe Ghnouly under his wing, he, of course, is responsible for "Choie's" home-comings. Ghnouly was a young fighter getting nowhere until Wilson came along, took him eastward and developed him into a topnotch featherweight. He has defeated Battling Shaw, Roger Bernard, Albert Ladou, Cecil Payne and Benny Garcia this season.

Joe Huff seemed to be getting along nicely until he ran into one of the terrific punches of Jackie Purvis. Elmer Koehler's young welterweight had outpointed Billy Hogan, of Piermont, N. Y., twice, and it was a certain bet he would whip Purvis. However, Huff, ailing from an injured jaw, was dropped for the total count in the ninth round.

Jackie Callahan, manager of Johnny "Peewee" Kaiser, claims he has a fistic find in the person of Eddie Edson, middleweight. As an amateur Edson was only a mediocre fighter, but, since he joined the pro ranks, he has won all his bouts with ease.

The Mississippi Valley Amateur Association has been staging most of the local amateur shows in opposition to the Western A. A. U. Tom Conroy, president of the M. V. A. A., has been largely responsible for the "Valley" organization's success. Bob Probst, president of the Western A. A. U., states that local fight clubs are joining his organization and it won't be long before his outfit will be promoting Simon-pure shows.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY'S outdoor season is all set to go off with a bang. Harry Jones, local promoter, and Frankie Pasha, his right-hand man, have booked some fine looking talent for the weekly shows.

Johnny Birds, local featherweight, and Mickey O'Donnell, local lightweight, are both on the West Coast, where they have turned in some very good fights.

One of the highlights of the indoor boxing season here was the Trinity College boxing team under the guiding hand of Coach Don Joynt.

Jimmy Thompson, local lightweight, has moved his quarters to St. Paul.

Harold Rogers, local bantam; Mickey Slater, bantam; Ray Mann, welter; Al Phale, lightweight; and Buddy Short, welter, have been kept pretty busy during the indoor season.

Omaha, Nebr.—Sonny Sofio, Omaha lightweight, beat Henry Falegano, De Moines, Ia., in a fast ten-rounder.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Frankie Knauer beat Battling Nelson in ten; Jimmy Thompson knocked out Sailor "Kid" Burke in one; Britt Gorman beat Denny Dale; Jimmy Riley licked Bing Hanson in six; Elton Bayer shaded Socko Nieman in four.

Manchester, Ia.—Cyclone Tommy Thompson knocked out Freddy O'Hara in five; Honeyboy Watson knocked out Fred Harris in four; Len Vick beat Jim Reisner in four; Claude Hoppe beat Kid Dekeyser in four.

Omaha, Nebr.—Jimmie Wooten beat Artie Martin in ten; Buss Smith beat Jesse Ackerman in a fast four.

Mason City, Ia.—Freddie Tompkins beat Young Terry in eight; Don Hampton beat Kid Hargie in four; Don Larkin and Ronald Melcom drew in four; Sidney Joy beat Floren Delanty in three; Busting Green knocked Harold Yocum in one.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Ray Cossett, Moorhead, N. D., beat Johnny Moran, Detroit, Mich., in a fast sixer.

Charley Loch is back in Sioux City again and offering the local fans some rough tough wrestling matches. Mr. Loch is doing his best to get the mat sport over here, but the fans are rather slow in coming forth. Loch is a great booster of THE RING. Wrestling has had a fairly good season around the tall corn state. A number of new promoters and new faces are helping the sport a great deal. Des Moines, Marshalltown and Marion are fine wrestling centers.

Collins, Ia.—Griz Gray threw Tarzan Turnear; Guy Elliott beat Billy Schober; Young Strangler Lewis tossed Lee Jones.

Mason City, Ia.—Adam Krieger threw Charles Derbenderfer of Portland, Ore., in straight falls. Billy Schober tossed Pat Conway, Chicago heavyweight.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Sorry, correspondents, I had to hold out a great many of your notes this month. Thanks, just the same .... Jimmy Johnson informs us he is in tiptop shape again .... Johnson is a junior welter, and can give the fans a show any time he is in condition .... Results of a boxing show staged at Marion, Ia., were as follows: Freddie Atkinson beat Red McDermott in four; Leonard Vick drew with Young Trimble in four; Jimmy Kruze beat Kid Liggett in four; Ralph Netcott beat Young McDaniel in four; Ernie Munsen beat Louis Hanken in six .... Earl Caddock paid Sioux City a visit and had a long chat with Earl Morgan, local copper .... Back in 1919, 1920 and 1921, Caddock showed local fans the game was just more than a show .... There is talk that Caddock may make a come-back .... His home now is at Anita, Ia. .... Louie May, Des Moines middleweight, is in Detroit, Mich. .... Clarence Luke is going good with boxing shows at Ottumwa, Ia.

IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

THE Oklahoma state amateur boxing tournament, recently held at Oklahoma City, brought forth talent that would do credit to the professional ranks of that state. G. M. Byerly and Buck McClain, the promoters, deserve plenty of credit for bringing together a colorful bunch of youngsters. The winners were as follows: Flyweight—Marvin Liddell, Chilocco Indian School. Bantamweight—Carl Banta, Tulsa "Y." Featherweight—Jack Sykes, Tulsa "Y." Lightweight—Howard Colson, Duncan A. C. Welterweight—Amos Tiger, Chilocco. Middleweight—Junior Munsell, Chilocco. Light-heavyweight—Bull Fry, Claremore, Okla. Heavyweight—Bob Cook, Ponca City A. C.

At Oklahoma City, Bob Williams, Chickasha heavyweight, won from Muggs Kerr in ten rounds. Wilson Dunn beat Johnny Ford in ten rounds. Chief Paris repeated his ten-round victory over Frankie Graham. Joe Rice, Fort Worth heavy, knocked out Bob Williams in six rounds, and Jack Waldrop in two. These fights all promoted by Lou Cutler.

C. W. (Bill) Gray's first start as a local promoter resulted in five knockouts in as many fights on his card. Jackie Snyder knocked out George Edwards in one round, Jimmy Hatfield stopped K. O. Grissom in three rounds, Jack Donaho won by K. O. over Harry Loyd in four, Neil Johnson knocked out Virgil Hendricks in five, and Wilson Dunn knocked out K. O. Kirkpatrick in six.